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THE
WORKS
OF THE LATE
AARON HILL, Esq;
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
CONSISTING OF
LETTERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,
AND OF
ORIGINAL POEMS, Moral and Facetious.
WITH AN
ESSAY on the ART of ACTING.

VOL III.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the BENEFIT of the FAMILY.

MDCCLIII.

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ORIGINAL POEMS

PROLOGUE, for Mr. GARRICK ;
 [On the Duke's Return from Scotland.]



REBELLION sleeps in peace ; --
 and light-heel'd France
 Wakes, from her Highland
 dream, and bagpipe dance.

Blown from Mount Grampus into Belgian Wastes,
 Where moist Dutch ditches cool their cap'ring
 tastes.

There let 'em fish their forage-guard wash'd passes,
 And leer, from chin-deep march, at dry-shod lasses.
 Warring, like ducks, eat frogs, instead of pullet,
 And each stol'n cheese, they swim for, prove a
 bullet.

Oft may those thieves, *most christian*, shift *bad*
quarters,

For *worse*, --- and scour new climes, to catch
new Tartars,

'Till sense of shame, *invasion's* cheek to flush,
Bids their pale lily, steal *our nose's* blush.

HAIL, to the *sun-shine*, that succeeds distress !
The *dawn*, that dimm'd us, bids the evening bless !
Happy the *sorrow*, that instructs, by pain ;
The *rebel's* rage endears the *monarch's* reign !
'Till *home-felt* menace shook the land's *repose*,
Wealth's easy eye glanc'd scorn at *absent* foes :
At length, by *danger* rous'd, *attention* came,
Then *war* grew *bus'ness*, and *revenge* grew *fame*.
Trade fann'd, with grateful help, the *soldier's* fire,
Felt the protective warmth, and hugg'd it *nigher*.
Then, the brave *red-coat*, measuring o'er the *isle*,
March'd in claim'd *brotherhood*, from smile to smile.
Bless'd by *new* friends, saw *antient* spleens relent,
Cur'd *prejudice* --- and conquer'd, as he went.
Kind smil'd *occasion*, thro' the *storm* begun,
'Till from the *cloud*, out-flam'd our morning *sun*,
Soul of the nations *hope*---the *soldier's* pride !
The *sov'reign's* *safety*, and the *subject's* *guide* !

Born,

Born to love all, and be, by all, belov'd,
 Mild, like his father's *throne*, and as *unmov'd*!
 In *youth's* warm *prime*, from all *youth's* *passions* free,
 Had *love*, and *fire*, and *pity*, not been *three*.
 Brave, beyond every *curb*, but *judgment's* call,
 Guardian of every *right* — and *saves* 'em all.

SUCH, when he comes, the *muses* breast should
 burn,

And her *seats*, echoing, hail his bless'd return;
 Here, when long wish'd, our happy eyes behold,
 Th' acknowledg'd conqueror, need his NAME
 be told!

*Sent to Lord CHESTERFIELD; writ on a
 blank Leaf, of a Poem, called, The
 Religion of Reason.*

GO, reason's *off'ring*, reason's *guardian* find,
 Bow to the *saint*, for *works*, not *faith*,
 enshrin'd.

As near *heav'n's* height, as climbing *nature* can,
 Comes *virtue's* god-giv'n *force*, effus'd on *man*,
 Why, then, to *rights*, beyond ev'n *virtue's* claim,
 Bore man's paid worship, *profanation's* name.

Worth, that transcends respect, new *sense* will raise,
 And skirts *idolatry*, or cripples *praise*:
 When thanks, found faint, bid *sacrifice* ensue,
 The grateful error robb'd not *heav'n* its due:
 The claim-full *image*, sanctify'd the sin,
 Since *God's* sure *likeness* takes the *godhead* in.
 'Tis the *lie* makes the *idol*.---He, who knelt
 To *heav'n*, *least* distant, *heav'n's* *near* influence felt.

HERE, then --- could *rev'rence* custom's *fog*
 disperse,

HAD risen an ALTAR --- now, receive a VERSE.

All, that the *muse* (or *muse's God*) makes mine,
 All, but *ador'd*, O CHESTERFIELD ! be *thine*.

How has this *venal* age deserv'd thy *care*!

Thy hand, thy head, thy heart, thy *heav'n*-
 heard pray'r!

What *pangs* have three *deaf* kingdoms cost thy soul,
 'Till *we*, by wrongs oppress'd, engag'd it *whole*.
 For realms so frail, so faultlessly to act!

The *sun*, thro' *midnight*, scarce could *more* attract.
 Joy weds amazement, *hope's* high *dawn* to see!
 And every friend to *fame*, is sworn to *thee*.

O! *pard'ning*,

O, *pard'ning*, view the *private* PEN's address,
 Where *will's* warm impulse *long'd* to fire a PRESS:
 'Till *apter subject* dares thy *smile* invite,
 Where *foeless truth* shall need no shadow'd light;
 Screen'd, I, behind my *temple's pillar*, kneel,
 And, like the *gospel whisp'rer*, hint my zeal.
 Prudently patient, curb a struggling flame,
 To no *fool's comments*, trust thy sacred name.
 Wait a theme's *call*, that asks no *covering cloud*;
 Then, my pray'r claims thee --- and my wish
 grows proud.

III

To Lord BOLINGBROKE, *writ on a blank*
Leaf of a Poem; which was sent him,
by the Author.

G O, THOUGHT'S *lost child*, born dark, be-
 neath wit's pole,

Seek the *ray'd track*, to taste's *departed soul*:
 Awfully conscious, dare the *depths* invade,
 Where silent ST. JOHN fans his pensive shade:
 There, if he smiles --- 'tis *whole mankind's* assent;
 Scorn the short world, thou leav'st, and die, *content*.

To C—O.

I.

SNAR'D, in entangling mazes of thy charms,
 Teach me to shake these *filky chains* away ;
 Slow, thy *sweet* force, my *stubborn* mind disarms,
 'Till ev'n *ambition* bends, beneath thy sway,

II.

What shall I do, to free my struggling soul,
 Bow'd, to the soft'ning *biass* of thy song ?
 As circling *straws*, in whirlwinds, driving roll,
 So are my hurry'd *passions* swept along.

III.

Fool, as I was ! --- I felt thy distant fire,
 E're, from those eyes, it flash'd undying flame ;
 Yet, sure, said I --- for once --- I may aspire,
 And view *that heav'n*, whence all this bright-
 ness came.

IV.

So, the light *cork*, that on the *Thame's* smooth side,
 Embay'd, glides *buoyant*, and just *skims* the shore,
 Edges, ambitious, to the rapid tide,
 And, rushing down the stream, returns no
 more.

Late,

XI
V.

Late, my free *thoughts*, unbounded, as the *air*,
 Could, with an eye-beam's swiftness, scale
 the *sky*;
 Wander, in *starry* worlds, and busy'd there,
 From human *cares*, and human *passions*, fly.

VI.

Down to dark *earth's* deep *center*, could I roam,
 And, thro' her *chasmy* *lab'rinth*s, wind my way;
 See *Gold* unripen'd, in its dusky *home*,
 And mark how *springs*, in *veiny* *bendings*, stray.

VII.

Oft as th' alarming *trumpet* struck my *ear*,
 Or the big *drum's* dead *beat* hoarse-thund'ring
 rose,

My summon'd *soul* sprung out, to *war's* wish'd
 sphere,

And plung'd me in the ranks of *fancy'd* *foes*.

VIII.

Wide, as unmeasur'd *nature's* trackless *space*,
 Untir'd *imagination* restless flew;
 Disdain'd to fix on *object*, or on *place*,
 And every moment, some *fresh* labour knew.

IX.

C---o was *then*, unseen, unread, unknown ; --

Now, lovely tyrant, she usurps my mind ;

Devoted fancy vows itself her own :

And my *whole* thought is, to *one theme*, confin'd.

X.

Yet, *pow'rful* as she is---she *doubts* her *lays* ;

Blind, like the *sun*, to her own blazing flame ;

Transports the list'ning soul--engrosses praise,

Yet humbly wishes --- an immortal name.

XI.

Oh ! that I could but *live*, 'till that late day,

When C--'s unremember'd name shall die !

Then should I hope, full leisure to *display*

Those unborn *deeds*, which in my *bosom* lie.

XII.

But, as it is, our fleeting sands so fast

Ebb to their *end*, and lead us to *decay* ;

That, e're we learn to *see*, our daylight's past,

And, like a melting *mist*, life shrinks away.

To Mr. POPE.

THE glow-worm scribblers, of a feeble age,
Pale twinklers of an hour, provoke my
rage;

In each dark hedge, we start an insect fire,
Which lives by night, and must at dawn expire.
Yet, such their number, that their specks combine,
And the unthinking vulgar swear they shine.

Poets are prodigies, so greatly rare,
They seem the tasks of heav'n, and built with care.
Like suns unquench'd, unrival'd, and sublime,
They roll immortal, o'er the wastes of time:
Ages, in vain, close round, and snatch in fame,
High over all, still shines the Poet's name!
Lords of a life, that scorns the bounds of breath,
They stretch existence --- and awaken death.

PRIDE of their envy'd climes! they plant
renown,

That shades the monarch's, by the muse's crown:
To say, that *Virgil*, with *Augustus* shin'd,
Does honour to the lord of half mankind.

So, when three thousand years have wan'd
 away,
 And POPE is said to've liv'd, when GEORGE
 bore sway;
 Millions shall lend the *king* the *poet's* fame,
 And bless, implicit, the supported name.

Stung by a NETTLE,

REVENGE, you see, is *sure*, though sometimes
slow!
 Take this---'tis all the *pain* I'd have you know!
 There's odds enough, yet left, betwixt our smart,
 I sting your *fingers*, and you sting my *heart*.

The SNUFFERS.

DESPIS'D, and worthless, tho' I seem to be,
 Yon new-top'd *flames* owe their best light
 to me.

Tho' scorn'd---you see, I can do *service* still!
 Some *good* lies hid, in every seeming *ill*.
 And hence, let *fortune's* fav'rites learn to *know*,
 That virtue's *virtue*, tho' in *rags* it go.

On a BEE, that was swallowed, by a
Lady, in a Glass of Wine.

I.

PRETTY! lost! advent'rous Bee!

How pitiful thy case!

A world of *wealth* was offer'd thee,

But *av'rice* would not let thee see,

The charms in *Celia's* face.

II.

Keenly ey'd with lover's care,

Thou had'st not lost her *kiss*!

But halting at her lips, for more,

Supply'd thyself with honied store,

From magazines of bliss.

The Lover's Degree of Comparison.

HAPPY the man, who does *Celinda* view,
More happy he who sees, and loves her too;
Most happy, sure! of all mankind is he,
Who, loving her, belov'd by her shall be.

To a fatirical young Lady.

FORBEAR, loud thing ! to live in laugh
and jest, I

Wit is like love --- the softest is the best !
If thou, by this, wouldst lively thought proclaim,
If empty *praise* is thy wild fancy's aim ;
A while, this *salt* may season single life,
But no man's taste approves a *picquant wife*.
Be *wise*, and match, and charm, by judgment's
aid,

Or *witty*, and despis'd, and die --- a *maid*.
So, the thin *razors*, which young learners *please*,
Grow notch'd, and edgeless, by unmark'd degrees,
'Till worn, and blunted, by too frequent use,
Th' experienc'd hand detects the steel's abuse :
Then cheaply thrown aside, they gather dust,
Like thee, neglected, 'till consum'd by rust.

To CELINDA, complaining that her Harp-
 fichord was out of Tune.

I.

WHILE, with well-acted anger, you com-
 plain,

Still you attempt your charming task again;
 And still, with lovely *petulance*, complain,
 That still you strike the trembling *strings*, in vain.
 Still you complain! and still my wond'ring soul

Is wildly beckon'd, by the wanton sound:
 Thro' my rais'd fancy circling *phantoms* roll,
 My *thoughts*, in fairy mazes, dance around!

Still you complain, how ill your work is done,
 While gazing and astonish'd, I,

Who feel myself already die,

E'en while your *strings* you do but *try*,

Am wildly wond'ring, when you once go on,
 Where I shall be --- and how transform'd, anon!

II.

Ah! she begins! guard, guard thee, flutt'ring *life*,

Diffolve not, in the blissful strife;

What,

What, tho' the thrilling pain wounds thro', and
thro',

Sharp as it is, 'tis *pleasing* too!

Now proud, imperial *reason*, boast thy pow'r!

Glorious, in high *defiance*, rise,

And, while the *charmer* all her forces tries,

While all her *graces* mix, in one bright show'r,

And, round my dazzled senses, scatt'ring, fall;

E'en while her smile-dress'd *beauty* fills my eyes,

And *life* itself pierc'd by the musick, dies,

To shew proud *joys*, that *reason* rules 'em all;

At one strong *effort*, struggle thro' the *charm*,

And, e'en amidst the *transport*, wisely warm,

In cool description, gather force to tell,

What varying *passions* thy hot bosom swell.

III.

'Tis well! disdainful *beauty*! -- smile again!

I'll do it, though with *pain*.

Each piercing *stroke*, your flying *fingers* give,

Softens, dilates, and undulates my *mind*!

I swell immense, beyond myself! and leave

All taste of frail *mortality* behind.

My beating heart, of *heav'nly* force possess'd,

Knocks, with impatience, at my *earthly* breast.

Faint

Fain would it go, but knows not *where* !
 'Tis gone, at once, and all dissolv'd in *air* !
 Again, 'tis here ! -- what wou'd the wond'rer say !
 It could not longer absent stay,
 But lost the heav'nly sound *above*, which sum-
 mon'd it away !

See ! all impatient of delay,
 The raptur'd *fugitive* is downward *fung*,
 Clings to your dancing *wires*, tho' loosely strung,
 And hangs about the *music* of your *tongue*.

IV.

Still you complain, still *Love* inspire !
 So, men, on *Zembla's* wint'ry coast,
 The pole's proud treasury of *frost*,
 When they, to their cold caves retire,
 Can sit, and *freeze*, amidst surrounding *fire* !
 What shall I do ? -- 'tis certain *death* -- to stay,
 And *worse than death*, to go away !
 Like men, who live in an infected air,
 I gape for *breath*, but every where,
 Admit the plague *despair* !
 Each tuneful *accent* arm'd with pointed *pain*,
 Drives thro' my *blood*, strong tides of *new* desire ;
 My fev'rish soul is all on fire !

And

And *nature* bends, like *reeds*, before each breezy
strain!

Yet still, tyrannic *sporter*, you *complain*!

Ah! cruel fair! too late, alas! I see

The needless *stratagem*, which pride of *charms*

Has taught your *beauty's*, too sufficient arms!

Oh! since with open *force* you conquer'd me,

Why, (*worthless* since I seem to you to be)

Why use you *arts*, to vanquish me again;

You act, in this, as long-try'd *champions* do,

Who fight with some unpractis'd foe,

Whose weakness they despise, and know.

At first, a seeming *ignorance* they display!

With awkward *gestures*, wait each threaten'd blow,

And, with a feign'd *distrust*, a while give way:

But when, at length, resolv'd no more to toy,

Their *strength*, and *skill*, they all at once employ!

Like me, th' astonish'd *enemy*, amaz'd,

And unprepar'd to meet such new alarms;

When, in chill wonder, he a while has gaz'd,

Trembles, kneels down, and throws away his

arms.

*To the Preacher of an excellent Charity
Sermon*

FORGIVE, great pleader of the poor man's
cause!

Thou just *asserter* of thy saviour's laws!

Forgive the erring fondness of my lays,

What *muse*, untir'd, can climb so steep a praise!

Verse, for my own sake, not for thine, I chose,

For he, who, with his own, would praise thy prose,

Has, when his too officious task is done,

But held a *taper* to the blazing sun.

COULD failing fancy reach my rising will,

Or word's weak wind the sails of meaning fill;

I wou'd--but thy reward would bankrupt man,

And heav'n must pay it--for heav'n only can.

IF wealthy misers, who, by starts, bestow

Some wind-rai'd drops, which, in their for-

tune's flow,

Their breezy charities about them blow;

If these stand blest, by heav'n's too kind decree,

What nobler blessings are reserv'd for thee!

Thee! who not only dost men's *wants* relieve,
But *teachest*, backward thousands, *how to give!*

STAND firm, great *pillar* of the church, you
bless!
May all your *labours* meet a like *success!*
Though vulgar natures are to pity *blind*,
Well-guided *fight* they, in your *doctrine*, find.
Gross, as they are, and *chill'd*, by low desires,
When warm they feel your heart-dissolving *fires*,
Their souls, new-dipp'd, discharge the stains of
sense,
And take the creamy dye of *innocence*.

WITH rev'rend *joy*, my charm'd *attention* hung,
To catch the *music* of your truth-blest *tongue*.
Spread, and dissolv'd, by *mercy's* moral heat,
My heart, in sighs, exhal'd to seek your feet!
'Twas far too mean a bliss, to look you thro',
I wou'd have turn'd to *air*, and enter'd too!
Still to have dwelt within you, -- *pure*, like you!

BUT why, thus weakly, should I praise your aim?
The crowds, you sav'd from *want*, shall bless your
name!

The

The soul-shook *widow's* cries, and scalding tears,
 Whose speaking *force* has reach'd our *sovereign's*
ears,

Shall climb the heights of *heav'n's* high palace, too,
 And, when they pray for *Anna*, plead for you :
 The groans of *orphans*, and the *virgin's* prayers,
 The *mother's* aided hopes, and *father's* cares,
 With moving *rhetrick* shall invade the *sky*,
 And, as you bless'd *them, here*, bless you, on high.

To the extellent Daughters of a deceas'd
Lady.

WHY should ye thus, to prove but vainly
kind,

Add a weak *body* to a sickly *mind* ?
 Could but your pious *grief* recal her breath,
 Or tears of *duty* win her back from *death* ;
 We would not blame the *passion* you express,
 But *share* it with you, if 'twould make it *less* !

BUT oh ! when certain *death's* uncertain *hour*
 Exerts his known, his unresisted pow'r ;
 When we are summon'd from our *cares*, below,
 To joys, which *living* merit must not know ;

When souls, like your dear *mother's*, quit their clay,
And change *earth's* darkness for eternal *day* :
From their bliss-circled seats, perhaps, they view
These humbler *regions*, which themselves once
knew.

And swell'd with *thoughts*, which make the *an-*
gels kind,
Pity the *pledges*, they have left behind.

It is true, the *loss* you mourn, is vastly *great*,
But, in that loss, your country *shares* your fate ;
The *public good*, her wishes would have done,
Made ev'ry *man*, in ev'ry land, her *son* :

Thence, lovely *mourners* ! give us leave to prove,
We ought to share *your* grief, who shar'd your
mother's love.

YET, may all parties make their sorrow less,
And *you*, and *we*, concern enough *express* ;
You may, with *comfort*, calm your ruffled *mind*,
To *think*, your mother left her *cares* behind ;
And *we*, tho' losers, should be *thankful* too,
Since we are still left *rich*, possessing *you*.

PROLOGUE, for Mr. CIBBER, junior.

Comes slowly, and reluctantly, forward; stands silent, and sideling, twirling his Hat--and, now and then, looking up, with a half-suppressed Leer of Irresolution.

'TIS I--THO' shame-fac'd,--MODEST THE,
now, tries ye,

Don't let th' unlook'd-for change --- too much
surprize ye.

Your loose deserter, now brought up for sentence,

Uncocks his contrite phiz--and glouts repentance.

Sinners should all feel shame. So far, plain fact is:

Yet, some blush awkwardly---for want of practice.

Ah! what can move hard hearts --- if yours be
misses,

Whose penitential twee stands crimp'd, as this is.*

[*Here he puts on Druggel's attitude]

Not ABEL's three-tir'd squint more queerly show'd
him,

When the crack'd urinal had half-o'erflow'd him.

Hem--now I'll pluck up grace---and make con-
fession,

Then (like snug papist) --- tick, for new trans-
gression,

Some *few* wild oats I've *sown* : some, late -- been
mowing ;

And -- not to *lie* -- I've left *young crops*, yet, growing.
 Bear with slow penitence --- or, spoil a *convert* :
 Much have I *suffer'd* --- and no little *DONE* for't !
 I'm a poor sinful cur -- heav'n un-bowhelp me !
 Be-mus'd -- be-creditor'd -- *be-wiv'd*, God help me !
 Plung'd, in a sea of woes -- past all enduring ;
 Yet, not one woe, but was -- *my own procuring*.
 There now ! -- Let virtue ne'er expect man's pity,
 If truth, so plainly told, wants force to hit ye.

WELL; after all --- I'm a wild chap --- that's
 certain :

And many a foolish *farce*, I've plaid my part in.
 Yet, search life through, truth ask'd will answer,
 sadly,

Men, that act many parts, *must* act *some madly* ;
 But, for my own -- to whom *hard-fortune* gave one,
 Oft, in my life to come, I'll act a *grave* one.

NAY, pray, don't *laugh* -- As I'm a hopeful
sinner,

You shoudn't *blue* -- so bashful a beginner !

Sure,

Sure, I *may act grave* parts--who here can *borrow*,
Where tears by urn-fulls flow --- from *tragic*
sorrow.

Lab'ring from *dirge* to *catch*, to gain your pardon,
I'll dig, from bed to bed, the muse's garden.

Teach ye to *cry*, to-day --- to-morrow *twitter* ;
'Twixt two such sweet extremes --- farewell all
bitter. --

Restor'd to favour, -- and no more a fibber,
Lord! what new dev'l (they'll cry) has *mottled*
CIBBER?

BUT, we'll be *serious* --- 'Tis nor worse, nor
better,

I'm in my *country's* case --- a deep-dipt debtor! --
Is *that* a crime, too black to hope your pity?

Ah! tell me -- *camp, fleet, country, court, and city.*

-- Nay, there's a KING, God bless him! who,
they say,

Owes -- more than any king, but *he*, can *pay*.

Owes, to his *maker* -- ev'ry lov'd *attraction*,

That awes *rebellion*, and disgraces *faction*.

Owes to his *people* -- (what they *fly* to lend him)

Millions of hearts, and hands, that all befriend
him. --

Owes, to *himself* --- contempt of fears below
him. ---

Owes mercy, to his *foes* --- because they show
him.

*Paraphrase on the third Chapter of
Habakuk.*

GOD of my fathers! stretch thy oft-try'd
hand,

And yet, once more, redeem thy chosen land;
Once more, by *wonders*, make thy *glories* known,
And, 'midst thy *anger*, be thy *mercy* shown!
O! I have heard thy dreadful actions told,
And my soul burns thy terrors to unfold.

At *Israel's* call, the' almighty's thunder hurl'd,
From *Paran's* summit, shook th'astonish'd world;
The flaming *heav'ns* blaze, dreadful, through the
sky,

And *earth's* dark regions gleam, beneath his *eye*.
High, in his undetermin'd hands, he bore
Judgment's heap'd horn, and mercy's struggling
store;

Meagre,

Meagre, before him, *Death*, pale horror! trod;
And, grinning shadowy, watch'd the almighty
nod:

Gath'ring, beneath his feet flash'd *lightnings* broke;
And the aw'd *mountain* shook, conceal'd in smoke.
He *flood*; and, while the measur'd *earth* he ey'd,
The starting *nations* dropt their conscious *pride*;
High-boasting *Cushan* struck her tents, in *shame*,
And *Midian* groan'd, beneath repented *fame*.

He *mov'd*; and, from their old foundations rent,
The everlasting *bills*, before him, bent;

He *stept*; and all th' uprising *mountains* stray,
And roll, in *earthquakes*, to escape his way:

From their enormous *chasms*, with roaring tide,
Earth-cleaving *rivers* spout, and deluge wide:

The *sea*, alarm'd, climb'd fast, its god to spy,

And, in outrageous *triumph*, swept the sky.

Conscious of wrath divine, the *sun* grew pale,

And, o'er his *radiance*, drew a gloomy *veil*.

Thus did my *God* (to save th' endanger'd land)
March forth, indignant, with vindictive hand;
This, when I hear, chill blasts my *soul* o'erspread,
And my lips quiver, with the rising *dread*:

Trembling

Trembling all o'er, my *limbs* I faintly draw,
 And my bones *crumble*, with ideal *awe*.
 Now, tho' the *fig-tree* ne'er should *blossom* yield,
 Tho' sterile *coldness* curse th'unrip'ning *field*;
 Tho' *vines*, and *olives*, fail their loady *chear*,
 Nor fainting *berds* out-live the pining *year*;
 Yet, shall my soul, in God's sure aid, *rejoice*,
 And earth's high sov' reign claim my heav'n-tun'd
voice.

The Muse's Expostulation, with a Lady,
 who denied herself the Freedom of
 Friendship, from too delicate an Ap-
 prehension of the World's mistaken
 Censure.

O Born to *pity* woes, yet, form'd to give,
 Shut from whose *presence*, 'twere a *pain*,
 to live!

Who make all *converse* tedious, but your *own*;
 And, that with-held, leave the forsaken none.
 Urg'd by what motives, would you wish to shun
 The *sight*, and *voice*, of him, whose *soul* you won?

On

On what false fears does this cold *flight* depend?
What fancy'd *foe* does *prudence* apprehend?

WHEN *bodies* only are to *bodies* dear,
The danger there consists in being *near*;
And, when the *fair*, the soft contagion spy,
Discretion calls 'em --- and 'tis wise, to *fly*.
But, where associate *spirits* catch the *flame*,
Flight is a cruel, and a fruitless *aim*.
Souls have no *sexes*; and if *minds* agree,
Parting is dying, to set fancy free.

NOR let mistaken *virtue* wrong the breast,
That opens kindly to so sweet a guest:
Not saints, in heav'n a purer warmth express,
Than *reason* feels, when touch'd by *tenderness*.
Relenting *wisdom* dignifies *desire*,
And rais'd *ideas* fan the bright'ning fire;
'Till the white *flame*, ascending to the sky,
Spreads its low *smoke*, in *envy*'s darken'd eye.

WHENCE grew society, so wish'd an *art*,
If the *mind*'s elegance betrays the *heart*?
Were it a *crime* in flashing souls, to rise,
And strike each other thro' the meeting eyes;

Those

Those op'ning windows had not let in light,
Nor stream'd ideas out, to voice the fight.

WHY are you form'd so pow'rful, in your
 charms,
If *beauty* ought to fly the wish, it *warms*?
Vainly did *heav'n* inspire that tuneful *tongue,*
With *notes* more sweet, than ever *seraph* sung!
If, justly, all that *harmony* you hide,
Your *musick* useless, and its pow'r un-try'd.
Have *wit* and *eloquence* in vain, conspir'd,
And giv'n you *brightness,* but to *shine* retir'd?
Must you be *loveliest,* yet be never *shown*?
Than *all* be wiser, yet be heard, by *none*?
Oh! 'tis too delicate! -- 'tis falsely nice,
To bar the *heart* against the *mind's* advice.

BUT, you will say, that *honour's* call, you hear,
That *fame* is tender -- *reputation,* dear:
That, from the *world's* malignant blast you fly,
Fear the *fool's* tongue, and the discerners' eye.
The spleen of disappointed wishes *dread,*
Or envy's *whispers,* by detraction spread?
Alas! what *bounds* can limit your *retreat*?
Where will sought *safety* rest your flying feet?

Those

Is

Is there a *corner*, in the globe, so *new*,
 That *malice* will not find, as sure as *you*?
 The very flight, that shuns, attracts the *wrong*;
 And ev'ry censure fear'd, you force along.

"There's *cause*, no doubt, for her *retreat*, they'll

"*say*,

"A fearless *innocence* had dar'd to *stay*!
Scandal has, either way, an edge, to strike,
 And wounds *distinction* every where *alike*:
 Superior *excellence* is doom'd, to bear
 The *stings* of slanderous *bate*, and rash *despair*:
 'Tis the due *tax*, your rated merit pays,
 And ev'ry judging ear will call it *praise*.

THINK -- and be kind -- convert this fruitless
 pain,

To a fix'd *firmness*, and a calm *disdain*.

Since *cautious absence* can no more be free,
 From false *reproach*, than *present smiles* will be,
 Diffuse those *gifts*, which heav'n design'd should
 bless,

Nor let their *greatness* make their *pity* less.

Indulging *freedom*, ev'ry *fear* disarm,
 And, with a conscious scorn of slander, *charm*.

Bold,

30 ORIGINAL POEMS.

Bold, in your guarded *strength*, your *heart* unbind,
And, to be *safe* -- suppose yourself *all mind*.

Yet, needless that! since such respect you
draw,

That ev'n your *tendernefs* is arm'd with *awe* :

Permitted *love*, would silently admire,

And a soft *rev'rence* tremble, thro' *desire*.

The warmest *wishes*, when inspir'd by you,

Strike, but as *heav'nly inspirations* do.

The op'ning *heart* makes room for joys refin'd,

And ev'ry gross *idea* shrinks behind.

You need not then, the gentle sound reject,
Shou'd *Love's* fear'd name be giv'n to soft respect :

When ill-distinguish'd meanings are the same,

How poor the *diff'rence*, which they draw from
name !

There are, in *love*, th' extremes of touch'd *desire*,

The noblest *brightness*, or the coarsest *fire* !

In vulgar *bosoms*, vulgar *wishes* move ;

Nature guides choice, and as men *think*, they *love*.

But, when a pow'r, like yours, impels the wound,

Like the clear *cause*, the bright *effect* is found.

In

In the loose *passion*, men profane the *name*,
 Mistake the *purpose*, and pollute the *flame* :
 In nobler bosoms, friendship's *form* it takes,
 And *sex* alone, the lovely *diff'rence* makes.
Love's generous warmth does *reason's* pow'r
 display,
 And fills *desire*, as light embodies day.

LOVE is, to *life*, what colour is, to *form* :
 Plain drawings oft are *just*, but never *warm*.
Love, in a blaze of *tints*, his *light'ning* throws ;
 Then the form quickens, and the figure glows.

*An Epigram, occasion'd by some Verses, on
 a Monument, in Westminster Abbey.*

HOW lost this pomp of verse ! how vain
 the hope,
 That thought can dwell on *Craigs*, in view of
 Pope !

When, upon *Rubicon's* fam'd bank is shown
Cæsar's press'd foot, on the remember'd stone ;
 No traveller once asks the *quarry's* name,
 Whence the coarse grit, by chance distinguish'd
 came ;
 But thinks, with *rev'rence*, here great *Julius* trod,
 And bails the footstep of a Roman God !

To Mrs. L——R, playing on a Bass-Viol.

WHILE, o'er the dancing chords, your
fingers fly,
And bid them *live*, 'till they have made us *die* ;
Trembling, in transport, at your touch, they
spring,
As if there dwelt a *heart*, in every *string*.

YOUR voice, soft rising, thro' the lengthen'd
notes,
The marry'd harmony, united, floats ;
Two charms, so join'd, that they compose but
one ;
Like heat and brightness, from the self-same sun.

THE wishful *viol* would its wealth retain,
And, sweetly conscious, hugs the pleasing pain ;
Envious, forbids the warbling joys to roll,
And, *murm'ring* inward, swells its sounding soul.

PROUD of its charming *pow'r*, your tuneful *bow*
Floats o'er the chords majestically *slow* ;
Careless, and soft, calls out a *tide* of art,
And, in a storm of *musick*, drowns the heart.

So,

So, when that *God*, who gave you all your *skill*,
 To angel forms (like yours) entrusts his *will*,
 Calm, they descend, some new-meant world to
found,

And, smiling, see *creation* rising round!

On a Lady, preach'd into the Cholic,
by one of her Lovers.

BELLONA the fierce, who held *man* in disdain,
 And despis'd her *own sex*, to whom love
 cou'd give pain;
 Went to church, in defiance, and met with her
 fate,
 From a *pulpited Cupid*, who there lay in wait:
 But her *head* was so arm'd, and so *hard* was her
 heart,

That his *arrows* rebounded, in *scorn* of his art,
 Then, with voice of *revenge*, he exalted his *pipes*,
 Shot in spleen at her *belly*, and gave her the *gripes*.
 Thus I wound her, cry'd he, in a whimsical place,
 'Cause she covers kind *wishes*, with haughty
 grimace.

Let her now *twist* and *skrew* -- 'twill but fasten
the *dart*;
She has love in her *bowels*, tho' she hates in her
heart.

To a Lady, with a Book return'd, call'd
The Intelligencer.

I HAVE kept your *Intelligence*, Madam, so
long,
That I hardly dare hope, you will pardon the
wrong.
Had you been but a *man*, no excuse I had writ,
For we're seldom severe to the faults, we commit;
But intelligence *kept*, the kind *ladies* must gall,
Who no sooner *receive* it, than *part with* it all.

The CHANGE;

To the Lovely Cause of it.

SWEET enslaver! can you tell,
E're I learnt to *love* so well,
How my *hours* had wings to move,
All unbusied by my *love*!

'Tis amazement, *now*, to me,
What could *then* a pleasure be!
But *you*, like *God*, new sense can give,
And now, indeed, I feel, I live,

Oh! what *pangs* his breast alarm,
Whom soul and body, *join*, to charm!
Endless transports dance along,
Sweetly soft! or nobly strong!
Flaming fancy! cool reflection!
Fierce desire! and aw'd subjection!
Aking hope! and fear encreasing!
Struggling passions, never ceasing!
Wishing! trembling! soul-adoring!
Ever blest, and still imploring.

LET the dull, the cold, and tame,
All those dear disorders blame;
Tell 'em, that, in *honour's* race,
Charm'd by some such heav'nly face,
Lovers always *foremost* ran;
Love's a second *soul* to *man*.
Ease is languid, low, and base;
Love excites a generous chase:

Glory ! Wealth ! Ambition ! Wit !
 Thoughts, for boundless empire, fit !
 All, at Love's approach are fir'd,
 Bent more strong, and never tir'd,
 He, who feels not Love's sweet pain,
 Lives at *ease* -- but lives in vain !

LITTLE dream you, what is due,
 Angel form ! to Love, and you !
 'Tis from *you*, I joy possess !
 'Tis by *you*, my grief grows less !
 Sadly *pensive*, when alone,
 I the *shades* of life bemoan ;
 If some *voice* your *name* impart,
 Care lies lighten'd, at my *heart* ;
 Ev'ry *woe* disarms its *sting*,
 And I look down on *Britain's* king !

WHEN my fancy brings to view
 Works, which *wealth* and *pow'r* can do ;
 All my spurr'd excitements wake,
 And *fortune* charms me, for your sake !
 Oh ! I cry -- 'twere *heav'n* possesst !
 To make her *great*, who made me *blest*.

IN the *morning*, when I rise,
If the *sun-shine* strikes my eyes,
All that *pleases*, in his view,
Is, my *hope*, to look on you!

WHEN the fable sweep of *night*
Drowns *distinction*, from my *sight*,
I no *inward darkness* find;
You are *day-light* to my mind!

ALL my *dreams* are *lives* of joy,
Which, in *waking*, I destroy;
You, a slave to custom made,
Are of *forms*, and *rules*, afraid:
But your happier *image*, free
From fantastic tyranny;
Independent, kind, and wise,
Scorns *restraint*, and knows no *ties*.
Oh! the dear, the racking pain;
Who that *sleeps* thus, wou'd *wake* again!

A S O N G.

O H! forbear to bid me flight her,
 Soul and senses, take her part;
 Could my *death* itself delight her,
 Life should leap, to leave my heart.
 Strong, though soft, a lover's chain,
 Charm'd with *woe*, and pleas'd with *pain*.

II.

Tho' the tender *flame* were *dying*,
 Love would light it, at her eyes;
 Or, her tuneful *voice* applying,
 Thro' my *ear*, my *soul* surprize.
Deaf, I see the fate, I *shun*;
Blind, I hear, I am *undone*.

A S O N G.

NOW ponder well, ye *husbands* dear,
 The fate of *wives*, too bright;
 A woeful cause you have to fear,
 Their *day* will turn to *night*.

At first all gay, and rais'd with joy,
 They charm the poor man's heart;
 With smiling eyes, they sport, and toy,
 And gild the nuptial dart.

BUT ah! too soon, they quench their fire;
 (Alas! good hearer, weep!)
 Then gape, and stretch, and yawn, and tire,
 And *hum* their souls to sleep!

*On the March of the Russian Auxiliaries,
 in 1748.*

LONG look'd-for comes at last. --- Th' un-
 freezing pole
 Beaks her bald eagle, and awakes to soul!
 O'er trackless wilds, with snow-surmounting feet,
 Roads to *bought* blows, the furry veterans beat;
 But arm'd for *stipend*, not *allied*, but *paid*,
 The moving *market*, sells its martial aid.
 So *modern prudence*, waging war by *tale*,
 O'er sense of *praise* bids sense of *price* prevail;
 Nor fame, nor faith, nor vengeance, move *supply*,
 For glorious *subsidy* we live, and die.

Bribes battling *bribes*, embroil each bleeding coast,
 And he, who *buys* his valour, triumphs most.
 O! soul of *PETER*! now sustain thy fame;
 No venal *muster* mock'd thy dreaded name;
 From death's dark hall, to days dimm'd prospect
 rise,
 O'er thy chang'd country roll thy guardian eyes.
 Round the *slow* legions, gleam thy awful shade,
 With *Dantzic's* bloody banners, high display'd:
 March 'em to meet *French* fire, there, quench'd
 before,

And tread it out, in *blood*, to blaze no more.

Hint from some old Verses, on a Stone,
in Stepney Church-wall.

TWO thousand years, e'er *Stepney* had a
 name,
 In *Carthage* walls, I shar'd the *punic* fame;
 There, to the strongest, added strength I lent,
 And proudly propp'd the world's best ornament.
 Now, to cold *Britain*, a torn transport, thrown,
 I piece a church-yard pile, unmark'd, unknown:
 Stain'd,

Stain'd, and half sunk in dirt, my sculpture lies,
And moulders, like the graves, which round me
rise.

Oh! think, blind mortals! what frail dust, you
claim,

And laugh at wealth, wit, beauty, pow'r, and
fame!

Short praise, can fleeting hopes, like yours, supply,
Since times, and tongues, and tow'rs, and em-
pires die!

On CLIO's Birth-day.

O'ER the blue violet, while the amorous
wind

Bends, and perfumes his wings, to fan this day;
Why has pale sickness winter'd o'er my mind,

And, with chill agues, check'd the warmth
of May?

Is it not CLIO's birth-day? -- Toil of thought!

Height, beyond all, that e'er ambition trod.

Sum of refin'd desire! by angels taught,

To look, and think, and act, a female god!

Oh!

Oh ! my rapt *soul*, sits trembling in my *eyes*,
 Starting, impatient, at her pow'rful *name* :
 Dearer, than *life*, to that sweet sound it flies,
 And *health* rides rosy, on the living *flame*.

Wak'd into sudden strength, I blaze again,
Love, the restorer, dress'd in *Clio's* smile,
 Triumph'd o'er *nature*, gave delight to *pain*,
 Sweeten'd *affliction*, and could *death* beguile.

May *joys* un-number'd, as the charmer's *sweets*,
 Bless this revolving day's eternal round ;
 'Till the proud *world* its *dawn*, with rapture greets,
 Conscious of *her*, who made it first renown'd.

Long--let 'em say--long, e're our father's days,
 Three thousand years ago, on this sweet day,
 That *Clio*, whom contending nations praise,
 Embloom'd, by her sweet birth, the first of
May.

Britain, illustrious by the starry *lot*,
 Far, in the *north*, distinguish'd island, lies,
 Now known by later names--oh, envy'd spot !
 Why did she not in our warm climates rise ?

Sure,

Sure, she was heav'nly grac'd! for, to this hour,
 After such length of ages roll'd away!
 Fame of her *charms*, augments her sex's pow'r,
 And her thought's *lustre* gives our *wits* their
sway,

To a Lady, desiring her Letters might
 not be exposed.

N O! thou best soul, that e'er this body
 knew,

Unhappy I may be, but not *untrue*!

Blest, or unblest, my *love* can ne'er *decay*,

Nor could I, where I could not love, *betray*.

Cold, and unjust, the shocking caution kills,

And, in one meaning, spots me o'er with *ills*.

Silent, as sacred *lamps*, in bury'd *urns*,

The conscious flame of lovers inward burns :

Life should be torn, and *racks* be stretch'd in vain,

And vary'd *tortures* fire their fruitless *pain*,

E're but a *thought* of mine shou'd do thee *wrong*,

Or spread thy *beauties* on the *public tongue*.

YET,

YET, thou can'st fear me --- oh ! be lost the
shame,
 Nor heap *dishonour* on my future name !
 Have I been never *lov'd* ? -- yet, cruel, tell,
 Whom I betray'd to *thee*, tho' *lov'd* so well ?
 Take thy sweet *mischiefs* back, their *charms* erase,
 Oh ! leave me *poor*, but never think me *base*.
 Not e'en, when *death* shall veil thy starry eyes,
 Shall thy dear *letters*, from my *ashes*, rise ;
 Fix'd to my *heart*, the grave shall give 'em *room*
 To charm my waking *soul*, in worlds *to come*.
 While in my *verse*, with far more faint *essay*,
 Thy *wonders*, I to *after times* convey ;
 Tell thy vast *heav'n* of *sweets*, and sing thy *name*,
 'Till fir'd by *thee*, whole *kingdoms* catch thy *flame*.

Epitaph, on Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

MORE than his NAME were *less*. -- 'Twou'd
 seem, to fear,
 He, who increas'd HEAV'N's fame, could want
 it *here*.

Yet,

Yet, when the SUNS, *be lighted up*, shall fade,
And all the WORLDS, *be found*, are first decay'd;
Then, *void*, and *waste*, ETERNITY shall lie,
And TIME, and NEWTON'S NAME, *together die*.

*To Mr. DYER ; on his attempting CLIO'S
Picture.*

SOUL of your honour'd art ! what man
can do,

In copying *nature*, may be reach'd by you :
Your *peopling* pencil a new *world* can give,
And, like *Deucalion*, teach the *stones* to live.
From your creating hand, a *war* may flow ;
And your warm strokes, with breathing action,
glow :

But, from that *angel form*, to catch the *grace*,
And kindle up your *ivory*, with her *face*.
All, unconsum'd, to snatch the *living fire*,
And *limn* th' *ideas*, which those eyes inspire ;
Strong, to your burning *circle*, to confine
That *awe-mix'd sweetness*, and that *air divine* ;
That sparkling *soul*, which *lightens*, from *within* !
And breaks, in unspoke *meanings*, thro' her *skin*.

This

This, if you can -- hard task! and yet unprov'd!
 Then, shall you be *adorn'd*, as now *belov'd*.
 Then, shall your high-aspiring *colours* find
 The art, to picture *thought*, and paint the *wind*.
 Then, shall you give *air* *SHAPE*, imprison *space*,
 And mount the *painter* to the *maker's* place.

WHITEHALL STAIRS.

FROM *Whitehall Stairs*, whence oft, with
 distant view,
 I've gaz'd whole *moon-shine* hours, on hours away,
 Blest but to see those *roofs*, which cover'd *you*,
 And watch'd beneath what *star*, you sleeping, lay.

LAUNCH'D on the smiling *stream*, which felt
 my *hope*,
 And danc'd, and quiver'd, round my gliding *boat*,
 I came, this day, to give my tongue free scope,
 And vent the *passion*, which my *looks* denote.

To tell my dear, my soul-disturbing muse,
 (But that's a *name*, can speak but half her charms)
 How my full *heart* does my *pen's* aid refuse,
 And bids my *voice* describe my *soul's* alarms.

To

To tell what *transports* your last *letter* gave,
What *heav'ns* were open'd, in your soft complaint,
To tell! -- what *pride* I take, to be your *slave*,
And how triumphant *love* disdains restraint.

BUT, when I miss'd you, and took *boat* again,
The sympathetic *sun* condol'd my *woe*;
Drew in his *beams*, to mourn my pity'd *pain*,
And bid the shadow'd *stream* benighted flow.

SUDDEN, the weeping *skies* unsluic'd their *store*,
And torrents of big *tears* unceasing shed;
Sad, I drove downward, to a flooded *shore*,
And, disappointed, hung my *dripping head*.

LANDED, at length, I sate *coffee* drink,
And, ill surrounded, by a *noisy tribe*,
Scornful of what *they* do, or say, or think,
I, rapt in *your* dear *heav'n*, my *loss* describe.

To the same.

YES -- now 'tis time to *die--despair* comes on;
 Who keeps the *body*, when the *soul* is gone?
 She *sets--fair light*, that shew'd me all my joy,
 And, like the *sun's*, her absence must *destroy*.
 She, who *once* wept my *fancy'd* loss of breath,
 Now, crimeless murd'rer ! gives me *real* death.

YET, have a care, touch'd *heart*, nor sigh one
thought,
 That stains such *goodness* with a *purpos'd* fault.
 Soft, as her *tears*, her gentle *meanings* move;
 Her *soul* sheds *sweetness*, tho' her *look* is *love*.
 Her *voice* is *musick*, tun'd to *heav'n's* low note;
 Her *touch* bids *transport*, thro' each art'ry, float;
 Her *step* is *dignity*, by *pity* checkt;
 At once, she fans *desire*, and plants *respect*.
 Unconscious of her *charms*, she dreams of *none*,
 And doubling *other's* praises, shuns *her own*.
 Modest, in *pow'r*, as kneeling *angels* pray,
 Noiseless, as *night's* soft shade, tho' bright, as *day*.
Wife,

Wife, unassumingly; serenely *deep*,
Easy as *air*, and innocent, as *sleep*:
Blooming, like *beauty* when adorn'd for *sin*,
Yet, like the *bud*, unblown, *all blush* within.

O! 'tis impossible, to quit such *bliss*,
Yet live, superior to a loss, like this!
Where will she, next, her thousand conquests
make?

On what *new climate* will her *sun-shine* break?
Where will she next, (sweet *tasker* of my care!)
Teach our charm'd sex, to hope, to wish, to dare?
Far from her fruitless *guardian's* watchful eye,
What may she bear! what *answer*! oh! I'll die.
Bless'd by her *fight* -- time's race were one short
stage;

She gone -- one widow'd moment were an age.

A S O N G.

CLIO! smiling, soul-invader!

Soft amuser of my days,

Be my silent *passion's* aider,

Teach my *tongue*, to speak thy *praise*.

Thou, like *heroes*, fear'd all over,

Wanting room, to suffer more;

Pil'd with *praise*, canst hear no *lower*

Tell thee ought, untold before.

Truth, with modest *bounds*, contented,

Rightly praising *thee*, must say,

More than *falsehood* e'er invented,

When she widest went astray.

Writ

Writ on a blank Leaf of an obscene Poem.

THE sacred *nine*, first, spread their golden wings,

In praise of *virtue*, *heroes*, and of *kings* :

Chast were their *lays*, and ev'ry *verse* design'd,

To soften *nature*, and exalt the *mind*.

Loosely the *moderns* live, and loosely *write*,

And woo their *muse*, as MISTRESS, for *delight*.

Thick, in their *lays*, *obscenities* abound,

As *weeds* spring *plenteous*, in the rankest ground :

All, who write *verse*, to taint a *guiltless heart*,

Are vile *profaners* of the sacred *art*.

Cloy'd, the sick *reader* from the *work* retires,

And, e're the *writer* dies, his *fame* expires.

To Mrs. T——T.

WHERE, in this land, (*Alzira* cry'd)
Shall *Indian* virtues rest ?

Who will be, *here*, the stranger's *guide*,

And lead her to be blest ?

Seek, said the whisp'ring *muse*, some fair,
 Of *England's* beauteous *race* :
 Who does, herself, those *virtues* share,
 Which most *Alzira* grace.

One, who has *taste*, as nobly strong,
 And *charms*, as softly *sweet* ;
 Will guard her *sister* soul from *wrong*,
 While *graces*, *graces* meet.

I took the *muse's* kind *advice*,
 Look'd round the *fair* and *bright*,
 And found *Alzira*, in a trice,
 Was matchless *T——t's* right.

To a Lady, who put herself into a bad
 way, by taking Spirit of Nitre, by
 Spoon-fulls, instead of a few Drops.

O H, beware of *excess* --- 'tis an error in life,
 Into which one would wonder, a *wit*
 should be slipping ;
 What a schism, in an orthodox clergyman's *wife*,
 When we talk of *baptizing*, to think we mean
dipping !

WERE

WERE your *love* but as much over-dos'd, as
your *drops*,

You would leave Mr. *Forster* no lip-room, for
pray'rs;

And complaint, from his *parish*, wou'd come,
thick as *bops*,

'Gainst engrossing a *breath*, in which others
have shares.

BOTH the sexes assert, and the whole world
agrees,

That too much of what's *good*, is scarce bet-
ter than *ill*,

Tho' the *ladies* have pow'r, to decree what they
please,

And have got an *exception* put in for *Quadrille*.

HE, who likes what you say, by your *sprightli-*
ness, warm'd,

Shou'd you still, without *stopping*, run on, to
say more,

Wou'd be vex'd, to perceive himself more and
more *charm'd*,

E're allow'd to *declare*, how you charm'd
him before.

THERE'S a *medium*, in all things, as when Mrs.
Raikes

Has, for *ten hours* together, her *Cynic* alarm'd ;
Prudence, parting 'em, timely, for both their
 dear fakes,
 Keeps 'em free from the *danger* of being un-
 charm'd.

So, a few drops of *Nitre*, dispos'd to ascend,
 Had arriv'd at your *head*, nor been taken, in
 vain ;
 But the *weight* of so many --- only serv'd a
 wrong end,
 And, mistaking the *place*, double-pointed the
 pain.

A S O N G.

I.

O CELIA ! be wary, when *Celadon* sues,
 These *wits* are the *bane* of your charms :
Beauty play'd against *reason*, will certainly lose,
 Warring, naked, with robbers, in *arms*.

YOUNG

II.

YOUNG *Damon*, despis'd, for his *plainness* of parts,
 Has *worth*, that a *woman* should prize;
 He'll run the race *out*, tho' he heavily *starts*,
 And *distance* the short-winded *wise*.

III.

The *fool* is a faint, in the temple of Love,
 And kneels all his life, there, to pray:
 The *wit* but *looks in*, and makes haste, to *remove*,
 'Tis a stage, he but takes, in his way.

The RECONCILIATION.

SICK of a worthless *world*, and courting *rest*,
 My fullen *soul*, with penfive *weight*, oppress;
 Disturb'd, and mournful, sought the silent shade,
 And fed *reflection*, in the breezy glade.
 Stretch'd on the *grassy* margin of a *brook*,
 Whose murm'ring *fellowship* my mind partook;
 Actively idle, I, repining, lay,
 Gaz'd on the *flood*, and sigh'd the *stream* away.

Who knows, I cry'd, what course thou hast
 to pass,
 Sweet *stream*, that now creepst softly through
 this *grass*?
 How wilt thou flow! -- Anon, perhaps, slid hence,
 Thy deep'ning *channel* fills some moated fence,
 Hems in some *farm*, where homely *rusticks* meet,
 And their sweet bread, prize of hard labour, eat.
 Thence, thro' some *lord's* delightful garden, led,
 Thou may'st thy vegetative *influence* spread;
 Where, as thro' fragrant *beds*, thy purlings slide,
 The grateful *flow'rs* shall kiss 'em, as they glide:
 There, charm'd, and ling'ring, thou may'st wish
 to stay,
 And, hoarsely murm'ring, roll, displeas'd, away.

But, while, with careleßs pace, thou journey'st
 slow,
 Oft halting, to look back, at this fair *show*,
 Some *precipice*, that, in close *ambush*, lies,
 Thy virgin *current* shall, at once, surprize,
 Cross whose broad *shoulders* thrown, and tum-
 bling o'er,
 Thy frightened stream shall rush, with unavailing
 roar.

Next,

Next, may thy silver current's brightness die,
And muddily, some stagnate *fen* supply;
Where shadow'd *reeds*, in thy flow stream, shall
shake,

And floods fly, trembling, from the gloom, they
make :

Frighted, and glad to 'scape this horrid place,
Thou may'st wind short, and new-direct thy race,
Through verdant *meads*, o'erjoy'd may'st, dan-
cing, go,

'Till *cattle* sip thy whirlpools, as they flow :
Thence, for protection of thy ruffled charms,
Thou may'st rush swift, to some great *lover's arms*;
Some stately *stream*, by keely courtship prest,
And mark'd, with *wealth's* proud furrows, on his
breast :

Grave *Thames* may, next, receive thy mix'd em-
brace,

And fam'd *Augusta* see thy fully'd face ;
From her wash'd foot, thy scatter'd flood may
stray,

And, to the swallowing *ocean*, roll away :
There, wasted stream ! in wind-driv'n billows
toft,

Thy oft-chang'd *being* shall be wholly lost.

So,

So, gentle *brook*, I cry'd, does human *life*,
 'Midst endless changes, and in endless *strife*,
 Glide, with *impatience*, thro' unknown *events*,
 'Till *nature* asks repose, and *death* consents.

WHY then is such a *life* so much desir'd?
 By what pursuits, is vain *ambition* fir'd?
Friendship is lost, on *earth*; *love* goes astray;
 And *men*, like *beasts*, each on the other prey:
 Ev'n the *soft sex* their downy *bosoms* hide,
 With inward *artifice*, or outward *pride*.
Beauty's spoil'd *shafts* no more the *soul* can hit,
 Dull'd, by gross *folly*, or misguided *wit*.
Nothing is, now, worth wishing for, on *earth*,
 And *death* is grown a much less *woe*, than *birth*.

WHILE thus I mourn'd -- back roll'd th' asto-
 nish'd *brook*,
 The *trees* bow'd down, the *earth*, beneath me,
 shook!

All heav'n descended to the glowing ground,
 And radiant *terror*, dazzling, shone around:
Blind, with the strong *refulgence*, fix'd, I lay,
 Bury'd, in *brightness*, and o'erwhelm'd, with *day*.

Listen,

Listen, a sound broke out -- impatient youth!
 Listen, and mark the voice of sacred truth.
 Rouz'd, at that name, I would have blest'd my
 fight,
 But strove, in vain, to stem the tide of light;
 Still, as I rais'd my eyes, their balls struck fire,
 And wat'ry gushings wept the rash desire:
 The unseen phantom's voice, sudden, and loud,
 Startled the ear, as thunder rends a cloud;
 But soft'ning more and more, grew sweet, and
 kind,
 And dy'd away, like musick, in the wind:
 I come, continues she, to bring thee peace,
 To bid thy diffidence, in friendship cease;
 Again, to reconcile thee to mankind;
 New-wing thy transports, and un-clog thy mind;
 To guide thy wand'ring choice, to find that joy,
 Distrust of which, does thy sad hours employ:
 There lives a charmer, whom, divinely fir'd,
 E'en her whole sex's virtues have inspir'd;
 Where all that's manly, joins with all that's sweet,
 And, in whose breast, engross'd perfections meet;
 Her mind no conscious pride of merit stains;
 O'er her wide soul, unfully'd reason reigns:

Blind

Blind to her *worth*, she feels not her own *flame*,
 Enriches *merit*, yet despises *fame*.
 Her unaffected *charms*, what words can *paint*?
 She looks an *angel*, and she speaks a *saint*!
 While sparkling *gayness*, wantons in her *eye*,
 In her wise *soul*, the laughing *Cupids* die.
 A thousand *graces* round her *person* play,
 And all the *musés* mark her *fancy's* way:
 To hear her *speak*, the soul, with rapture fills,
 Her looks alarm — but, when she writes, she *kills*.
 Rise, then, and meet her, as she this way strays,
 And thy own *wonder* shall out-speak my *praise*.

THE goddess vanish'd to her native *skies*,
 And the recover'd shade unbarr'd my *eyes*;
 I look'd, and lo! within the honour'd *wood*,
 Lovely *Cleora*, hid, in bay-leaves, stood;
Cleora --- but her wonders to reveal,
 Were to describe, what I can only *feel*!
 Now, reconcil'd to the shun'd *world*, I'll live:
 Her friendship --- joys, worth living for, can give.

On

On the Birth-day of Miss —

I.

CA'RE, be banish'd far away —
 Fly, be gone, approach not here :
Mirth, and *joy*, demand this *day*,
 Happiest day of all the *year* !

II.

SUMMERS, three times sev'n have shone,
 All out-shin'd, by *Delia's* eyes :
Winters, three times sev'n, are gone,
 All whose *snows*, her breast supplies !

III.

DANCE we, then, the chearful round,
Musick might have stay'd away ;
 She but speaking, *organs* found :
 She but smiling, *angels* play.

IV.

'Tis her *birth-day* --- let it blaze !
 Born to *charm*, and form'd for *bliss* :
 Live the lov'd, a world of days,
 Ev'ry day, as blest'd, as this,

LET

V.

—LET her beauty — *not* increase ;

Too, too strong, already, *there* !

But, let heav'n augment her *peace*,

'Till she's *happy*, as she's *fair*.

The G L O V E.

TELL me, sweet *glove* ! what name the
charmer bears,

Whose downy *hand* thy *snowy* *cod'ring* wears ?

'Tis a dear *name*, I am forbid to tell,

But these distinguish'd *marks* may paint her well:

She's gently *aweful*, winningly *severe*,

Charms, when she *speaks*, yet rather loves, to bear ;

Wise, as a *god* ; as fancy'd *angels*, fair ;

Lovely, as *light*, and soft, as *upper air*.

ENOUGH, sweet *glove* ! by this plain *picture*,

taught,

H——E, I find, is the dear *name*, I sought.

RONALD

RONALD *and* DORNA; *by a Highlander,*
to his Mistress. From a literal Tran-
slation of the Original.

I.

COME, let us climb SKORR-URRAN's snowy
 top;

Cold, as it seems, it is less cold, than you :

Thin, thro' its snow, these lambs its beath-twigs
crop ;

Your snow, more hostile, starves, and freezes,
too.

II.

WHAT, tho' I lov'd, of late, in Skey's fair isle !

And blush'd -- and bow'd -- and shrunk from

KENZA's eye !

All, *she* had power to hurt with, was her smile ;

But 'tis a frown of yours, for which I die.

III.

ASK, why these *berds*, beneath us, rush, so fast,

On the brown *sea-ware's* stranded heaps, to feed ?

Winter, like you, with-holds their wish'd *repast*,

And, robb'd of genial *grass*, they brouze on
weed.

MARK,

IV.

MARK, with what tuneful haste SHELEILA flows,
 To mix its wid'ning stream, in *Donnan's* lake!
 Yet, should some *dam* the current's course oppose,
 It must, per-force, a less-lov'd *passage* take.

V.

BORN, like your *body*, for a *spirit's* claim,
 Trembling, I wait, unsoul'd, 'till you inspire:
 God has prepar'd the *lamp*, and bids it *flame*,
 But you, fair *Dorna*, have with-held the *fire*.

VI.

HIGH, as yon *pine*, when you begin to *speak*,
 My light'ning *heart* leaps, hopeful, at the *sound*,
 But, fainting at the *sense*, falls, void, and weak,
 And sinks, and saddens, like yon *mossy* ground.

VII.

ALL that I taste, or touch, or see, or hear;
 Nature's whole *breadth* reminds me but of you!
 Ev'n heav'n itself would your sweet *likeness* wear,
 If, with its *pow'r*, you had its *mercy*, too.

Writ

*Writ on a blank Leaf of MEROPE ; sent
to Mr. GARRICK, by the Author.*

To the never-equall'd Actor of EUMENES.

INTO your hands, a dumb dead likeness take,
Whose form you quicken'd, and whose soul
you make.

Mine was a painted fire -- your piercing rays
Lent light'ning ; and effulg'd it into blaze.

Now, on a shelf, some silent nook impart
To him, you've loudly lodg'd on ev'ry heart.

EPIGRAM.

IN antient times. when honour bore the bell,
And people blush'd not, at their doing well ;
Where, crush'd, beneath triumphant envy's
weight,

The hand of valour wore the chain of state ;
There did the daring muse devote her rhymes,
And grateful verse condemn'd ungrateful crimes.

BUT, in our more improv'd, and bart'ring days,
 There's a *price currant* stamp't on *poet's* praise ;
 The *workman* strikes but as his labour's paid,
 And *heroes* rise and fall, like *stocks* in trade.

Abstract from Psalm cxiv.

WHEN, from proud *Egypt's* hard and
 cruel hand,
 High-summon'd *Israel* sought the promis'd land,
 The opening *sea* divided, at her call,
 And reflux *Jordan* rose, a wat'ry wall !
 Light, as met *lambs*, the starting *bills* leapt wide,
 And the slow *mountains* roll'd themselves aside !
 Why, O thou *sea* ! did thy vast depth divide ?
 And why, O *Jordan* ! fled thy back'ning tide ?
 Why leapt your *lines*, ye frightened *bills*, astray ?
 And what, O *mountains* ! rent your roots away ?
 Hark ! I will tell --- proud *earth* confess'd her
 God,
 And mark'd his wond'rous *foot-steps*, as he trod.
 While bent to bless, He chear'd his thirsty *flock*,
 And, into floods of liquid length, dissolv'd the
 loosening rock.

The

The SINGING-BIRD.

I.

POPE, in absence of his *pain*,
 Easy, negligent, and gay,
 With the *fair*, in am'rous vein,
 Lively, as the smiling day,
 Talk'd, and toy'd, the hours away.

II.

TUNEFUL, o'er *Belinda's* chair,
 Finely cag'd, a *Linnet* hung ;
 Breath'd its little soul in air,
 Flutt'ring round its mansion sprung ;
 And its *carrols* sweetly sung.

III.

WINDING, from the fair one's eye,
 On her feather'd *slave*, to gaze ;
 Meant, cry'd *Pope*, to wing the sky,
 Yet, a *captive*, all thy days,
 How dost thou this *musick* raise !

IV.

SINCE, a *prisoner*, thou can'st *sing*,
Sportive, airy, wanton, *here*,
Hadst thou liberty of *wing*,
How thy *melody* would *cheer* !
How *transport* the list'ning *ear* !

V.

No, reply'd the warbling song.
Rais'd --- *articulate*, and *clear* !
Now, to wish me *free*, were wrong ;
Loftier, in my native *sphere*,
But, with *fewer friends*, than *here*.

VI.

Tho' with grief, my *fate* you see,
Many a *poet's* is the same ;
Aw'd, seclused, and unfree,
Humble avarice of fame,
Keeps 'em fetter'd, own'd, and *tame*.

VII.

To our *feeders*, they, and I,
Lend our *lives*, in narrow *bound* ;
Perch'd, within our *owner's* eye,
Gay, we hop, the gilded round,
Changing, neither *note*, nor *ground*.

VIII,

For, should *freedom* break our *chain*,
 Tho' the *self-dependent* flight
 Would, to *heav'n* exalt our *strain*;
 Yet, *unheard*, and out of *sight*,
 All our *praise* were forfeit, by't.

To the *un-declared Author of the Poem*,
call'd Patriotic Love.

I.

WHEN *Jacob's* muse re-strings the slack-
 en'd lyre,
 And, sweetly pensive, sounds the *meaning* strain,
 Why does his fruitless *modesty*, in vain,
 Conceal his *name*, yet, not conceal his *fire* :
 Since *sentiments* alone the soul explain,
 Keep your *thoughts* hid, or think not you *retire*.

II.

RARE, and soon-mark'd, in this *receiving* age,
 'Strait, to its *spring*, unvenal verse is trac'd ;
 Its *course* far shining, tho' its *banks* defac'd !
 'Twas needless to subscribe the speaking page,
 Unpension'd eminence, and worth *mis-plac'd*,
 Point the dumb *actor* out, to shame the *stage*.

III.

Go on, un-fainting, tread the pathless way;
 Nobly redeem the *poet's* forfeit name;
 Guide pow'r to *virtue*, fan the *patriot* flame:
Love of your country doubly, thus, display:
 Since *he*, by whom the *great* more greatly aim,
 In *reason's* reck'ning, is more *great*, than *they*.

IV.

O! would but *fortune* crown your *musè's* pray'r;
 Wou'd list'ning *angels*, to your *patron's* heart,
 Convey your *love* of each unfriended art,
 What length of *glory* would you jointly, *share*!
He, to your *genius*, *pow'r*, would soon impart,
 And you endear his *pow'r*, by *patriot* care.

A S O N G.

I.

GENTLE *Love*, this hour befriend me,
 To my eyes, resign thy dart;
 Notes of melting *musick* lend me,
 To dissolve a *frozen* heart.

CHILL,

II.

CHILL, as mountain *snow*, her bosom!

Tho' I tender language use,
'Tis, by cold *indifference*, frozen,
To my *arms*, and to my *muse*.

III.

SEE! my dying *eyes* are pleading,
Where a breaking *heart* appears :
For thy *pity* interceding,
With the eloquence of tears.

IV.

WHILE the *lamp of life* is fading,
And, beneath thy coldness, dies,
Death, my ebbing pulse invading,
Take my *soul* into thy *eyes*.

My Soul's last Sighs, to the divine
 L—R—A.

LET plaintive *thoughts*, in mournful *num-*
bers, flow,
Prose is too dull, for *love*, too calm for *woe* !
 Has she not bid thee *quit* thy faithful *flame* !
 Sell *her*, and *truth*, for EQUIPAGE, and NAME ?
 Nay, she has bid thee *go* --- Whence this delay ?
 Whence this fond, fruitless, ling'ring *wish*, to stay ?
 L—a bids thee *go* --- she, who, alone,
 Makes all *life's* future *blessings*, means thee *none* !
 Begone, then --- let thy struggling *heart* obey,
 And in long distance, sigh sad *life* away.
 Still, still, vain, flatt'ring *hope* misleads *desire*.
 Fed, by faint glimm'ring shoots of glow-worm *fire*.
 What, tho' she sweetly *writes*, to ease thy *grief*,
 Or *points* kind *comfort*, by the *folded leaf* :
 Such *pity* must thy grateful *rev'rence* move,
 But judge it right --- nor think *compassion*, *love*.
 What tho' each word she *marks*, like *Spring's*
soft show'rs,
 Flows sweet, as new-blown *breath* of op'ning
flow'rs,

Such

Such *borrow'd* sounds she need not have *apply'd*,
Her *own*, more tuneful, thou too oft, hast try'd:
To speak, in *musick*, ever was her *claim*,
And all grows *harmony*, that bears her *name*.

HAD'ST thou e'er touch'd her *heart*, with one
soft *pain*,
And, bless'd, in *loving*, been *below'd* again;
All her cold reasoning *doubts* had ceas'd to *move*,
And her whole gen'rous *breast* conceiv'd but *love*.
She, who believes not, loves not -- Feel thy *fate*:
Friendship, from *her*, pains more than other's *bate*.
All the *kind* passions, wanting *one*, she'll *own*,
But, *that one* wanting, all the *rest* are *none*.
Would *love*, and *she*, disperse the threat'ning *storm*,
Let her *believe*, and *trust*, and break thro' *form*;
Let her command thy *stay*, to know *success*,
Nor fear the god-like *attribute*, to bless:
Born, to distinguish *her*, from womankind,
To *court* her *converse*, and to *taste* her *mind*;
Fram'd, for her *empire*, with her *image*, fill'd,
Charm'd by her *form*, and, in her *temper*, skill'd;
Piercing her tim'rous *heart's* most secret *thought*,
And *knowing*, and adoring, each dear *fault*,

How

How art thou *pain'd* -- to find her soft'ning *will*,
Held, against *love*, by ev'ry *guard* of *skill*!
How art thou *doom'd*, to lengths of ope'ning *woe*,
Should she feel *love* -- yet, fear, to tell thee *so*?

If she distrusts thy *truth* -- all *hope* must *fall*,
Doubting her pow'r, she disbelieves thee all.
And none, who doubts her *lover*, dares to *love*.
Go, then --- to *climes*, cold, as her *heart*, remove;
A *distant* fate thy gloomy choice prefers,
Present, thou can't not live, and *not* live *hers*.

FAREWELL, kind, cautious, unresolving, *fair*!
To hear thee *blest*, will *charm* amidst *despair*.
'Tis *death*, to go --- 'tis *more*, than *death*, to *stay*,
Rest will be soonest *reach'd*, the first dark way.
Ne'er may'st thou know a *pain*! still *cheerful* be,
Nor check *life's* *comforts*, with one *thought* of *me*.

PALLAS'S

PALLAS'S *Whisper, in a Dream, to two Beauties, at Eltham.*

EXPELL'D th' *assembly*! 'twas discreetly done!
 Could the *torch* shine, but where it miss'd
 the *sun*?

Wisely, the *old* and *ugly*, shun compare,
 Nor *prune* their with'ring *barks*, against the *fair*!
 You gone, they *glean* a cold *respect*, undue,
 But drop their plunder'd *sheaves*, at sight of you.
 So, the shock'd *Indian*, conscious of his *face*,
 Broke the bright *glass*, to hide his own *disgrace*.
 Smile, un-revengeful, leave their *pride* forlorn,
 And mix some *pity*, with the public *scorn*.
 'Twere hard, to clip the *starver's* stinted *shares*,
 No --- let the balm of *envy* still be *theirs*.
 Leave 'em the needful *pow'r*, to hate their *bane*,
 And shun those *eyes*, by which they wish, in vain.
 Nature indulg'd a *self-defence* to all;
 For that, she gave the dry'd *old maid*, her *gall*,
 For that, long *vipers* wind their *biss* along,
 And, but for that, th' *assembly* mourns your *wrong*.

Verses,

VERSES, *to the unknown Author of the
Rover Reclaim'd ; written extempore,
at the Rehearsal of that Play.*

THE low-brow'd *muse*, that gives *malignance* birth,

As oft excites our *anger*, as our *mirth* ;
For gen'rous *hearts* would, *usefully*, correct,
Nor spare the *fault*, but still the *man* respect.
Touch'd, by a rev'ence, to the *species* due,
Fain would they *laugh*, without *despising*, too,
Rash, and by no such soft impressions, aw'd,
The scurril *witling* spreads his joke too broad :
Straining at *humour*, lets *discernment* fall,
And laughs *at* all, by turns, to laugh with all.
Not so, thy guardian *scene* --- whose manlier end
Warring, on *guilt* --- would *innocence* defend :
From the *false Rover*, strips his *am'rous* art,
That his *true form* may fright the fair one's *heart*,
And rescued *beauty* be, by one man, drest,
In *arms of temper'd proof*, against the rest.

THE

THE *Loom* thus *fine*, how hadst thou *wear'd*
amiss,
 To thread *coarse laughter*, thro' a *theme*, like *this* !
 'Twere an affront to *woman's worth* ! for *here*,
 Not to be *grave*, were --- not to be *sincere*.
 Nor, let the *taste* of fools betray the wise,
 A *cheap* applause, before a *just*, to prize.
 Oft we *approve*, where, but to *smile* we seem ;
 But where we *laugh* the most, we least *esteem*.
 This, the deserving purpose of thy play,
 Compels a *stranger's* grateful verse, to say,
 Who felt the pleasure, *thousands* soon will feel,
 And judg'd it *mean*, that pleasure to *conceal*.

To Mr. JAMES THOMPSON ; on his
asking my Advice, to what Patron
he should address his Poem, called
 WINTER.

SOME *Beers* have noble skill to judge, 'tis
 true,
 Yet, no poor prospect bounds the *musè's* view :
 Firm, in your native strength, thus greatly shown,
 Slight such delusive *props*, and stand alone :

Fruitless

Fruitless dependance, oft has prov'd, too late,
That *greatness* dwells not, always, with the

GREAT.

Patrons are NATURE' nobles, not the STATE's,
And *Wit's* a title, no *broad seal* creates :
E'en KINGS, from whose high source, all ho-
nours flow,

Are poor, in pow'r, when they would souls bestow.
He, who stoops *safe*, beneath a *patron's* shade,
Shines, like the moon, but by a borrow'd aid :
Truth should, unbiass'd, free, and open, steer,
Strong, as *heav'n's* heat, and, as its brightness,
clear !

Heedless of *fortune*, then, look down, on *state*,
Balanc'd, within, by *merit's* conscious weight :
Divinely proud, of independent *will*,
Prince of your wishes, live, a sov'reign, still ;
Oh ! swell not, then, the *bosoms* of the vain,
With false *conceit*, you their *protection* gain.
Poets, like you, their own *protectors* stand,
Plac'd, above aid, from pride's inferior hand.
Time, that devours a *lord's* un-lasting name,
Shall lend her boundless *depth*, to float your *fame* :
On *verse*, like *yours*, no smiles, from pow'r expect,
Born, with a *worth*, that doom'd you to neglect.

Yet,

Yet, would your wit be prais'd --- reflect no more,
Let the smooth veil of *flatt'ry*, *silk* you o'er :
Aptly attach'd, the *court's* soft *climate* try ;
Learn your *pen's* duty, from your *patron's* eye.
Ductile of soul, each pliant purpose wind,
And, following *int'rest* close, leave *doubt* behind :
Then, shall your *name* strike, loud, the public
ear,
For, through good fortune, *virtue's self* shines
clear.

BUT, in defiance of our taste --- to *charm*,
And *fancy's* force, with *judgment's* caution, arm,
Disturb, with busy *thought*, so lull'd an age,
And plant strong *meanings* o'er the peaceful *page*.
Impregnate sound, with *sense*, teach nature *art*,
And warm ev'n *winter*, 'till it *thaws* the heart :
How could you, thus, your country's *rules* trans-
gress,
Yet, think of *patrons*, and presume *success* !

A SONG.

TIDDI DOLL.

I.

WHAT a noise in pit, boxes, and gall'ries,
and all,

Have you lately heard made, about one *Tiddi-dol*.
Tiddi-dol, honest creature! took none of these airs,
'Till the wars of *King Pantomime* chang'd his
affairs,

From a baker of *gingerbread*, (God bless the
trade!)

Now the *mark* of the *muse*, by our malice's aid.

For the great and the small

Cry --- all,

Tiddi-doll --- Tiddi-doll,

'Tis *Tiddi-dol*, *Tiddi-doll*, all.

II.

ALL the joke of it rose, from his *plume*, and *fine*
coat,

Which but odly agreed with his *shop*, and his *note*.

Tho' he sold me my *gingerbread*, yet, I confess,

No proportion was hit, 'twixt his *name*, and his
dress. But,

But, if *Actors* must all, by *proportion*, be try'd;
Then, alas, for poor *Pistol*, and *Drury* beside!

Where they sell none at all,

Yet bawl,

Tiddi-doll --- Tiddi-doll,

Mere, sham, wooden, Tiddi-dolls all.

III.

WHEN their *rope-dancers* swung, and their
tumblers went round,

To convince you where *wit*, and wise *manage-*
ment's found;

When, to quicken a *compliment*, sagely bestow'd,

They assur'd their kind boxes, 'twas *Taste Alamode*.

When a whole *club* of beauties, cry'd out for
good sense,

Yet could'nt drive *gingerbread management* thence.

Sure — all

Was then Tiddi-doll,

Aye, Tiddi-doll, Tiddi-doll all.

IV.

So, 'till *chance* some *expression*, more *suitable*,
sends,

To describe brother *Pistol*, and all his good friends.

Wou'd you speak of men's heads, that run out of
their way,

'Till their *own parts* the silliest of all, they can play;

Wou'd you name *folks*, that manage a *stage*, with
such *skill*,

That, alike, *wit* and *nonsense*, brings *grist* to their
mill,

Then, at Drury, go call,

And behold *Tiddi-doll*,

'Tis — all,

Tiddi-doll, Tiddi-doll,

'Tis *Tiddi-doll, Tiddi-doll, all*.

A S O N G.

I.

VAINLY, now, ye strive to charm me,

All, ye sweets, of blooming *May*;

How can empty sun-shine warm me,

While *Lotbaria* keeps away!

Go

II.

Go, ye warbling *birds*! go, leave me:
Shade, ye clouds, the *smiling sky*:
Sweeter notes *her voice* can give me,
Softer sun-shine fills *her eye*.

The WESTERN PARADISE.

THERE is, there is, a soft, a peaceful shore!
An un-curs'd *Eden*, still in nature's store!
A spring, whence un-imbitter'd *pleasures* flow!
A *treasury*, of ev'ry thing, but *woe*!
Un-promis'd *Canaan*! which th' Almighty knew,
Too great a *blessing* for th' unthankful *Jew*:
Thence veil'd her beauties; pre-ordain'd, to grace
The destin'd triumphs of a nobler race!
On thy sweet *plains*, where all delights are sure,
Men can, by turns, be ev'ry thing, but *poor*.
The doubt-freed *miser*, here, sleeps void of *care*,
For, who will plunder that, which all may share.
In other lands, our toil prepares our meat,
Our only labour, here, is --- take, and eat.
Such various shapes does tempting pleasure wear,
That, which to chuse her in, is all our care.

A S O N G.

A TTEMPT not, dissembler, to move me,
'Tis seldom I alter my mind;
Nor ever *unjust* shall you prove me,
Tho' you happen to think me *unkind*.

But, vainly, alas! you discover,
The graces, and wit, of your friend;
My son is too constant a lover,
To suffer his passion to bend.

BOTH beauty, and wit, I lay claim to,
And those, to a daughter, can grant;
My offspring can boast of the same, too,
'Tis *money* alone, that we want.

THEN ask no more questions, good Madam;
Put beauty, and wit, in *one* scale;
In *another*, a gypsy, from *Haddam*,
The last, if she's *rich*, will prevail.

*On a Rakish Officer, who writ a very silly
Epilogue, in Affront to all Women.*

WHEN Rakes become reformers, masque-
rade

Must be allowed a most extensive trade :
You call the world a stage --- you find it so,
And well, to play, behind the curtain, know :
Mean while, your partners, on the far-fam'd strait,
Act hero's fillier parts, and serve the state :
Fond of a safer toil, you change the scene,
And, not in fields of war, but wit, grow lean :
How blest your fortune, in the king's warm pay,
That lets your muse her own expence defray !
Merit, like yours, unprosp'rous else, might strive,
Shine inward, and be too refin'd to thrive.
O, Captain ! you, who write, with such a grace,
What thanks owes woman to your saving face !
Were but your eyes as piercing, as your quill,
Tho' your sword's idle, yet your looks would kill.

*A Translation, from some Italian Verses,
of Mr. MILTON ; sent to a Lady,
when he was in Florence.*

WHEN, in your language, I, unskill'd,
address

The feeble efforts of a trammel'd muse,

Soft *Italy's* fair critics round me press,

And my mistaking passion, thus, accuse.

WHY, to our tongue's disgrace, does thy bold
love,

Strive, in rough sounds, soft softness to impart :

He must select his words, who speaks, to move,

And points his meanings, at the hearer's heart.

Then, laughing, they repeat my languid lays,

Nymphs, of thy native clime, perhaps, they cry,

For whom thou hast a tongue, may feel thy praise,

But we must understand, e're we comply.

Do thou, my soul's soft hope ! these triflers awe,

Tell 'em, that it imports not, *what* I writ,

Since love, from silent looks, can language draw,

And scorns the lame impertinence of wit.

Verses

*Verses, writ for, and sent to, a Widow
Gentlewoman, on Occasion of her Son's
Melancholy, upon their Losses, and
Disappointments in Life.*

WELCOME, ah! welcome, life's last friend,
decay!

Faint on, tir'd soul and lapse, unmourn'd, away;
Now, I look back, asham'd, at hope's false blaze,
That shone, delightful, on my happier days;
In their true colours, now, too late, I see,
What youth, and pride, and mirth, and praise,
must be!

Bring, then, great curer, death, thy dark relief,
And save me, from vain sense of hopeless grief.
Shut me for ever from the suffering scene,
And leave long voids for silent rest between.
Thy hand can snatch me from a weeping son,
Heir to my woes, and born to be undone!
Place me, where I, no more, his wrongs shall
hear,
Nor his told sorrows reach my shelter'd ear.

THUS while I *mourn'd*, retir'd, from hated *light*,
Sleep came, and hid *affliction*, in the *night* ;
The *night*, instructive to my bold *complaint*,
In a long *dream*, did that *sad march* re-paint,
That *pomp of tears*, which did, for SHEFFIELD,
flow,
Who, lately, blacken'd half our streets, with *woe*.
THERE, cry'd a pointing *seraph*, look ! compare !
And blush, forgetful, of *your* light despair !
What has THIS mother lost, as far *distrest*,
Beyond her *sex*, as, late, beyond 'em, *blest* !
Son of her soul ! her *child*, by mind, and birth,
Bright, by her fires, and *guardian* of her worth ;
Promise of virtues, to the rising age !
Yet, ah ! how *blasted* is the lov'd *presage* !
Think of HER loss, her *weight* of *woe* bemoan,
And, humbly conscious, sigh not, for your own.

The

The Stage's Improvement, an Epigram.

THE *Patent* laugh'd at, its *supporters* gone,
Blank verse depos'd, and *silence* creeping
 on !

Aid us, ye *Gods* ! cry'd H---H---RE, in distress,
 Save our *great Play-house*, and be damn'd the
less.

O'er *rebel worth* let *licens'd dulness* blaze,
 Teach us our willing *dignity* to raise.
 Strong, as our *plans*, let our *performance* rise,
 And *fortune* grant us, what our *wit* denies.
 Think, O, ye *pow'rs* ! whose *fortunes* are at stake,
 Let *Tragedy* succeed, for my lov'd sake ;
 With tints, like *Jack's*, re-touch the faded stage,
 'Till it, like *Widow W---k's* charms engage :
 The smiling *gods* these pray'rs, together, *sum*,
 At once, indulge 'em all -- and lo ! TOM THUMB.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

Widow *W---ks* came, of late, in a terrible
rage,

To the other *old ladies*, joint props of her stage :
Hear me, *sisters*, she cry'd --- I pronounce a decree,
We'll have no more *new Tragedies* --- take that
from me.

When we make the town *laugh*, I'm as *merry*,
as they,

But, I'm ten times more *sad*, at a grave *loving play*.
Never tell me of *sense* --- it has cost me a *fall*,
And, if *nonsense* befriends not, I'm sure to lose *all*.

WELL, well, cry'd *J---k E---l--s*, and shrug'd,
with a *sneer*,

Tho' you'll give 'em no *Tragedy*, what shou'd
you fear ?

Say, when ask'd, *why* 'twas done, your next *be-*
nefit night,

Nature form'd you for *farce* --- and they'll *swear*
you say *right*.

St. Matthew, *Chapter v.*

THE *son of God*, beheld the numerous train,
 And would not let 'em follow him, in vain.
 To a near *mountain*, he directs his way,
 Whence, best, his *voice* might his *discourse* convey.
 Around him, wide, the gath'ring audience press'd,
 Whom thus, aloud, their gracious *guide* address'd:

BLESSED are they, whose *hearts* are free from
pride,
 Angels, high thrones, for humble souls, provide;
 Blessed are they, who, *here*, sharp *sorrows* feel,
 The joys of *heav'n* shall all *earth's* mis'ries heal:
 Unsought *prosperities* shall crown the *meek*;
 And righteous souls shall find the food they seek:
 Blessed are they, in whom soft *mercy* reigns,
 Mercy, in *heav'n*, the merciful obtains:
 The pure, in heart, the face of God shall see;
 And mild *peace-makers* shall his *children* be.

Do not, ye happy *few*! ye chosen train!
 Of worldly *scorn*, or pow'rful *foes*, complain:

Then

Then are ye *blest*, when men the *trials* make,
How nobly ye can suffer, for *my* sake :
When false *accusers* persecute ye most,
And proud *revilers* of your ruins boast ;
Instead of *mourning*, then, let *triumph* reign,
For great is the *reward*, ye, thence, shall gain.
Just so, of old, were the good *prophets* us'd,
So scorn'd, so pointed at, and so accus'd.

You are the *salt*, for seasoning all mankind,
God does your *savour*, in your *suff'rings*, find :
Salt, without *savour*, no wise hand will chuse,
For, who would keep a thing, he cannot use ?
But, since you *light* the world, yourselves must
shine,

Your *lustre* must adorn your bright design.
None does a *torch*, beneath a *busbel*, hide,
When he would have its *light* shoot strong, and
wide.

A city, on a *mountain*, must be shown,
'Tis seen at distance, and, at distance, *known*.
Live, therefore, so, that men, by praising you,
May glorify your *heav'nly father*, too.

LET

LET none, among ye, mis-conceive my aim,
As if, to *overtrow your laws*, I came.
I come not, to *destroy*, but to *fulfil*,
The prophet's word, and my great father's will.
Believe me ! *earth* shall sooner pass away,
And all the glorious *lamps of heav'n* decay,
Than one small tittle of God's sure decree,
Stand, un-perform'd, tho' it mistaken be.

THERE are, who strive about degrees above,
Where *rank* is never gain'd by *pride*, but *love* :
He, who does God's appointed rules obey,
And teaches men, to keep his holy way ;
He shall be *great*, in *heav'n*, by his *reward* ;
He *least*, who least does *heav'n's* high will regard.
I know, ye think, the *Pharisees*, and *Scribes*
Most fill'd, with *righteousness*, throughout the
tribes :

And yet, unless yourselves *more righteous* are,
Ye dream of *heav'n*, but ne'er shall enter *there*.

YOUR *old Law* says, if *murder* you commit,
You shall to *judgment* come, and *answer* it :

But

But learn, from *me*, that he, whom *passion* guides,
Shall suffer further, than *that law* decides :
Both he, who *kills*, and he, whom *pride* shall
swell,

Shall hazard not *man's* wrath, but *that of hell*.

When, therefore, to the *altar* you would go,
And offer up, to *heav'n*, the pray'rs you owe,
Examine well your *breast*, without disguise,
And search, if, *there*, no hidden *malice* lies ;
If so, go back --- forgive, and be forgiven,
And then, with welcome *zeal*, petition *heaven*.

AGAIN, your *law*, regarding only *facts*,
Forbids you to commit *adult'rous acts* :
I think, the *fact* not needful to the *sin* ;
For he, who *wishes*, does, to *act*, begin.
All this, to *man's* loose *will*, may seem severe,
But *God* requires obedience, love, and fear.
Should thy *right hand*, or *eye*, obstruct thy *bliss*,
And bid thee turn thine *ear*, from sounds, like
this,
Pluck out *that eye*, and cast *that hand* away,
Whose ill *advice* would lead thy *soul* astray ;
For *single parts* of thee may better *die*,
Than that the *whole*, in endless *pain*, should lie.

A MAR-

A MARRY'D man, who, licens'd by your
laws,
 Puts off his *wife*, must give some written *cause* :
 But, I say, he, who puts his *wife* away,
 Except, for *breach of honour*, makes her *stray* :
 And he, who *marries* that abandon'd *wife*,
 Commits *adult'ry*, and pollutes his *life*.

So, says your antient *law*, if once you *swear*,
 With strict regard, a *breach* of oath forbear :
 But, I command you, not to *swear at all* :
 Not, by high *heav'n*, for 'tis *God's* council-hall :
 Not, by the *earth*, the object of his grace ;
 Nor, by *Jerusalem*, his chosen place :
 Not, by your *bead*, shall you presume to *swear*,
 Who cannot change the *colour* of one *hair*.
 Let *yes*, and *no*, your guiltless converse fill,
 For all beyond, is insolent, and ill.

THE partial vengeance of your *Hebrew* law,
 Bids tooth for tooth, and eye for eye, to draw :
 I say, resist not : but, of pride bereft,
 To him, who strikes thy *right cheek*, turn thy *left*.
 And,

And, if at *law*, some wretch thy *coat* should sue,
 Give him both *that*, and thy next *garment*, too:
 Go *two* miles length, with him, who drives thee
 And, from the boldest borrower, never run.

Your law says, love your *neighbour*, hate your
foe;

I say, that *charity* may farther go:

Love *friends* and *foes*: ev'n them, who curse you,
bless,

Do good to *those*, who *hate*, to *you*, profess;
 Pray for your *persecutors*, 'midst their *scorn*;
 With god-like *clemency*, your minds adorn.
 The same *sun* shines, alike, on *good* and *ill*,
 And equal show'rs their *barns*, with plenty, fill.
 If you *love* none, but *those*, who value you,
 The *Publicans*, themselves, can do so, too.
 But *you*, God's *chosen*, must example give,
 Not *live*, like *them*, but teach them, *how* to live.

*St. Matthew, Chapter vi.**Part of the Sermon on the Mount.*

LET shining *charity* adorn your zeal,
The noblest impulse gen'rous minds can
feel:

But, have a care, you take this virtue right,
And shun the glare of the proud *hypocrite*.
Mistaken men ! who, fond of *public* fame,
Disgrace the *act*, while they affect the *name* !
On *earth*, vain-glorious *zeal* may meet regard,
But *heav'n* nor owns it, nor vouchsafes reward.

THOU, on the contrary, whose pitying *breast*
Wou'd, as it ought, give ease to the distressed ;
Scarce tell thy *right hand*, what thy *left* will do,
But be, at once, resolv'd, and silent, too.
Secret, as *night*, thy pious *alms* convey ;
For *God*, who sees, by *night*, rewards, by *day*.

So, when thy *soul* approaches *God*, in *pray'r*,
Be not deceiv'd, as those false *zealots* are ;
Who, daily, into crowded *temples* press,
And there, with feign'd *devotion*, *heav'n* address ;

But, when thou pray'st, all *public notice* shun,
 And, private, to thy inmost closet, run :
 There, close, and earnest, to thy *duty* fall,
 And *God* will shew thee, that he hears thy *call*.

SWELL not thy *forms of pray'r*, with wild de-
 fires,

Excess of *fuel* choaks the brightest *Fires*.
 The erring *heathen* so mistake their way,
 And think, they *best* are heard, who *most* can say.
 But shun thou this, and know, *God's* piercing *eye*
 Sees all thy *wants*, before thy *words* come nigh.
 From rising *malice*, guard thy yielding *will*,
 Nor proudly dare, to take *revenge*, for *ill* :
 Thou must *forgive*, that *God* may *pardon* thee ;
 For none, who *pities not*, shall *pitied* be.

MISLED, by *av'rice*, seek not *wealth* to gain,
 By hoarding *treasures*, which are got, in vain :
 Deceitful *riches*, which the *moth* destroys,
 Which *rust* consumes, or the bold *thief* enjoys !
 In *heav'n's* high storehouse, let your *heaps* be laid,
 A *wealth*, which no *destroyer* can invade :
 No *moth* there enters, *rust* corrupts not *there*,
 Nor plund'ring *thief* alarms the *owner's* care !

Safe,

Safe, therefore, in that place, your *treasures* lay ;
For where your *riches* are, your *heart* will stay.

SECURE of *heav'n's* regard, live free from *care*,
Nor toil, life's common comforts to prepare :
Banish vain *forecast* for thy needful gain,
Nor let meat, drink, and cloathing, give thee pain.
Observe the *fowls* --- they neither *reap*, nor *sow*;
Yet find their *wants* supply'd, where'er they go.
Look on the *lillies* of the ripening field !
No toil of *theirs* does those sweet *colours* yield ;
Yet, was not *Solomon*, when drest to *please*,
So gloriously adorn'd, as one of *these*.
If, therefore, *God* so feeds the *feather'd* train,
So cloaths the *grass*, which withers on the *plain*,
How much more *careful* will he be of you,
O, faithless man ! who, yet, distrusts him, too ?

St. Matthew, Chapter vii

CONDEMN not, rashly, all that looks, like ill,
 Left you are forc'd to *drink* the cup, you
fill.

As you *sow* judgment, you shall *reap* it, too ;
 And, as you measure, GOD will measure you.
 Why, with such nice discernment, dost thou spy,
 The growing *mote*, that clouds thy *brother's* eye ?
 Why is such *zeal*, to cure his *blemish*, shown,
 When *beams*, instead of *motes*, have fill'd *thy* own.
 Thou *hypocrite* ! first, thy own *blemish* cure,
 And, then, the needful help, for *his*, procure ?

IF, still, more plain *instruction* you require,
 The following *form* will guide your just desire :
 Wisely *distinguish*, when you mean to *teach*,
 Nor, vainly, to th' unlist'ning *scorner* preach.
 Permit not *dogs*, on holy fare, to dine ;
 Nor, madly bountiful, throw pearls to *swine*.
 Left they *despise* the *worth*, they cannot *taste*,
 And turn, and *tear* thee, for thy treasure's *waste* !

Ask,

Ask, and the thing thou ask'st, shall granted
be ;

Search, and the object sought, thou soon shalt see.

Knock, and, in time, thou shalt admission gain,

For none e'er ask'd, or sought, or knock'd, in

vain.

What man, among ye, by *deceit*, misled,

Would give his son a *stone*, instead of bread ?

Or, when an infant does a *fish* demand,

Would reach some *serpent*, to his tender hand ?

If, therefore, *you*, by *nature*, dark, and weak,

Chuse, for your children, the good things they

seek,

Ought you not, far more justly, to expect,

Your *heav'nly* father will not *his* neglect ?

If, from God's *will*, you would your *practice*

draw,

This one short *maxim* sums up all his *law* :

That very thing, to *others*, always *do*,

Which you, so plac'd, would have *them* do to *you*.

BROAD is the *gate*, and wond'rous wide, the

way,

Through which mistaken men, to ruin, stray :

Too many *that way* chuse, because 'tis *fair*,
 And the *strait* path, to shun its *Thorns*, forbear:
 But happy they, who hit the *narrow* gate,
 That leads to *life*, and enter, tho' 'tis *strait*;
 Beware, lest *lying prophets* make you *sin*,
 Who, cloath'd like *sheep*, are rav'nous *wolves*,
 within.

Closely *observe* 'em, when such men you see,
 And, wisely, by the *fruit*, discern the *tree*.
 Do *thorns* bear *grapes*? or *figs*, on *thistles*, grow?
Plants, by their *product*, best their *nature* show.

Not *ev'ry* one, that owns, or spreads, my *name*,
 Shall, thence, have *right*, a seat, in heav'n to
 claim:

But he, who well performs my father's will,
 His *cup*, with *blessings*, shall my father *fill*.
 Crowds of pretenders, on my *judgment-day*,
 Swell'd, with the *pride* of *zeal*, these words
 shall say;

LORD, see thy servants, and thy prophets know,
 Who, in thy name, did mighty things, below;
 Calling on thee, thy wish'd assistance came,
 And DEVILS have fled before us, at thy name.

Thems

Them, will I answer thus --- vain is your *plea* ;
Prophets, thro' love of *pow'r*, not love of *me* !
 I know ye *not* --- and the *reward* ye gain,
 By short-liv'd *pride*, is everlasting *pain*.

Hear, with *attention*, therefore, what I say ;
 Hear, with *attention*, and, with *judgment*, weigh :
 He, who now *bears* me, and observes me well,
 Does, on a *rock*, like the wise *builder*, dwell :
 Tho' *rains* descend, and rising *floods* o'erflow,
 Tho' raging *winds*, in hourly *tempests*, blow,
 His *house* stands firm, secure, and free from *shock*,
 Safe, in *foundation*, on its central *rock*.

But he, who *bears*, and does not *understand*,
 Builds, like a *fool*, upon the failing *sand* :
 To *storms*, or *floods*, or *rains*, his *fabrick* yields,
 And the *loud ruin* shakes the neighb'ring *fields*.

HERE, the great *Jesus* stopt : --- th' astonish'd
 crowd,

In humble *rev'rence* of his doctrine, bow'd ;
 Confess'd his *pow'r*, tho' strangers to his *law*,
 And own'd his *godhead*, by their inward *awe*.

*After reading an unknown Author's
Book.*

PLAIN, modest, pleasant, deep, distinct, and
clear,

The author's honest *soul* was printed, here ;
His faithful *memory* past scenes surveys,
His sparkling *fancy*, on their surface, plays :
Strong understanding adds reflection's weight,
And *all* draw purpose, from his manly *heart*.

*The Thoughts of a Cadet, the first Time
upon Duty.*

WHY bear I *arms*, my heart ! impartial,
tell :

Hast thou been just, and weigh'd this purpose
well ?

Can thy bold hopes withstand the search of *truth* ?

Can'st thou stem *vanity*, and conquer *youth* ?

Can'st thou *obey*, 'till worthy to *aspire* ?

And *practice* duties, thou may'st, thence, *require* ?

Calmly

Calmly *resolv'd*, can'st thou serenely *dare*,
And shun, alike, *presumption*, and *despair*?
Can'st thou support a *name*, unus'd to *fear*,
And feel no blush, to think --- *who* plac'd thee
here?

WHAT, tho' my *patron's* lov'd example *fires*!
Urges my *sword*, and lengthens my *desires*!
Tho' conscious want of merit sighs, aloud,
Be *humble* -- for 'twere blindness, to be *proud*!
Still, there's a *wish*, that must my prospect bar;
A wish, for WISDOM --- that gives *eyes*, to war!
A foul of conduct, that inspires, to *know*:
And laughs at *courage*, in an untaught *foe*!
That moulds the future, while it sifts the past;
Claims victory --- and bids the triumph last.

WHERE shall a thoughtless youth this treasure find?

This art of judgment, that becalms the mind?
Chains *anger* short; and sets *reflection* free,
Gives tumult *temper* --- and makes *fortune* see?

IN *books*, 'tis endless, to pursue this *hope*;
Guideless, and *lost*, in an *expanse* of scope.

Shorten

Shorten the task, and point thy happy fight,
To catch, and kindle, at a *living light*.

A COBHAM'S *life*, well read, forms ev'ry art,
And gives sure title to a DUNMORE'S *heart*.

On a MISER.

I.

IF to be *modest*, merits *praise*,
And *pride* is own'd a *sin*,
I'll now, O *miser* ! tune my lays,
And, on thy *worth*, begin.

II.

WE by *religion*, learn to know,
That vanity's a *fault*,
And should avoid all *public show*,
Of fondly boasting ought.

III.

THOU then art, sure, 'bove others, blest,
And hast more *merit*, too ;
Whose *worth* lay *silent*, in thy *breast*,
Where none its *value* knew ;
'Till seiz'd, by *death*, and laid to rest,
Abroad thy *bounties* flew.

The Misplac'd Love.

I.

HO W long will lovely *Amaret* complain,
In gentle *notes*, that wound each list'ning
ear?

How long, alas! will she delight in pain,
Which *choice*, not *fate*, inclines her *soul* to bear!

II.

STRANGE paradox of love! --- the vanquish'd
maid,

By cruel *conquest*, many still *destroys*!

What *beauty* gives her --- *passion* has betray'd,
And love, misplac'd, prevented all her joys.

III.

ONE way, and only one, does yet remain,

Whereby, lost peace of mind you may restore,
Abandon'd *ease*, and your blest *state* regain,

And live for ever *happy*, as before.

CHANGE,

IV.

CHANGE, heedless fair one, --- *change* your in-
 jur'd *love*,
 And bless poor A—R—N, with mutual flame;
 So shall the wings of *pleasure*, round you, move,
 And fan th' expanding *fires*, that blaze your
fame.

To the lovely Mrs. H——E, on her De-
 scent from the first Saxon Kings of
 our Island.

H——E, sweet name! whose princely
meaning shows,
 From what high *spring*, your blood's rich *cur-*
rent flows,
 With needless *awe*, reminds us of your *race*,
 Since *heav'n* has stamp'd *dominion* on your face.
 Still, in your sov'reign *form*, distinctly live,
 All *royal* rights, your *father* *kings* could give!
 In your commanding *air*, we mark their *state*,
 And, in your *words*, their *wisdom*, and their *weight*.
 Warm, in your noble *breast*, their *courage* lies,
 And all their *pow'r*, and *mercy*, in your *eyes*.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE, *spoke by Mrs. ROBERTS.*

ENGLAND, they say, is famous for *good-nature*,
Mum, for your *catcalls* --- wit delights in
satire.

Pit, and fond *parents*, when they act severely,
Tell *child*, they *whip* it---'cause they *love* it *dearly*.
Well! *Heav'n* be prais'd, we've proofs of your
affection ;

Lord, how you *love* ! if we may trust *correction*.

Not but we've been too *sparing* of our *labours*,
Too negligent, and naughty --- like our *neigh-*
bours ;

Trod, in *their* steps---but, with *repentance* ample,
So, half the world is *spoil'd*, by *bad example*.

Great is their *Stock* --- yet, why should that
misguide us ?

We'll MEND --- Ah ! you'll not *trust*, before
you've *try'd* us.

By things, *ne'er* *seen*, nor heard of --- we pro-
voke ye,

Cram ye, with *novelty* --- enough to *choak* ye.

All

All you *desire*, and MORE, we'll *pour* upon ye,
 'Till we have *forc'd* COMMISERATION from ye.
 And 'twill be odd, if *change* should here *displease*
 ye,
 Which yet, at *home*, has seldom fail'd to *ease* ye!
 Do---take our *words*---this once *be* kind *believers*,
 Nor think *all* women --- *born*, to be *deceivers*.

EPILOGUE.

ONE word before you go --- Grave *critics*, say,

The *moral* is the *meaning* of the Play :

I'm sure, that hope, in ours, we did not *couzen*,
 For --- let me see --- I'll point out half a dozen :

First --- *folly* makes a *quiet* state, a *mad* one ;

Next, a *good* king is better than a *bad* one.

Third, when a virtuous *prude* expects foul play,
 She'll ne'er be *ravish'd* --- if she runs away.

Fourth, by the *old* and *young*, at once, *addrest*,

She, who prefers the *young* one, chuses *best*.

Fifth, where our *wits* too weak, for our *ambition*,
 Our *grief*, and *shame*, keep pace, with our *con-*
dition.

Sixthly,

*Sixthly, and lastly --- to avoid confusion,
And keep the best instruction, for conclusion,
A jealous fair, who would a rival hate,
Should love, like me, a minister of state:
Safe, in her choice, she might, in peace, carefs him,
And, with un-envy'd property, possess him.
By claim of custom, politicians bait him,
And, right, or wrong, the fair find cause to hate
him.*

PROLOGUE, *for Mr. WILLIAM GIFFARD,*
on his Benefit Night.

YOUNG, and but forming distant hopes, to
 please,
What have I done? --- that call'd for *smiles*, like
 these;
'Tis your *own* worth -- not *mine* -- to night, is
 shown!
That truth my grateful heart delights to own.
Shall I say more -- Oh! how might *words* sur-
 prize,
Could they but borrow *power* -- from those bright
 EYES!

I feel

I *feel* your presence, *know* your worth's high rate,
 Yet still -- tho' reason claims *respect's* full weight,
 Tho' conscious *rev'rence* rash presumption *awes*,
 What *dumb* tongue *pleads not*, in a FATHER'S
 cause ?

Strong are the tides, he *stems* ! --- How good,
 how kind,

'Twould be ! -- to swell his sails, with *pity's* wind !
 Shoal'd, on the flats of your *neglect*, we lie,
 Half buoy'd -- half grounded -- you might *float*

US -- TRY.

Help us to shun cold coasts of dry *despair*,
 And take th' *improving future* to your care.
 Then, shall *new* prospects RAISE our cherish'd aim,
 'Till our stage LIGHTENS, and our actors FLAME.
 Nor let this *pride* provoke our rival's gall,
 The *musés* contests should be *peaceful*, all.
 By *emulation*, not by *envy*, mov'd,
 Slow *time* might teach us, all, to grow *belov'd*.
 Teach *comic shame*, to pierce the mended mind,
 And laugh away low tastes, that *cramp* mankind.
 Might teach the stage's *foes* --- plain *truth* reigns
 here,

And rich *corruption* loves a loftier sphere.

Teach

Teach *passion's* pangs -- teach *how* distresses shake,
 How hearts, that *feel*, bid hearts, that *listen*, AKE.
 How *action* paints the *soul*, upon the *eye*,
 And the wing'd *muscles*, into meanings fly.
 Slow *time* can teach us *this*. -- Slow time can do
 Still *more* : -- Slow time can add *new* friends --
 like you.
 'Till, to reward our *will's* industrious *pain*,
 No more *thin benches* make our labours *vain* ;
 But long-wish'd *favour* lifting modest claim,
 You lend us *ear*, tho' you refuse us *fame*.

EPILOGUE, *spoke by Miss* KITTY BOLTON.

LADIES!

YOU'LL say, since 'tis not you, I wait my doom
 from,
 Whence does this forward little *gipsy* come from?
 From my *own* sex, all I yet hope, is *laughter* ;
 Lord knows what *passions* I may move, *hereafter*,
 At *present*, I'm too *heart-whole*, to complain t' ye,
 And not quite *old enough*, to give *one pain* t' ye.

To you, *dear gentlemen*, with due *petition*,
 Comes a pure *innocent*, in soft *submission*;
 Forward presumer, I confess, to teize ye;
 Some years too soon (as some folks think) to
 -- *please ye*:

Yet, smile --- you can't imagine, what temptation
 There lies, to willing minds, in provocation;

KINDLY *accepted* now, and worth your *heeding*,
 I shall *improve* apace -- with good *stage-breeding*.
 Let me come on, and *talk*, then, fear no shrink-
 ing,

For I, already, pay it off, with *thinking*.
 The younger, Sirs, the *better* -- that *plain fact* is,
 And she, who soon *begins* --- will have most
practice.

Yet *Mamma* bit poor *Kitty*, when she told her,
 She'd grow more fit to *please*, as she grew older.

HEAV'N knows, indeed, what I am *fit for*, yet!
Beauty's not mine -- and I can plead no *wit*.
 Scarce had I had *one* claim to your *compassion*,
 But that no *wit*, and *little worth's* the *fashion*,

That's

That's *hope* -- then I have learnt to *sing* -- there's
merit,

Nay, I'm told, I dance not ill -- that's *spirit*.

Oh, gentlemen! trust but to *future* action,

And, four years hence, I'll *move*, with strange
attraction.

PROLOGUE, to HARRY the 5th; intended
for Mrs. WOFFINGTON, dressed in the
new *Blue* uniform, with *Firelock*, (and
fixed Bayonet) in her Hand.

WHILE fir'd St. George inflames his *name-*
sake's nation,

Loyal St. *Drury* arms, in association.

Quake, ye *cow'd French*, with your *white coats*,
campaigning,

True *blue's* the true heart's *taste*, and fears no
staining.

Come, if they dare --- Ha! *brother soldiers*,
let 'em,

[goes up to, and shakes hands, with one
of the *Stage Grenadiers*.]

You *reds*, we *blues* -- faith! we'll find means, to
sweat 'em.

While these brave *lads* march north -- we, war-
like *lasses*,

Stay, *cock'd*, and *prim'd*, at home -- to guard our
passes.

Death, to their smart *Graffins*! -- *Morbleu*, we'll
jerk 'em ;

I, and my *Amazons*, alone, can work 'em.

Heels over head, *smish-smash*, the brown *raf-*
callions,

And cool the courage of *sev'n Pope's batallions*!

Well, but 'till *danger* quits its humble *distance*,
I'll ground my *firelock* -- and suspend resistance.

[*Grounds in the military Posture.*]

LADIES -- a word -- be arm'd against occasion,
Charge your bright *eyes* -- and shoot at *French*
invasion.

Queens of these *manly* souls, so fam'd for *battle*,

Laugh at cockaded, henpeck'd, tame, *French*
cattle.

Well may you, *conquering beauties*! hope to
dash 'em,

When their own *buff-skin wives* claim right to
thrash 'em.

'Tis

'Tis the *French* MODE, to *cow're*, when *wedlock*
chatters,

One *scold* -- can shake their *SALIC LAW* -- to
tatters.

Ne'er flinch -- but *box their ears*; they're men of
breeding,

And, when *advanc'd on* -- *fam'd*, for swift *receding*.

Od's me! I'll wear no needfuls *breeches* --
hang em!

Coarse, bob-tail'd, *canvas petticoats* can bang em!

Why should *maids* fight, *be-mann'd*, *be-bluff'd*,
be-raked,

The weakest *she* can do *their* business *naked*.

Oh! what a day was *Agincourt*, for *Britain*!

Stand to the *cause*, that this *brave* play was writ on.

Let the *false friends*, who hide themselves a-
mong ye,

Feel, by loud *CLAPS*, your country's wrongs have
stung ye.

Harry, 'gainst *six to one*, -- could hold *France* to it;

And, pray, *Sirs*, why not *WE*? -- By *GEORGE*,
we'll do it.

ODDS, to the BRAVE, are lights, that best *display*
'em,

The more *French Jacks* come here, the more
 we'll PAY *'em.*

Paltry presumers! -- can't they -- *pert*, and *bandy*,
 Crop *vines*, press *grapes*, and *dance*, to their own
brandy,

But, o'er all *Europe*, they must needs *shift stations*,
 And shake their *wooden shoes*, o'er *free-born nations*,

As for their *friends*, and good *allies* -- the
Highlands,

Short wint'ry *storms* rise *quick*, in all *bleak islands*,
 Oft have they *blown* -- from *Caitness point*, to
Dover,

But, still, the *louder blast* -- the *sooner over*,

Lifting, to fight, *far north*, on cool *Reflection*,
 May hurt a *female* volunteer's *complexion*,

No matter -- Better look as brown, as *breezes*,
Tann'd, to the *foes*--like your *Mesdames Francoises*,
 Than blush, for shame, thro' faint, *fine cheeks*,
 in *Lunnon*:

So, Sirs, farewel -- I'll march, and take my gun on,

[Takes up her *Firelock*, and marches off *shoulder'd*]

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE, *spoken by a young Gentleman,*
At a Play, called the Tuscan Treaty,
acted for the Benefit of Mr. William
Bond, in Covent Garden Theatre.

FRIENDS have such sov'reign pow'r to *task*
the heart,

We *must* obey 'em, tho' we *want* the art !

Hence, has it fall'n, this evening, to my *share,*

To read a *play-house* lecture, tho' no *player.*

THINK me not, thence, less *fit.* -- Their bu-
siness, *here,*

Is but plain *nature* -- hers, the *smile,* and *tear !*

From *truth,* not *time,* the actor takes his *fame,*

And *length of practice* gives but *bastard* claim ;

Else, would the *oldest* mistress be the *toast,*

And *wives,* who *plagu'd* you, *longest,* please you
most.

To *act,* is then, to *imitate,* 'tis true ;

But take that *truth,* with a *distinction,* too ;

Wou'd but each *actor,* imitating well,

Learn, from *himself,* another to *excel :*

Search his *own* bosom ; copy, from *within*,
 Seize your *attention*, and your *passions* win ;
 Then, would the stage, of *no neglect*, complain,
 But *love*, and *grief*, and *pity*, charm, again.

YET, were there *play'rs*, like *me*, who, void
 of art,
 Felt not the anguish, that inspires their part,
 What ill-judg'd *rantings* would *untune* distress !
 With *weak varieties*, of wild excess !

AMONG *such* play'rs, methinks, e'en *I* could
 shine ;
 Strike out *new walks*, and charm, with *new design*.
 Now, in *big sounds*, I'd bowl away, to *fame*,
 And *nod*, and *sink*, and *lumber*, into *name*.
 From *fide*, to *fide*, *next*, with enormous *swing*,
 I'd *heave on* majesty, and *puff* the king.
 Two foot, too *short*, that *single* fault I'd *feel*,
 And *eke* my length out, with a yard of *heel*.
 For *solemn utt'rance*, has applause been due ?
 I'd have *that* art, to force *applauses*, too.
 With *slow-rais'd foot*, keep *time*, to my own *drawl*,
 'Till *sleep's* befriending influence *bushes all*.

SUCH

SUCH actors *have* been *seen* ! -- but wou'd your
taste

Distinguish, nor submit to praise, in *haste* ;
Well mortify'd, while censur'd into *fame*,
Thought would instruct 'em, how to 'scape your
blame.

Nature would mark the *look*, adapt the *mien*,
And *passions*, rightly painted, *grace* the scene.
Scorn, at presumptuous *ignorance*, would rise,
And shoot reproachful, from averted eyes.
Sorrow, in mournful *accents*, humbly flow,
And melt the *stubborn* heart, in *weeping* woe.
Wonder, the starting eye-brows, *upward*, draw,
And, on the *posture*, stamp a speechless *awe*.
Joy, to the *features*, would restore their *grace*,
And *light up* all the *lustre* of the *face*.
Anger would gnash the *teeth*, the nostrils strain,
Swell, in each *muscle*, boil, in ev'ry *vein* ;
With restless motion, *agitate* the frame,
Burst out, like *thunder* ; and like *light'ning*,
flame.

THUS,

THUS, I *conceive*, but want the pow'r, to *show*,
 What actors *should*, to art, and nature, owe ;
 Such, when you find --- 'tis THIERS, the *scene*
 to *raise*,
 'Tis YOURS, to mark their *worth*, and fix their
 praise.

PROLOGUE, *spoke by Mrs. Heron, at her*
Benefit, after the Misfortune of putting
out both her Knee-pans.

THE poor, maim'd *soldier*, from his *duty*,
 freed,
 Safe, and at ease, commences *invalid*,
 I, like the wounded *sons* of brave old *Rome*,
 Call'd, by the *cause* I love, my post *resume* ;
 And, quitting *rest*, lest it should seem *neglect*,
 Forget my *tears*, to bring you my *respect*.

Who (by your pow'rful *praises*, once made
 vain)
 Could stoop to languish, in a *sense* of *pain* ?

Sweet

Sweet smiling *hope* resign, for sullen *ease*.
 And, (against *nature*) with no more, to *please*!
 The *generous* heart will *some* compassion show,
 Where pleasures (only *ours*) are chang'd for *woe*.
 But, ah! what *anguish* did my steps pursue,
 While 'twas my *life's* whole *task*, to pleasure *you*!
 Could but my *misery* merit your *regard*,
 Be your kind *pity* all my wish'd *reward*.
 Proud, I return, your servant to remain;
 Scarce does *she* live at all, who lives, in vain.
 What's a dark world, where *hopes* no longer chear?
 Your loss were death -- 'tis *life* to find you, *here*.

The GARDEN WINDOW.

HERE, *Amanda*, gently bending,
 Sweetly pensive, loves to lean,
 O'er the groves, her sight extending,
 Thro' the walks, that shoot between;

PLAC'd, says she, within this window,
 Screen'd, I distant charms survey,
 Taught, by poor deceiv'd *Olindo*,
 Nothing's safe, that looks too gay.

HERE,

HERE, I view, in soften'd shadings,
Am'rous flow'r, to flow'r incline,
Too remote to mourn their fadings,
When, with hanging heads they pine.

HERE, I smell the fragrant breezes,
Safe, from ev'ning's chilly blast ;
Here the noonday sun-shine pleases,
Fearless, when 'twill overcast.

HENCE, I hear the tempest rising,
See the grovy greatness shake ;
Ev'ry distant ill despising,
While I ev'ry good partake.

So, commanding life's gay garden,
Let, me, thornless, wear the rose ;
Choice, like mine, let fashion pardon,
Tasting charms, but shunning woes,

At

At Setting Day : A S O N G.

I.

SINCE sounding drums, and rising war,
Invite my love to danger,
I'll ask, of ev'ry smiling star,
To shield my roving ranger.

II.

WHILE o'er the field, unfearing wounds,
You press the foe, retreating,
I'll trace the dear remember'd bounds,
Of our more gentle meeting.

III,

I'll pass whole days, in yon sweet grove,
Where first thy tongue deceiv'd me,
When, list'ning dumb, I blush'd my love,
And no fear'd absence griev'd me.

IV.

ON ev'ry bank thy side has prest,
 I'll sleep, and dream, I'm near thee;
 And each sweet bird, that strains its breast,
 Shall wake my hopes to hear thee.

V.

TO all our haunts, I will repair,
 And, cold, on yon bleak mountain,
 Trace all thy once-trod foot-steps there,
 And weep o'er each sad fountain.

VI.

THERE, will I teach the trees to wear
 Thy name, in soft impression,
 And borrow sighs, from ev'ning air,
 To swell my soul's confession.

To Dr. ATKINS; on his *Arcade of Dutch Elms*, dug up, in repairing the Sewer.

PITYING, we sigh'd, to see th'uprooting spade;
Boldly intrenching, fall your fav'rite shade!
Sad *Silvia*, long, with silent sorrow, strove,
At last, thus loudly, wail'd her prostrate grove:

Ah! Doctor, when you planted for delight,
Why did you fail to search *foundations*, right?
Shoot, else, th' aspiring branches ne'er so gay;
Pale disappointment grows, as fast, as they.
Why mourn I then? --- 'tis vain, 'tis causeless
grief;
And thus reflexion comes, and brings relief.

COMMON, in life, your fate, ye hapless trees!
So the green lawn's, of hope's gay prospects,
please.

Sap-full, and blooming, each luxuriant shoot!
Yet *death* lies lurking, at th'unheeded root.
So flourishes, in youth, our *love's* light joy,
For time, or change of passion to destroy.

So

So shines *religion's* boast, with specious glow,
 While *sin's* foul *common sewer* creeps dark, below.
 So *faction's* noise, we *patriot purpose* call,
 While *private int'rest* works, and *saps* us all.
 So *fame*, in arms, or arts, or learning, tow'rs ;
 And fond presuming *fancy* calls it *ours* ;
 'Till, from beneath, some *blast*, unfear'd, is felt,
 And life's lost views, like air-form'd *fabricks*,
 melt.

PROLOGUE, *for a distressed Widow.*

IF aught, sweet charity ! can make thee shine,
 With added lustre, and a ray divine,
 'Tis when thy pity, un-appropriate, flows,
 And joy-touch'd hearts adopt the stranger's woes.
 'Tis, when the graceful *giver* seems to *pay* ;
 When *want*, and *blush*, at once, are charm'd
 away.
 'Tis, when relief's kind face comes dress'd, in
smiles,
 And no cold insult, where it *saves* --- *reviles*.
 Where aided anguish feels no bite of shame,
 And modest mercy wears but friendship's name.

Small

Small gifts grow large, which chearful hands
impart,

And sorrow's pang no more contracts the heart :
So human pow'r, to god-like heights, we raise ;
For the *preserver* shares the *maker's* praise.

'Tis yours, to-night, the widow's sighs to chear,
And dry the lone-left orphan's silent tear.
So charm'd, thro' death, to find his *relicks* blest,
Sooth'd, shall the ling'ring *shade* submit to rest ;
Safe, to your hands, resign the tender trust,
And glide no longer, o'er the friendless dust.

EPILOGUE, *for a Lady, who acted Eu-*
dokia, in the Siege of Damascus, re-
presented at the Duke of Bedford's,
at Wooburn.

I'VE heard of *maids*, who first resolve, too fast,
And then weigh arguments, when facts are
past :

Young, tho' my reason is, not *so*, it stray'd ;
But, first, found pleadings, for the part, I play'd.

PLAY'D, said I? --- second thought that word
retracts ;

Fancies and follies *play*, but passion ACTS :
Passion ! the *spring*, that all life's wheels employs,
Winds up the working *thought* --- and heightens
joys.

Passion ! the great man's *guide*, the poor man's
blame ;

The *soldier's* lawrel, and the *fighter's* flame.

Passion ! that *leads* the grave, *impels* the gay,
Bids the wise *tremble*, and the fool *betray*.

Ev'n at this hour, what's here our *pastime* made,
Gives the court *business*, and the kingdom, *trade* ;
When factions quarrel, or when statesmen fall,
Each does but *act his part*, at passion's call.

Like our's, to night, Lord *Passion* sets their task ;
Their fears, hopes, flatt'ries -- all are passion's
masque.

The world's wide stage, for this one practice,
fill'd,

Sees some *act*, nobly, others PLAY unskill'd.

Triflers, and smarts, who toy time's dream away,
Sots, beaux, and hounds of *party*, these but *play*.
Sons of their country's hope, sublimely, rackt,
For other's *rest*. -- These do not *play*, but ACT.

WHO

Who play the *poorest parts*? — the bought,
 the vain,
 The light believer, and the perjur'd swain;
 The dull, dry *joker*, the coarse, ill-bred *bear*,
 The friends of folly, and the foes of care.

Who act their parts, with *praise* — the firm,
 the just,
 Who sell no sentiments, and break no trust;
 The learn'd, the soft, the social, and the kind,
 The faithful lover, and the plain good mind.

Such the best *actors* — form'd for honour's
 stage!

Who *play no farces*, and disgrace no age.
 But, copying nature, with true taste, like ours,
 Please, and are pleas'd, and wing the guiltless
 hours.

Apology for Death.

WHENCE this reluctance, when we cease
to run

Life's slow, sad race, and leave its toys un-won?

Death's but our Tide of EBB, to that dark sea,

Time's shoreless swallower, void *eternity*!

'Tis rest, from labour — 'tis escape from care;

'Tis shunn'd oppression, and reliev'd despair.

'Tis but to re-dissolve, to formless flow,

And join the mingled mass, that feels no woe.

Fluid, to fade, as all things, round us, do,

Or, from *old being*, launch, to find out *new*.

EMERGING, or immerg'd, life rolls away,
Foams, into note, or flattens to decay.

Round, with unceasing *wheel*, distinction glides,

And, thro' *time's maze*, in short successions, slides:

Flames its hot hour, like humbler household fires,

Shines, but to leave us, and, in *use*, expires.

'Tis the flash'd spark of thought, that bursts
to fight,

Strains soon, and big, and rushes into night:

So,

So the proud storm, that frights us, with its roar,
Breathes itself weary, and is heard no more.

See! that soft *flow'r*, whose sighs perfume the
gales,

Blooms into dust, and its snuff'd life exhales!

All nature *heaves*, and *sets*, like human breath,

And life's loose links but stretch the chain of death.

WHY, then, does erring *fancy* fright the *mind*?

Why call that *cruel*, nature meant for *kind*?

Who knows, but *fates*, we tremble at, may *bless*,

And length of *happiest* life be found *distress*?

Murder! that *blast* of thought! that *bane* of law!

The good man's *horror*, and ev'n villain's *awe*!

Murder! that *nature* dreads, and *conscience* flies!

Perhaps, but spurs us, to some waiting prize!

ELSE, why should *creature*, still, with crea-
ture, *jarr*?

And clash'd *existence* wage *eternal* war?

Beast bleeds, by *beast*; *fishes*, on *fishes*, prey,

And *birds* act murder, with more waste, than *they*;

Ev'n the sweet *thrush*, that *bribes* us, with her song,

To guard her dread of death, from beaks, more
strong,

Sav'd, from the *kite*, strait bloodier grows, than *he*,
 And snaps the shiv'ring *insect*, from the tree.
Life starts but up, to answer *death's* due call,
 And one *mysterious darkness* wraps us all!

*Passing a Lady, in the Park, without
 seeing her.*

SO slide our *comforts* by, unmark'd, unknown,
 While our *ill fate* comes felt, and all our own!
 Too cruel world! where things, we wou'd *refuse*,
 We start upon — and, what we *wish*, we lose!
 And, yet, *Lotharia* would be *hid*, in vain,
 She cannot be conceal'd, whom *thoughts* retain.
Air, and *Lotharia*, every where, are found;
 Held by our breath, and, to our *being*, bound!
 Darkness, itself, wants *pow'r* to cover *friends*,
 Whom the soul *dwells* with, and the *sense* attends.

*To the Lady, that laughs, at dying in
Metaphor.*

AND why, fair Trifler, does that meaning-eye
Smile, in contempt, when lovers swear they
die?

'Twixt death, and love, but one small difference lies,
The soul, in both, from its left body flies:

In death, 'tis gone, like smook, dissolv'd in air,
Lost, in expanse, the loser knows not where:

In love, we trace it, with such willing pain,
'Twere to die twice, to take it back again.

~~And, to die twice, to take it back again.~~

M O D E S T Y.

AS Lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease, in beauty, shines most
bright:

Unaiming charms, with edge resistless, fall,
And she, who means no mischief, does it all.

*To a Lady, who sent back the Top of a
Sweet-briar Branch, and retained the
worst End of it.*

WHILE the way of the world is, to keep
all the best,
And then, in due form, oblige *friends*, with the
rest,
You, Madam, who would lend, ev'n trifles, a
grace,
Teach your meanings to borrow a *smile*, from
your face ;
And, polite, to your *pain*, when a present you
send,
Give the *thorn* to yourself, and the *rose* to your
friend.

Unaiming charms, with edge resistless, fall,
And she, who means no mischief, does it all.

To the Lady who sends me all her good
Wishes.

SUPPOSE, that *the sun* had a *tongue*, and thou'd
say,
May your journey be bless'd, with a very fine day:
Then, withdrawing his *face*, slip aside, with his
light,
And surround me, at once, with the coldness of
night;
What would *Florimel* say, to this trick of the *sun*?
I would say, cry'd the *charmer*, 'twas *cruelly* done.
Would you so, answer'd I? — have a care what
you own,
Who have wish'd me all blessings, yet granted
me none.

*To a Lady, who was expected, in vain,
on a Sunday.*

THAT the eye's pow'r could shake the
heart, I knew :

Is there, who doubts it? — let him look on you :
And wit, in woman's tongue was ne'er found
weak ;

Witness their suff'rings, who have heard you
speak.

Yet, strong, as woman's wit, and charms are
thought,

They've one strange influence, 'till this hour,
untaught :

Safely oppos'd to God's decrees, they stand,
And smile, unhurt, in face of heav'n's command.

Let this, said God, a day of rest remain ;

You came not — and it prov'd, a day of pain.

A SONG.

A S O N G.

I.

LOVE's the cause of all my weeping,
 Cou'd I but declare my pain;
 He, who has my heart, in keeping,
 Might be brought to love again.

II.

MAIDEN'S virtue spoils their pleasure,
 If it were but once decreed,
 Virgins, for themselves, might measure,
 Love would, then, be sweet, indeed.

III.

BUT that check upon our nature,
 Freezing up our youthful heats,
 Only spoils a pretty creature,
 Teaching her to gnaw the sheets.

To

To a Lady, who sung inwardly.

KINDLY suppress'd, your voice rolls soft,
within,

And, in flow warblings, holds its transports in ;
Yourself unpleas'd, in giving others pain,
The tide of tuneful mischiefs you restrain :
So, the fierce beams, which make all nature
bright,

Revolving inward, check their long'd-for light ;
Left, deluging the world with seas of fire,
We die, beneath the lustre, we require.

*Writ upon a Pain of Glass in West-
minster House.*

ALL happy, then, while o'er their smiling
air,

A living mother breath'd her guardian care ;
But, joyless, since their sweet supporter dy'd,
They wander, now, thro' life, with half a guide.

August 25, 1731.

To a Lady, who talked not much.

CHARMERS, like you, are dumb, in vain,
 Their very *silence* speaks too plain :
 That sparkling eloquence of eyes,
 Proclaims you lovely, gay, and wise ;
 While the mild meanings of your air,
 A soul, as soft, as ev'ning show'rs, declare.
 Your ev'ry motion, arm'd, with speaking grace,
 Tells some new wonder, and assists your face.

BELLARIA, at her Spinnet.

SWEETLY confus'd, with scarce consenting
 will,
 Thoughtless of charms, and diffident of skill ;
 See ! with what blushful bend, the doubting fair
 Props the rais'd *lid* — then *sits*, with sparkling air,
 Tries the touch'd notes — and, hast'ning light
 along,
 Calls out a short complaint, that speaks their
 wrong. Now,

Now back'ning, awful, nerv'd, erect, serene,
 Asserted *musick* swells her heighten'd *mien*.
 Fearless, with face oblique, her formful hand
 Flies o'er the ivory plain, with stretch'd com-
 mand;
 Plunges, with bold neglect, amidst the keys,
 And sweeps the sounding range, with magic ease.

Now, two contending senses — *ear*, and *eye*,
 In pride of feasted taste, for transport, *vye*;
 But what avails two destin'd slaves debate,
 When *both* are sure to fall, and share *one* fate?
 Whether the god, *within*, evolving round,
 Strikes in her notes, and flows, dissolv'd, in sound;
 Or, silent, in her eyes, enthron'd, in light,
 Blazes, confess'd to view, and wounds our *fight*.
 This way, or that, *alike*, his pow'r we try,
 To *see*, but kills us — and, to *hear*, we die.

Oh! far-felt influence of the speaking string!
 Prompt, at thy call, the mounting soul takes wing;
 Waves, in the gale, fore-runs th' harmonious
 breeze,

And sinks, and rises, to the changeful keys.

BUT

BUT, hark! what length'ning softness, thrilling new,
Steals, 'twixt the solemn *swells*, and threads 'em through :

'Tis her transporting *voice*! — she sings — be still,
Sweet strings, *forbear*! — ye *hurt* her sweeter skill.

Yet, no — sound on — the strong, and sweet,
should join ;

With *double* pow'r, mix'd *opposites* combine.

'Tis *plain*! my captive senses feel it true ;

Ah, what dire mischiefs may not union do !

Cou'd she not save delight, from *half* this strain ?

Heard, and *beheld*, at once ! — 'tis *hopeless* pain.

Fly, and escape — let one press'd sense retire ;

The *rais'd* *hat* shades it, from the darted fire.

Alas! vain screen! — the *soul's* unclouded ray

Sees, from *within*, by a new blaze of day:

Sees the spread roof, with op'ning glories,
crown'd,

And radiant *deities* descending round !

Throng'd, in bright lines, or wing'd, in ambient
air,

Spirits, in fairy forms, inclose the *fair*.

SOME

SOME, on the *keys*, in am'rous ambush, lie,
And kiss the tune-tipt fingers, dancing by.
Some, hov'ring wide, expiring *shakes* prolong,
And pour 'em back, to swell the rising song.
Gods, in abridgment, crowd their needless aid,
And POW'RS, and VERTUES, guard th' uncon-
scious maid.
Pity, with tears of joy, stands, weeping, near ;
Kneeling *devotion* hangs her list'ning ear,
Candor, and *truth*, firm-fix'd on either hand,
Propping her chair, two sure supporters stand !
Round her, while wrong'd *belief* imbibes new
strength,
And hugs th' instructive notes, and aids their
length,
Love, and his train of *Cupids* craftier cares
Scatter, with plummy fans, the dreaded airs.
Pride, from a distant corner, glooms a leer,
And longs, yet *hopes not*, to be call'd more near :
But *Charity* sits close — a well known guest,
Bold, and domestic — and demands her *breast*.
High, o'er her cheeks, to shade their tempting
glow,
Shame, and soft *modesty*, their mantles throw :

While,

While, from her brow, majestic *wisdom*, seen,
Tempers her *glory*, and inspires her *mien*.

SUCH, and, *perhaps*, more sweet, those sounds
shall rise,
Which wake rewarded *saints*, when nature *dies*:
When heavn's heard *blast* shall shake the stub-
born mind,
And one *mix'd* melody unite *mankind*!
When *time's* last *wreck* shall sink, in seas of flame.
And *void eternity* resumes its name,

CELIA, in the Garden.

I.

COME, walk, and rouse the languid year:
All nature blooms, when you appear;
Each *leafless* oak would bud a-new,
And push out *shade*, to shelter you.
Your sight would summer's *want* supply;
You gone — 'tis *winter* — and we *die*.

II.

Yon warbling *nightingale* complains,
Your *praise*, too seldom, tempts her strains :
The tow'ring *lark* but hears you sing,
And soars, to heav'n, with silent wing.
Come, *angels*, come, (he cries) — and see
Yourself, as much out-done, as *me*.

III.

EACH *violet* sighs itself to death,
To *scent* the gales, that fans your breath :
Stop but, and see th' unfolding rose,
With emulative blushes, *glows* :
While hood-wink'd *lillies* prostrate lie,
Asham'd, to see your *breast*, so nigh.

IV.

Look round, and *smile* — and ev'ry flow'r
Smiles, too — and *charms*, with ten-fold pow'r.
Depart, and lo ! they bend and fall,
And weeping dew-drops waste 'em all.
'Tis thus, your *love* inflames my joy,
And, thus your *coldness* might destroy.

The Recollected Complainer.

ALL *mother*, as I am, and loth to part,
 With this poor playful gladd'ner of my
 heart,

I know, too well, and I confess my crime,
 'Tis not *my* right, but *heav'n's*, to limit *time*:
 Parent, at once, of *progeny*, and *pain*,
 Of what would my regardless grief complain?
 I gave him *birth*, but, ah! discern'd not *why*!
 Children are born, poor *suff'ers*! but to *die*.

PITY ('tis true) revolves their leapful springs,
Smil'd thanks, *attoning* pray'rs, embracing clings,
 Sallies of *guileless* joy, gay gleams of sense,
 Soft stroking flatteries — active impotence;
 Tricks of dumb love, which grateful *wills* express,
 And all their nameless pow'rs of prettiness!
 These the fond mother's feeling mem'ry seize,
 And, then, the tear of *nature* flows, for ease.

BUT *reason's* voice corrects the bold complaint,
 Injoins *submission*, and instructs *restraint*.

Thus wipes the plaintive parent's weeping eye,
And bids the unpermitted drop — *be dry*.

What is it, thou thyself, mistaking Mind !

Hast found, in this bad world, or hop'st to find?

That thy presumptuous wish would dare retain,

Whom heavn's kind *call* exempts from future
pain :

Grant, that the worst thou fear'st, should end
this blow,

And death's dark screen defends thy child, from
woe !

Are not thy sad *forebodings*, too, no more ?

Are not thy *fears*, for all his *perils*, o'er ?

Of what proud *wrongs*, might clog his life's long
way !

What *crimes* might *blast* him, or, what *wiles*
betray !

What follies draw down *scorn*, what vice *disgrace* !

What loss of *honour* might be-spot thy race !

What want of *Duty* might neglect thy tears !

What want of prudence, grind his waning years !

What bloody *dangers* might *cut short* his fame,

Or hooting *infamy* prolong his shame !

Look

Look up, fond *sorrower* ! see the morning's ray;
 Now, if thou can'st, *fore-judge* the rising day:
 Shall its ascending *shine* continue bright?
 Or, shall o'er casting tempests call down night?
 Can'st thou not tell?—Why, then, does thy bold
guess
 Presume to call an infant's death DISTRESS?
 Blind to the *future*,, thank a watchful God,
 That snatch'd the child *from school*, to spare the
rod.

The RESIGNATION.

WELL ! be it so — *Sorrow*, that streams
 not o'er,
 Spares but the *eye*, to wound the *heart* the more;
 Dumb, infelt pangs, too well, *supply* the woe,
 That grief, in suff'ring silence, shuns to *show*.
 Yet, let my *will's* reluctant pride *submit*,
 And learn to *love* the *lot*, that heav'n found *fit*.
 All, I can lose, God gave — and, when 'tis flown,
 Whom does he wrong, who but resumes his own?

SHOULD I, in fruitless agony, *complain,*
Fretting my wound, but *multiplies* my pain;
 While they, who patiently *embrace* distress;
 Teach shame, to *satisfy*, and grief, to *bless.*
 Whate'er *has been*, 'tis madness, to regret;
 Whate'er *must be*, shocks least, when *bravest* met,
 Learn then, my soul, thy course, *resign'd* to run,
 And never pray *thy will* — but God's, *be done.*

Copies, for Children to learn to write:

THE *Body's* beauty dwells in *shape*, and *face*,
 The *soul's*, in mildness, modesty, and grace;
 The *first* but charms an *earthly* lover's eye,
 The *last* draws angels, from beyond the sky;
 One, for a moment, *man's* frail heart procures,
 The *other* makes your *God*, for ever, *yours.*

Advice

Advice to the Virgins, to guard against
Flattery.

FAIREST ! forgive the too officious lay,
That sends the muse, you charm, to smooth
your way.

I, tho' *admiring*, act no *lover's* part,
Nor bid soft sounds *seduce* your list'ning heart :
Candidly touch'd, my pen's obtrusive fear,
Nor dares to *shack*, nor aims to *sooth* your ear ;
Needless, 'tis true, to bid such nymphs *beware*,
Who ev'ry grace, and virtue, make their care :
Yet, modest excellence will oft descend,
To thank, unwanted, caution, in a friend.
A faithful *pilot*, fervent, in his fears,
And, trembling, anxious for the worth, he *steers*.
'Twere mortal pain, to see such beauty mourn,
By bold distress, or impious falsehood, torn.
Love's gay delusion tempts, a thousand ways ;
Now, *wounds*, with softness ; now *destroys*, with
praise.

Thy veil, O *Flatt'ry* ! hides a traitor's heart,
And gives up *confidence* — a prey to art :

Unbridled youth, to consequences, blind,
Indulging *body*, hears no call of *Mind*.
Feeble discretion, so, by warmth, o'er-run,
Does, with a *peacock's feather*, fan the *sun*.
Beauty, that trusts too fast, is beauty's bane,
A self-betrayer, that embraces pain.
Oh! hear, suspicious, when the lover sues;
She most *attracts*, who longest can *refuse*.
Poize the try'd terms, on which his hope de-
pends,
Prop'd, on the *parent's* council, and the *friend's*:
So, leaning *safe*, and wanting space, to *stray*,
Love's guardian angels crown your nuptial day.
Or, should the gilded hypocrite, at last,
Show, that he meant your spotless fame to blast;
Fly the found tempter, each low lure despise,
And lift your heart's wrong'd with *above* sur-
prize.
Nature, that form'd you loveliest, doubly kind,
To like perfection, rais'd your conquering mind.
Fram'd you to *truth*, to *virtue* turn'd your *taste*,
For *honour*, dress'd you, and, for *rev'rence*, grac'd.
Freedom regain'd, pursue the shining track,
And leave the base repentor, to his rack.

Then,

Then, *blefs* the verse, that from such ruin, sav'd
 An artless conqu'ror, by success, enslav'd :
 Now, happy, painless hours shall un-perplex
 The *best-lov'd* pattern of the loveliest sex.

LESBIA'S Lamentation, *on the Death of*
her Sparrow ; altered from Mr.
 Cartwright.

I.

TELL me not of *joy* — There's none,
 Now my little *sparrow's* gone ?
 He, just like you,
 Would toy, and woo :
 He would chirp, and flatter me ;
 And, 'till he saw me look, and *smile*,
 Lord ! how *sullen* he would be !

II.

He would catch a crumb, and then,
 Sporting, let it go, again ;
 He, from my lip,
 Would fit, and sip,

From

From my plate, he lov'd to feed;
Here, wou'd hop, and *there* would run,
 And ev'ry look, and motion, heed,
 'Till my very heart he won.

 III.

O! how eager he would fight!
 And never *burt*, tho' often *bite*!
 He perch'd, alas!
 Upon my glafs,
 And ev'ry thing, I did, would do:
 Ruffling, now, his feathers, all,
 Now, as fudden, let them fall,
 And, then, grew proud, and *sleek* a' em, too.

 IV.

Wou'd'st thou, *Cupid*, reach a heart,
 With his feathers, wing thy dart:
 Love might, *that* way,
 Sure wounds convey.
 But my faithful bird is gone;
 Mournful *turtles*, murmur on.
 Hop, ye *Red-breasts*, o'er his stone;
 Cease to *sing*, and learn to *mourn*.

The MESSENGER.

GO, happy paper ! gently *steal*,
 And, soft, beneath her pillow, lie :
 There, in a dream, my love reveal,
 A love, that *awe* must, else, conceal,
 In silent doubt, to die.

SHOULD she, to *flames*, thy hope consign,
 Thy suffering moment soon expires ;
 A longer pain, alas ! is mine,
 Condemn'd, in endless woe, to pine,
 And feel *unslack'ning* fires.

BUT, if inclin'd to hear, and bless,
 While, in her heart, soft pity stirs ;
 Tell her — her beauties might compel
 A hermit, to forsake his cell,
 And change his heav'n, for *hers*.

OH ! tell her — were her treasures mine,
 Nature, and art would court my aid ;
 The painter's colours want her *shine* ;
 The rainbow's brow not half so fine,
 As her sweet eye-lids shade !

By

By day, the *sun* might spare his rays ;

No *star* make ev'ning bright ;

Her op'ning eyes, with sweeter blaze,

Should measure all my smiling *days*,

And, if she *slept*, 'twere *night*.

To Dr. ATKINS, on his Birth-day.

TO a length of new birth-days, your health
we drink round,

In this glass of good punch, may your sickness
be drown'd ;

You've insur'd a long life, by your gout held so
fast,

And your grand climacteric, this morning, o'er-
past :

So, we've nothing to wish you, but bliss, at a
stay,

'Till the nation hates *bribes*, and her *rogues* run
away.

The Mis-grounded Compassion.

YOU'VE heard it, and read it, a million of
times,

That *men* are made up of *delusions*, and *crimes*.

Look over *old* stories, and search all the *new*,

You'll find, in *love-trusts*, not a man of us, true.

Then, *why* this *reproachful*, and *termagant* face?

Why so *feelingly fierce*, for *another's* disgrace?

Oh! I learn, by your *blush*, the true cause of
your pain,

You were *bit*, by the tooth against which you
complain.

What a pity, this sense of a sufferer's fate,

Came a little *too home*, and a good deal *too late*!

Had you felt, for a *friend*, e'er yourself was be-
tray'd,

Such a well-tim'd concern might have made
you afraid;

And the *caution* your *own*, tho' *another's*, the *evil*,

You had safely defy'd *love*, *old apes*, and the *devil*.

*On the Death of the Czarina, Wife to
Peter the Great.*

THUS, to the long-lov'd partner of his
reign,
Spoke great *Alexiowits*, in death's last pain :
Now, be the world's vast empire yours, alone ;
She heard — re-claim'd his breast, and scorn'd
his throne.

Glad, to the *realms of light*, a ghost, she flew,
Found her lost lord, and charm'd him, to her
view.

O! check th' amazement, in your looks, she
cry'd,

Nor blame th' impatient haste, with which, I dy'd.
Kind was your trust — but, when you ceas'd to
share,

You left the world, you gave, beneath my care,

A SONG.

A S O N G.

I.

AS *Damon* sat by *Silvia's* side
 And watch'd her eyes, with am'rous pride,
 He gently bow'd his leaning head,
 And, while it prest
 Her charming breast,
 Thus, the transported *shepherd* said.

II.

THOU smiling cause of rest, and pain!
 The youth, who loves not, lives in vain.
 What charms have eyes, where wishes meet!
 Where souls combine,
 And two hearts join,
 Hope is unbounded; joy compleat.

III.

No *lamb*, of all the *bleating* care,
 Looks *softer*, than thy *passions* are:
 Possessing thee, by thee, possést,
 I fear no pain;
 I wish no gain;
 Who, that's in heav'n, would more be blest?

The G N A T.

I.

WHILE, in the *Mall*, my *Celia* shone,
 And drew th' adoring world, to gaze,
 A wanton *gnat* came, buzzing, on,
 To gambol, in her blaze.

II.

ENLIVEN'D, by her lucid beams,
 And urging bliss, too nigh,
 Th' attractive *beauty's* pow'rful streams
 O'erwhelm'd him, in her eye.

III.

THE glowing orb, swift, catching fire ;
 Now *heat* was mix'd, with *light* ;
 The wing, that durst so high aspire,
 She rubb'd to *dust*, in spite.

IV.

MEAN while, the clouded sight shone *dim* ;
 Her *sun*, through *mists*, appears ;
 Moist *anguish* rose, above the *brim*,
 And flow'd away, in *tears*.

O, *gnat* !

V.

O, *gnat* ! too happy, thus, to die !

My *Celia* weeps thy fate ;

She *kills* me, ev'ry day — yet, I

No pity can create.

VI.

MYSTERIOUS *sex* ! by custom, led,

Meer *trifles*, most to prize !

O, truth, to turn a lover's head !

They murder *men*, and weep, for *flies*.

The Kiss, through a Window.

S A V' D, on a shoal, the ship-wreck'd sailor
stands,

And views, with watry eyes, and wringing hands,

Soul-chearing prospects, from the nieghb'ring
lands ;

But if he tempts the waves, he toils in vain,

Big, buoyant billows rise between, and float him
back again.

Oh! shameful loss of an invited kiss!
 Can brittle *glass* impede so near a bliss?
 Frail is our am'rous *hope*, if love must be
 Subservient to a thing, so weak, as *thee*!
 We knew, *before*, nor sought *thy* aid to prove,
 That *light*'s a nat'ral *enemy* to *love*!
 But *now*, thy malice does new arts employ;
First, give the *hope*, then dash the proffer'd joy.
 Thus, absent *fanciers* dream, they meet the *ghost*,
 Of some dead partner, whom they value most:
 But when, with op'ning arms, they rush to greet,
 And, mix'd in mutual grasp, would warmly meet,
 Cold blasts of wind divide the starting pair,
 And the thin *phantom* flows away, in air.

EPITAPH, on the Tomb of HENRY JER-
 NEGAN, *Esq*;

ALL that *accomplish'd* body lends mankind,
 From earth, receiving, he, to earth resign'd:
 All, that e'er grac'd a soul, from heav'n, he drew,
 And took back, with him, as an angel's due.

Writ

Writ on a Glass Window.

LET him, whose present fortune gives him
pain,

Scorn the low, vulgar custom, to complain:

All, that with-holds his *wish*, the *brave* will break,

Or, silent, *bear* those chains, 'tis poor, to *shake*.

The HAPPY MAN.

HIGH, o'er the winding of a cliffy shore,
From whose *worn* steep, the *back'ning*
furies roar;

FREEMAN — sweet lot! in quiet plenty, lives;
Rich, in the unbought wealth, which nature gives;
Un-planted groves rise, round his shelter'd *seat*,
And self-sown *flow'rs* attract his wand'ring feet;
Lengths of wild garden his near views adorn,
And far-seen fields *wave*, with domestic corn.

THE grateful *herds*, which his own pastures
feed,

Pay their ask'd lives, and, in due tribute, bleed.

Here, in learn'd *leisure*, he relaxes life,
'Twixt prattling *children*, and a smiling *wife*.
Here, on dependant *want*, he sheds his care,
Moves, amid *smiles*, and all, he hears, is *pray'r*.
The world lies round him, like a subject foil,
Stor'd, for his *service*, but, beneath his *toil*.

HENCE, in a morning walk, his piercing eye
Skims the green *ocean*, to the circling sky.
And marks, at distance, some returning *sail*,
Wing'd, by the courtship of a flatt'ring gale.
The fearless *crew*, concluding danger o'er,
With gladd'ning shouts, salute the op'ning shore.
They think how, best, they may their gains em-
ploy,

And *antedate* thin scenes of promis'd joy.
'Till a near *quick-sand* checks their shorten'd way,
And the *sunk masts* point thro' the rising *spray*.
Freeman starts, sad ! revolves the changeful fight,
Where *mis'ry* can, so soon, succeed *delight* ;
Then, shakes his head, in pity of their fate,
And sweetly conscious, hugs his happier state.

The Power of Royal Pity.

*Verfes, made for a young Gentleman in Defpair,
and sent to Queen CAROLINE, by N. C—P—R.*

FROM a moist bank, beneath a filent shade,
Whose dark'ning *arch* depending willows
made,

A death-devoted youth, in day's cool dawn,
Weary of *insults*, and, from *woes*, withdrawn.
Long, on the sullen *surface*, fix'd his view,
And sigh'd — resolv'd to bid loath'd life *adieu*.

'Tis but to *plunge*, he cry'd, one moment, *there*,
Saves me from *sorrow*, and out-leaps *despair*.
Cover'd, with calmness, in this *lulling* bed,
No *fear* shall reach my *heart*, no *pain*, my *head*:
Terror, and *shame*, and *want*, shall, with me, *die*,
And *anguish* be no more alive, than *I*.

YET, one dear *mourner* will my death *distress*,
Whom I *would* live for, could I live, to *bless*!
Her tears are *tortures*, which I cannot bear;
Her charms give *madness*, and her wants *despair*.

JUST, at this word, the dear *distruster* came :
 Pierc'd the deep *gloom*, and catch'd the fatal *aim*.
 Trembling, with *horror*, yet, by *love*, impell'd,
 Timely, she grasp'd him ; and, *convulsive*, held :
 Ah ! let me *keep* thee, tho' we *beg*, she cry'd ;
 Life has *no* want, but what's, by *love*, supply'd :
 Wretched, *with* thee, there's recompence, in *pain*,
 And bless'd, *without* thee, I were bless'd, in *vain*.
Hope, suffer, think, resolve, submit, contend :
Move every foe — solicit every friend !
Die not, thus young — e'er half our days are past,
Love has long years to come : death pulls too fast.
 I will not *feel* distress, while *you* are kind ;
 Nor *bear* a joyless world, *you* leave behind.

SEE ! be advis'd : turn, *there*, your hopeless eye,
 View those sweet rising shades, that spread so high.
Think, did their royal planter hear my pray'r,
 How would *she* pity my poor heart's despair !
She, the best *wife*, best *mother*, *daughter*, *queen* !
 Ah ! that *she*, *now*, beheld this dreadful *scene* !
 Think on *her* smiles --- and do but live, to try !
 And, if *that* hope proves *vain* --- I, too, will *die*.

*An ODE ; on Occasion of Mr. Handel's
great Te Deum, at the Feast of the
Sons of the Clergy, on Feb, 1, 1732.*

I.

SO *David*, to the God, who touch'd his lyre,
The God, who did, at once inspire
The poet's numbers, and the prophet's fire,
Taught the wing'd anthems, to aspire !
The thoughts of men, in god-like sounds, he sung,
And voic'd devotion, for an angel's tongue.
At once, with pow'rful words, and skilful air,
The priestly king (who knew the weight of pray'r)
To his high purpose, match'd his care.
To deathless concords, tun'd his mortal lays,
And, with a sound, like heav'n's, gave heav'n its
praise.

II.

WHERE has thy soul, O musick! slept, since then ?
Or, thro' what lengths of deep creation, led,
Has heav'n indulg'd th'all-daring pow'r, to tread ?
On other globes, to other forms of men,

Hast thou been sent, their *maker's* name to spread?
 Or, o'er some dying *orb*, in tuneful dread,
 Proclaiming *judgment*, wak'd th' unwilling *dead*?
 Or, have *new* worlds, from wand'ring *comets*, rais'd,
Heard, and leap'd forth, and, into *being*, blaz'd.

III.

SAY, sacred *origin* of song!
 Where hast thou hid thyself so long?
 Thou soul of *HANDEL*, thro' what shining way,
 Lost to *our* earth, since *David's* long-past day,
 Did'st thou, for all this *length* of ages, stray!
 What wond'ring *angels* hast thou breath'd among,
 By none of all th' immortal choir, out-sung.

IV.

BUT, 'tis enough; since thou art *here, again*;
 Where thou hast wander'd, gives no pain:
 We *hear*, we *feel* — thou art return'd once more,
 With musick, *mightier* than before:
 As if, in ev'ry orb,
 From every *note* of *gods*, which thou wert shown.
 Thy spirit did th' harmonious pow'r absorb,
 And make the moving airs of heav'n, thy *own*.

Ah!

V.

AH ! give thy *passport* to the nation's pray'r ;
Ne'er did *religion's* languid fire

Burn fainter --- never more require
The aid of such a fam'd enliv'ner's care.

Thy *pow'r* can force the *stubborn* heart, to *feel*,
And rouse the luke-warm *doubter* into *zeal*.

VI.

TEACH us to pray, as *David* pray'd, before ;

Lift our *thanksgiving* to th' *Almighty's* throne,

In numbers, like his own,

Teach us yet more ;

Teach us, undying charmer ! to *compose*

Our inbred storms, and 'scape impending woes,

Lull our wanton hearts to *ease* ;

Teach happiness to *please* ;

And, since *thy notes* can ne'er, in vain, implore,

Bid 'em *be-calm* un-resting *faction* o'er :

Inspire content, and peace, in each proud breast ;

Bid the unwilling land be blest :

If aught, we *wish for*, seems too long to stay,

Bid us believe, that heav'n best knows its day :

Bid us securely *reap* the good, we *may*,

Nor *tools* to other's *haughty hopes*, throw our own
peace away.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, I thy bonny Jocky.

I.

O That e'er I knew thee ! now, no more I
woo thee,

Charmer of my soul ! I must away,

Honour now demands me — love of thee with-
stands me ;

Tell me, which of these I must obey ?

Alas ! I would with-hold thee — ever, thus, en-
fold thee,

But I dare not stay thee — no — I yield :

Glory, and promotion — call thee o'er the ocean,

Go, be brave, and conquer — grace the field.

II.

STAY, thou hasty rover — stay, thou frosty lover ;

Turn, and ease a heart, that breaks with pain :

What, if death should reach thee — go not, I

beseech thee ;

Honour is a cheat — Oh ! turn again.

Since

Since danger must o'ertake thee --- why did nature make thee

Sweeter far, than eyes e'er saw before?

Man is maid's deceiver--wins her, but to leave her,

Never, If I loose thee, smile I more.

III,

TELL me true, sincerely --- maids, who love so dearly,

But there ne'er was *maid*, yet, lov'd like me,
Tell me, cou'd you lose him? --- would you not
accuse him?

Wou'd you not refuse, to set him free?

Shall I, who love his glory --- blot his name,
from story?

Man was made to guard his country's fame.
She, who so restrains him --- for disgrace, detains him,

Shall a love, like his, be paid, with shame?

IV.

Go, my brave alarmer!--go, my daring charmer!

Go, and come again, with ten-fold grace:

Fight, to bless, and save me --- foes shall ne'er
enslave me;

To no chain, but yours, my pride gives place.

Oh ! what tender greeting, at our happy meeting,
 Will our leaping hearts each other give !
 You, with *triumph*, blazing --- I, with *rapture*,
 gazing,
 Lov'd, and loving long, we *both* shall live.

The WEDDING DAY.

'T WAS one *May* morning, when the clouds
 undrawn,
 Expos'd, in naked charms, the waking dawn;
 When night-fall'n dews, by day's warm court-
 ship, won,
 From reeking *roses*, climb'd, to kiss the *sun*.
 Nature, new-blossom'd, shed her odours round ;
 The dew-bent *primrose* kiss'd the breeze-swept
 ground.
 The watchful *cock* had, thrice, proclaim'd the day,
 And glimmering *sun-beams* faintly forc'd their
 way :
 When, join'd, in *band*, and *heart*, to church we
 went,
 Mutual, in *vows*, and *pris'ners*, by consent.

Aure-

*Aurelia's heart beat high, with mix'd alarms,
But trembling beauty glow'd, with double charms.
In her soft breast, a modest struggle rose,
How she should seem to like the lot, she chose.
A smile, she thought, would dress her looks too gay;
A frown might seem too sad, and blast the day:
But, while nor this, nor that, her will cou'd bow,
She walk'd, and look'd, and charm'd -- and knew
not how.*

OUR *hands*, at length, th' unchanging *flat* bound,
And our glad *souls* sprung out, to meet the *sound*.
Joys, meeting *joys*, unite, and stronger shine,
For passion, *purify'd*, grows *half* divine.

AURELIA, thou art mine, I cry'd --- and *she*
Sigh'd 'soft -- now, DAMON, thou art lord of *me*.
But, wilt thou, whisper'd *she*, the *knot* now, ty'd,
Which only *death's* keen weapon can *divide*,
Wilt thou, still mindful of thy raptures past,
Permit the *summer* of love's hope, to *last*?
Shall not cold wint'ry frosts come on too soon?
Ah, say! what *means* the world, by *honey-moon*?
If we so *short* a space our *bliss* enjoy,
What *toils* does love, for *one* poor month, employ?

Women,

*Women, thus us'd, like bubbles, blown with air,
Owe, to their outward charms, a sun-guilt glare.
Like them, we glitter, to the distant eye ;
But grasp'd like them, we do but weep and die.*

LEST more, said I, thou shoud'st *profane* the
bliss,

*I'll seal thy dang'rous lips, with this close kiss ;
Not thus, the heav'n of Marriage hopes blaspheme,
But learn from me to speak on this lov'd theme.
There have been wedlock joys, of swift decay,
Like light'ning, seen, at once, and shot away :
But theirs were hopes, which, all unfit to pair,
Like fire, and powder, kiss'd, and flash'd, to air.
Thy soul, and mine, by mutual courtship, won,
Meet, like two mingling flames, and make but one.
Union of hearts, not hands, does marriage make ;
'Tis sympathy of mind keeps love awake.*

*Our growing days increase of joy shall know,
And thick-sown comforts leave no room, for woe.
Thou, the soft swelling vine, shall fruitful last ;
I, the strong elm, will prop thy beauties fast :
Thou shalt strow sweets, to soften life's rough way,
And, when hot passions my proud wishes sway,
Thou, like some breeze, shall, in my bosom, play.*

Thou,

*Thou, for protection, shalt, on me, depend;
 And I, on thee, for a soft, faithful friend.
 I, in AURELIA, shall for ever view,
 At once, my care, my fear, my comfort, too!
 Thou shalt first partner, in my pleasures, be,
 But all my pains shall, last, be known to thee.*

AURELIA heard, and view'd me, with a smile,
 Which seem'd, at once, to cherish and revile!
 O, God of Love! she cry'd, what joys were thine,
 If all life's race were wedding-days, like mine!

The DREAM.

SLOW-RISING night had her black flag un-
furl'd,

And spread her sooty mantle o'er the world;
 The waning moon shed pale, a sickly light,
 And stars scarce twinkled, to th' enquiring sight.
 Half the lost earth, by darkness, over-run,
 Wept, in cold dew, the absence of the sun.
 The waves were hush'd; the winds forgot to roar,
 And storms, detach'd, in breezes, cours'd the shore.

The

The mix'd *creation* was involv'd in sleep ;
Fishes roll'd, *slumb'ring*, thro' the stagnate deep.
Beasts, *birds*, and *serpents*, various *beds* possess,
Some, in thick *woods*, some, in dark *caverns*, rest.
Antipathies, in common sleep, took part ;
Care curs'd not *thought*, and *woe* forgot to smart.
Immerg'd in *rest*, my drowsy *senses* lay,
And *death's* proud *image* practis'd, on my *clay*.
But while, disdainful of the mean *controul*,
No *dull desires* invade my wakeful *soul* ;
Active, the' inspirer, skilful to pursue,
Thro' the *wild tracks* of *mazy mem'ry*, flew ;
There, scatter'd *images* to union brought,
And form'd this wond'rous *vision*, to my *thought* :

I FOUND myself at dead of deepest night,
Chear'd, by no glimm'ring *spark* of remnant *light*,
Lock'd, in that antient, venerable *pile*,
Which holds her *jaiced dust*, who, lately *blest* our
isle ;
Ascending *damps* the gloomy *concave* sought,
And hung, *imprison'd*, to th' impervious *vault* :
While my *shod feet* trac'd, swift, the dusky *round*,
Hoarse *echoes* multiply'd the trampling sound,

The

The *sweating* stones distill'd a noisome dew,
And earthy *scents* my death-fed *nostrils* drew.
Cold frosts of *fear* pierc'd, keen, thro' ev'ry part,
And shiv'ring *agues* shook my *ice-bound* heart.
A hollow *wind*, from whist'ling *murmurs*, bore
Its gath'ring *din* more high, and strove to roar !
The tatter'd *trophies* fann'd the *prison'd* air,
And chill *amazement* stiffen'd up my *hair*.

WHILE fix'd, I stood, intent on *rumblings* near,
And distant *groans* alarm'd my aking ear,
Sudden, the *temple* shone, with rushing *light*,
And new-born *terrors* overwhelm'd my fight.
Ghosts, from the loos'ning *pavement*, rais'd their
head,
And yawning *graves* disclose their *shrouded* dead.
Shot up, in streams, a mist of *spirits* rise,
As morning *exhalations* streak the *skies*.
Soul-freezing horror tingled through my blood,
And curdling *fear* bound hard the *vital* flood.
Unbending *nerves* their *dying* vigour lost,
And *drooping* life scarce held her *dang'rous* post.
Large drops of *sweat*, from every *finger*, shed,
And the whole frame of nature shook with dread.

FROM the *east* end, where mould'ring monarchs lie,
And *worms*, luxuriant, feast on *royalty*;
Where each proud *tomb* some dust of *princes*
boasts,
There marches out a *troop* of sov'reign *ghosts* :
Each, in his shadowy hand, a *scepter* brings,
Th' acknowledg'd mark of *pow'r*, in living *kings*.
A glitt'ring *diadem* each forehead wore ;
Their *robes* trail'd, loose, and swept the *honour'd*
floor !

With slow, and stately stride, the monarchs tread,
And ev'ry meaner *spirit* bows its head.
In foremost rank, as latest known to *fame*,
The grave-brow'd ghost of awful ANNA came ;
Calm, and serene, the silent walks they trace,
And halt, regardful, at each solemn place :
Visit each *tomb*, and in mysterious state,
Hail the dry *remnants* of the vasted *great*.

THIS pomp of death, thus, wore half night
away,
And came, at length, where DENMARK'S body
lay :

There

There ANNA staid, and looking, careful, round,
With shadowy *scepter*, touch'd the conscious
ground.

'Tis strange, she sigh'd, that *he*, whom most I blest,
Has never *thank'd* me, since I came to rest.

THE willing *ghost* his *marbly* fetters broke,
And rose up, slowly, at the pow'rful stroke :
An air of *sorrow* bent his serious *head*,
His eyes some *seeming* tears, reluctant, shed.
With folded *arms*, and discontented *look*,
Thrice bow'd he, gently, and thus, faintly, spoke:

HAIL, happy *shade* ! rest here, unforc'd to
reign,
Nor toil, to save a stubborn land, in vain :
How did just *pity* sweeten thy controul !
How did'st thou strain thy virtue-propping soul !
How did'st thou wish th' unfinish'd course to run !
And act, in *will*, what *pow'r* has left undone !
For *this*, since death, detraction wounds thy fame,
And insolent *reproach* corrodes thy name.
Ungrateful *people* ! un-repenting *state* !
Hast thou, O *Queen* ! deserv'd th' ungentle fate ?

He ceas'd: — Each *list'ning* monarch shook
his head,

While *she*, to whom he spoke, thus, answ'ring,
said:

O, DENMARK! wonder not at ills, like those;
Angels, if crown'd in *England*, wou'd have *foes*!
Desert, like mine, with *living* glories paid,
Can fear no *scandal*, when become a *shade*.
If aught's left wanting to my people's pray'r,
Mourn not th' *unfinish'd* progress of my care.
When *princes* some wish'd good, in vain, pursue,
By them not done, 'tis left for *heav'n* to do.
Let us, in peace, enjoy our silent bed,
Truth always *triumphs*, when she serves the
dead.

The

The NORTHERN STAR.

BORN in an age, when virtue veils her face,
And bold *corruption* turns the blush on
grace ;

Where reptile genius *winds*, at pow'rs controul,
And fortune's whelmy tides engulph the soul :

Where sense, by *flatt'ry* ; shame, by *want*, is
weigh'd,

And servile poets make their art a *trade*,

Rise, gen'rous *muse* ! out-soar the venal view ;

For, praise is *insult*, where 'tis giv'n *undue*.

Tho' pension'd fame can fawn, 'till fools are
taught

To boast th'imputed wit, their brib'ry *bought* ;

Yet, man, to man's respect, is *rais'd*, not *born*,

And dullness, *dignify'd*, but doubles scorn.

Ah ! *narrow* hearts ! that know not wisdom's
weight,

But, impudently, call the proud, the *great*.

SPREAD the broad wings of truth, impartial
muse !

Dare a *new* theme—nor, now, let *fancy* chuse.

Serious, and sad, the faults of custom *mend*,
 To friendless genius fame's due succour lend. —
 If, in some dusky corner, thou shalt find
 A ragged fortune hide a noble mind,
 Disperse the cloud; and be the labour *thine*,
 To teach the shame-fac'd virtue, how to shine.

OR, should some wealth-encumber'd *churl*
 with-hold

Th' enliv'ning *use* of un-partaken gold,
 If, meanly proud, the wretch disdains to weigh
 The wise man's wants, against the treasur'd *clay*,
 With ceaseless satire, *goad* his sneaking soul,
 'Till his pride, suff'ring, gives his taste *controul*.

THEN, muse! from life's *low* wrongs, indig-
 nant, turn,
 With loftier flame, for suff'ring *nations*, burn.
 On *flatter'd statesmen*, scowl a patriot eye;
 Strip their *badg'd poets*, when they write, to lie.
 If, rais'd by chance, some *tarnisher* of sway,
 Blund'ring through *shifts*, mistakes th' unwinding
 way,
 If, lumb'ring clogg'd, he drags, be-mir'd, along,
 Cow'rs, to be safe — yet, *injures*, to be strong,
Tell

Tell him, --- that hair-breadth '*scapes*, and life-
long fear,

Buy pow'r, and pomp, and infamy, too *dear*.

PASS, pass, these sulph'ry meteors, of a *day*;
Their blaze too dang'rous ! and too *lost*, their way!
On *suns*, not *comets*, fix thy *eagly* ken,
Touch the proud hearts of *monarchs*, into *men*.
Thence, flows *contagion* : light must generate
light,

Or mimic millions catch the royal *blite* :
Kings, who *are* kings, shed lustre o'er mankind ;
But dim-ey'd princes make whole *nations* blind.
—So, god-like CÆSAR rul'd ungrateful *Rome*,
And short-liv'd *virtue* shot a *blasted* bloom :
But, when lewd NERO stain'd imperial sway,
Vice, with a rapid stream, swept shame away.

LET the low muse, that strikes the *venal* strings,
Tune her tame lyre, and swell the pomp of kings.
Undreading, *thou*, where'er the censure falls,
Enter proud *Palaces* imperious walls.
There,—good, or evil---*seize* th' unshadow'd *fact*,
And call truth, *truth*, however princes act.

SUBLIMELY fir'd, I snatch the glorious aim !
'Twere great, indeed, to give the *royal*, fame !
But, --- where, O spotless light, of reason's eye !
Where, among *princes*, wilt thou *greatness* spy ?
Shall BRITAIN'S *boast* o'erload my lab'ring lines ?
No---with *known* force, domestic glory shines !
Flatt'ry were base : and needless the design,
To say, (to *angels*) heav'n is all *divine*.

NORTHWARD, departing muse, extend thy
flight ;
There, a *new sun* inflames the land of *night* ;
There, arts and arms, the world's *fifth empire* raise ;
There, dateless times shall hail my *prophet* praise ;
Thy *line*, great CZAR ! shall stretch that short-
en'd name,
To more than CÆSAR'S pow'r, and all his fame.
Taught, by thy *plans*, to reign, victorious, still,
And length'ning down, through *time*, thy death-
less skill,
Legions of *kings*, shall wait their doom-ful nod,
As hosts, from *Moses*, watch'd th' inspiring God !

O ! pride,

O! pride, celestial, of my muse's praise!
 Thou! best invoc'd! — inspire my rising lays,
 Kindle my glowing soul, with fires, like thine,
 And *lend me light*, to make my off'ring shine!
 Tho' right to mark, how tow'ring *eagles* fly,
 Asks the try'd sharpness of an *eagle's eye*;
 Tho' high-rais'd view can, best, a prospect *show*,
 Which he but *ill describes*, who stands too low;
 Yet, if, aspiring to the theme, --- I feel
 Thy glory's love *propel* my trembling zeal,
 O, prince! the grateful arrogance *forgive*;
 No genuine muse, so charm'd, can, *silent*, live.

PERISH the pride, in *poor* distinction shewn,
 That makes man blind, to blessings *not his own*!
 Briton and Russian differ, but in *name*;
 In *nature's* sense, all nations are the *same*.
 One world, divided, *distant* brothers share,
 And man is *reason's* subject — *every where*.

So, does dark Nile's mysterious torrent stray,
 And *oozy* wealth, in annual flood, convey.
 Memphis's rich plains imbibe th' impregnate flow,
 And pleas'd Egyptians see proud harvests grow.

Yet,

Yet, while, on *Egypt*, partial harvests smile,
Egypt's glad sons engross not *all* their *Nile*.
Egypt, and all the world, the river *claim* :
Egypt, in *influence*, and the world, in *fame*.
So, *Russia* feels her CZAR's intensest *beat* :
But, the warm'd world his distant *brightness*, greet,

AGES, obscurely lost to slighted *fame*,
Robb'd the dim empire of its bury'd *name* !
One *city's* bounds usurp'd her monarch's rights,
And shrunk his thousand states, to MUSCOVITES.
Un-measur'd realms lay hid, in noiseless reign,
And RUSSIA cover'd half the world in *vain* !
'Till rip'ning time this *giant-genius* sent ;
Divinely siz'd—to suit his crown's extent !
He breath'd prolific *soul*, inspir'd the land,
And call'd forth *order*, with directive hand.
Then, pow'r's whole energy, at once, spread wide,
And old obstruction *sunk*, beneath its tide.
Then, shad'wing all, the dread dominion rose,
Which, late, no *hope*, and now, no *danger* knows !

DID not, O prince ! thy love of *art's* soft
 charms
Suspend the keener influence of thy *arms*,

Astonish'd

Not so, *of old*, when, stern, in horrid arms,
The *needy north* pour'd forth her Gothic swarms;
Roughly, they *warr'd*, on arts, they could not taste,
And, blindly, laid the tracks of learning waste.
This heav'n remember'd, and, with kind com-
mand,

How *vast* the engine!-- and the force, how *great*!

Enormous *boast* of kings ! who, --- tho' his reign
Stretch'd empire's endless line, from *main* to *main*,

Counts

Counts not his greatness, by his country's *length*,
 Nor from dependent millions, *steals* his strength,
 But, to *himself* (like heav'n) his effluence owes,
 And gives—not *takes*—what pow'r from *number*
flows.

BORN, for eternal *growth*—and stor'd with
schemes;

For whit'ning time, with ever-blooming themes.
 Wonders on wonders gild a glowing land,
 That, almost, ow'd *distinction* to his hand!
 From frozen climes, where nature, stiff with *cold*,
 Nourish'd no hope; and time in *tears* grew old:
 Warm'd by the monarch's worth, we rising saw
 Springs of gay *virtue*—and ripe fruits of *law*!

DOUBLY supreme! *Thy* unrestrain'd controul
 Directs the body, and *impow'rs* the soul!
 While vulgar kings their views *supinely* scan,
 And limit what they *would*, by what they *can*,
 Thy nobler pow'r, with *more than mortal* sway,
 Commands—and makes men *able*, to obey!

TRANSPORTING thought!—let me indulge it
long,
 Hence, realms grow *mighty*, and their influence
strong. Ah!

Ah! why, by civil broils, should patriots bleed,
For parts in pow'r, they nor enjoy, nor need?
Less factious subjects happier freedom share;
Mis-reckon'd slaves, in such a fov'reign's care.
Slaves are blind bust'lers, who, deceiv'd by names,
Promote, unknowingly, their spoiler's aims:
Who (told, sedition sets a nation free)
Hug the new chain — and call it liberty.
Then — walking gall'd, beneath th' incumbent
weight,
Grind a curb'd curse, and bear th' impos'd deceit.

If just *Athenians*, by a *Theseus*, led,
Their scatter'd country's strength-uniting head!
To lasting praise, consign'd his cherish'd fame,
And, conscious of his bounty, bless'd his name;
If hard *Lycurgus*, now, immortal grown,
Sheds deathless glory round a realmless throne:
If, *Romulus*! thy mem'ry triumphs, still,
For teaching *Rome* to rob, with safer skill;
For reining rapine in, from private harms,
To mightier mischief, in confed'rate arms:
What praise, prodigious *CZAR*! shall dare to
tread,
In awful circles, near thy sacred head?

To

To whom, not *one* small portion, singly, kneels,
In thanks for sep'rate benefits, it feels:
But nations, numberless, as *Lybian* sands,
Share the long bounties of thy reaching hands —
Thy hands! to whom, delighted with thy praise,
God gave not thrones, to reign on—but to *raise*.

THY catching lustre fires the north's wide soul;
And *thaws* the icy influence of the *pole*.
The shaggy *Samoid*, shaking off his snow,
Warms his cold breast, with new desire, to
know.

The rugged *Tartar*, from whose swarthy bands
A gloom of horror *us'd* to shade thy lands,
Charm'd, by thy gen'rous daring, checks *his own*,
Assumes new *nature*, and adorns thy throne.
Beams of young learning, active as the wind,
Radiant, flame out, and light up half mankind:
Stern superstition's misty cloud, dispell'd,
Quits her chief throne, through long, dark, ages,
held:
And *Russian arms* a glitt'ring terror cast,
O'er realms, where scarce the *Russian name* had
past!

BLUSH,

BLUSH, ye bought bards ! of our degen'rate
days,

Whom pension prostitutes, to high-way praise :
Who fear it fruitless, for a muse to roam,
Thence, poorly, pin your venal hearts, *at home* !
The world's *my* country : born, no matter where,
Man is a denizen of earth and air.
Native to truth, 'tis his, *all* worth, to show,
And love the hostile virtues of a *fee*.

AH ! how too weak my willing verse pursues,
And flags, beneath new heights, of op'ning views !
Touch my charm'd heart, thou ! God ! that did'tt
inspire

His force ! and let me feel th' impulsive fire.
Sunk, amid fens, in fortune's *stagnate* tract,
And curs'd myself, with want of pow'r, to *act*,
Let me, at least *describe*, with conscious blaze,
And, from another's triumph, force *some* praise.

O ! great, eternal pow'r, that bounds our minds,
What circling *darkness* human foresight, blinds !
Where are the lost effects of statesmen's dreams ?
Whose erring envy spun such *cobweb schemes* !

Long,

Long—each vain terror beat *one* devious road ;
 And sigh'd, at growing *France*, with false fore-
 bode :

While, un-observ'd, th' exulting *northern* bear
 Grin'd over *gen'ral* empire, rising, *THERE*.

HENCEFORTH, let none the strength of states
compare :

Nor what they *may* be, judge, from what they
are.

Low the *lord's* genius, all his *realms* the fame :
 The king's breast *wid'ning*, swells his throne to
fame.

Then, pow'r effulging, distanc'd equals find,
 That man's whole, boundless, *diff'rence* dwells in
 MIND.

This truth,—dread dark'ner of each rival throne !
 Well has thy life's long tract of wonders shown ;
 What sudden *fleets* have shadow'd distant seas,
 With flags, that *start* to pow'r, and scorn *degrees* ;
 Gloomng at pleasure, ev'ry hostile shore,
 Far-trembling nations hear new thunders roar ;
 Th' intrepid *Swede* does fortune's *change* upbraid,
 And sees th' assaulted enemy *invade* !

The

The *Dane* finds gratitude too weak for fear,
And hates his *helper's* strength, display'd too near,
The furrow'd *Baltic* a new lord obeys,
And to *strange keels*, reluctant homage pays.
The virgin *Caspian*, he, bold lover ! woos ;
Nor vainly, for her envy'd favour sues :
Grasp'd to his wish, she has her love confess'd,
And giv'n him leave to wander o'er her breast.
Persia's heap'd wealth shall her huge portion be,
And *India's* sovereigns give HER lord the knee.

FROM nameless outlets, endless naval hosts,
Black'ning, still more, the fable *Euxine's* coasts,
Shall teach the *PORTE's* imperial walls to shake,
And the fell *sultan's* iron scepter break.
Grecia's lost soul shall be restor'd, by thee !
Great *saver* ! setting empire's *genius* free !
Then, *Hellespont*, whose stream indignant glides,
And a subjected world's *two bounds* divides ;
Shall feel, while reaching *both*, thy thunder roars,
EUROPE and *ASIA*, trembling, to her shores.
Then, may thy floating empire's conq'ring sweep
New-greet vast *Russia*, round th' *Atlantic* deep.

So, spring the seeds of pow'r, when wisely
sown!

So, pregnant genius plans the future throne!
Mean while, great founder! gath'ring strength,
from blows,

They spread thy glory, who thy arms oppose.
The self-priz'd lords of CHINA's boastful land,
Feel their pride shrink, beneath thy bord'ring
hand!

The trackless wilds, which both vast states disjoin,
Are, ev'n when arm'd with shiv'ring winter,
thine!

O'er realms of snow, thy furry squadrons fly:
And bring, at ease, the dreadful distance nigh!
In vain oppos'd, th' enormous WALL they see;
Proclaim'd defiance can but quicken THEE.

ZEMBLA's white cliffs — eternal hoards
of frost,
Where proud discovery has, so oft, been lost;
Thro' every period of the world, 'till now,
Have check'd all keels, that would those oceans
plow :

Nature's *last* barrier! they all search withstood,
 And bound ambition up, in freezing blood.
 Reserv'd, by heav'n, and, for thy reign, design'd,
 Thy piercing eye shall that dark PASSAGE find.
 Or, east's and west's embracing confines, *shown*,
 JOIN two emerging worlds; and both, thy own.

STOP, headlong muse! — Ah! whither woud'st
 thou go?

Look down, with caution, on the *depths* below:
 Prospects, too *vast*, the rash presumer fright;
 And, dazzling, wound an uncollected sight.
 Congratulate, a while, our *church's* gain,
 And, mingling joy, relax thy wonder's strain.

SHALL, then, at last, beneath propitious skies,
 The *cross*, triumphant, o'er the *crescent* rise?
 Shall we behold earth's long-sustain'd disgrace
 Reveng'd, in arms, on *Osman's* haughty race?
 Shall *christian Greece* shake off a captive's shame,
 And look, un-blushing, at her *pagan* fame?
 'Twill be. — Prophetic *Delphos* claims her own:
 Hails her new *Cæsars* on the *Russian* throne.
Athens shall teach, once more! once more, aspire!
 And *Spartan* breasts re-glow, with martial fire!

Still, still, *Bizantium's* bright'ning domes shall
shine,
And rear the ruin'd name of *Constantine*.

TRANSCENDENT prince! how happy must
thou be!

What can'st thou look upon, *unblest'd*, by thee?
What inward peace must that calm bosom know,
Whence conscious virtue does so strongly flow!
Each fame, of *ages past*, in ruins lies:
How *timely*, therefore, does thy greatness rise,
To fire forgetful thrones, with thirst of praise;
And build *example*, for these *feeble* days!

SUCH, are the *kings*, who make God's image
shine,
Nor blush to dare assert their *right divine*!
No earth-born *bias* warps their climbing will;
No pride, their pow'r — no av'rice whets their
skill.
They poise each hope, which bids the *wise* obey,
And shed broad blessings, from their wid'ning
fway.

To raise th' afflicted, stretch the healing hand,
Drive crush'd oppression from each rescu'd land.

Bold

Bold in alternate right, or sheathe, or draw,
 The sword of *conquest*, or the sword of *law*.
 Spare, what resists not ; what opposes, *bend* ;
 And govern, cool, what they, with warmth, de-
 fend,

How bless'd were man ! would heav'n, here-
 after, please,
 That *all* earth's princes should be form'd like
 these !
 Wish it, O muse ! howe'er the wish be *vain* ;
 It gives *some* joy, to hope th' *unlikeliest* gain.

ADIEU — dread flame ! that bids the *pole* out-
 shine
 The torrid brightness of the burning *line* !
 Drawn by thy beamy force, I still would gaze :
 But my eyes *ake* beneath the' oppressive blaze.
 Descend, rash muse ! — 'tis decent to retire ;
 Thy fall were dang'rous, if thy flight were *higher*.

THOU, too, great prince ! *forbear* th' ador'd
excess !
 Rest—for thy *life* : and make thy glory *less*.

O 3 Heav'n

Heav'n must *reclaim* thee—nor thy absence *bear*,
When earth yields *no new wonder*, worth thy care.

MOURN'D, the near prospect! yet not mourn'd
by ALL!

There *are*, whose humbler glory *waits* thy fall.
When thou, great sun of royalty! shalt *set*,
And pay sad nature's last and surest debt:
Then, earth's *low* lords may boast *their* poor de-
signs,
And ev'ry upstart twinkler think—he *shines*.

THEN, when *no more* thy wonders wake man-
kind,

But dying envy leaves *delight* behind,
Here, while thy steps admiring ages trace,
Where shall amazement, *first*, encomium place?
Arduous decision! *which* most honour won?
Thy *actions*, or the *speed*, with which they're done.

WHEN ROME, that glitt'ring, that immortal
brode name!

Aspir'd to *rule*, and panted after *fame*;
Age copying age, spun length of *patient* will,
And *ek'd* th' oft-breaking thread, with lab'ring
skill. Nor,

Nor, 'till sev'n hundred hard-press'd years were
past,

The late propitious fortune smil'd at last.
Not such slow rise, O prince ! thy RUSSIA fears :
Thou dragg'st not glory from such *depth* of years.
At once resolv'd, *at once*, the columns rise,
Which lift thy dreadful fabrick to the skies.
Form and degrees, let *bounded* spirits need :
Thy soul, *excentric*, moves with in-bred speed !
Makes nature *shake*, and raises, in a *day*,
What, with less ease, in *ages*, shall decay.

So, when young TIME its first great *birth-day*
kept,
And huddled nature, yet, in *chaos* slept ;
Th' eternal WORD, to set distinction free,
But spoke th' almighty *fiat* — LET THERE BE—
Millions of ways, the starting atoms flew ;
Like clung to *like*—and sudden ORDER grew :
A Struggling in clouds, a while, *confusion* lay,
Then died, at once, and lost itself in *day*.

The PICTURE of LOVE.

LOVE is a passion, by no rules confin'd,
 The great first mover of the human mind:
 Spring of our fate ! it lifts the climbing will,
 Or sinks the soften'd soul, in seas of ill :
 Science, truth, virtue, sweetness, glory, grace,
 All are love's influence, and adorn his race ;
 Love, too, gives fear, despair, grief, anger, strife,
 And all th' unnumber'd woes, which *tempest* life,

FIR'D with a daring wish, to paint him right,
 What muse shall I invoke to lend me light ?
 Something divine there lives in love's soft flame,
 Beyond our spirit's pow'r, to give it name !
 How shall I paint it, then ? or why reveal
 A pleasure, and a pain, which all must feel ?

SOUL of thy sex's sweetness ! aid my hope,
 Pride of my reason, and my passion's scope !
 Thou, whose least motion can delight inspire !
 And whose sweet eye-beams shed celestial fire !
 Thou,

Thou, at whose *heav'n-tun'd* voice the dead might
wake!

And from whose face we fatal learning take,
Teach me thy god-like pow'r the heart to move,
Smile on my verse, and *look* the world to love.

FAR, ye profane, from my chaste subject, fly,
Nor stain its brightness with a tainted eye;
What if a thousand ills the wanton prove,
Whose earth-born heat usurps the name of love?
Lovers, *indeed*, are cast in no coarse mould,
How few have, yet, been form'd, though *time's*
grown old!
No wild desire can this proud bliss bestow,
Souls must be *match'd*, in heav'n, tho' *mix'd*,
below.

As fire, by nature, climbs direct, and bright,
And *beams*, in spotless rays, a shining light;
But if some gross obstruction stops its way,
Smokes in low curls, and scents the sullied day:
So love, itself, untainted, and refin'd,
Borrows a tincture, from the colour'd mind;
The great grow greater, while its force they
prove,
But little hearts want room, and cripple love.

CAUTIOUS, ye fated, who frequent the *fair* !
 Your breasts examine, nor too rashly dare,
 Curb your untrusted hearts, while yet, they're
 free,
 Love is resistless, when you feel, 'tis *he*.

SMALL is the soul's *first* wound, from beauty's
 dart,
 And scarce th' unheeded *fever* warms the heart.
 Long we mistake it, under *liking*'s name,
 A soft indulgence, that deserves no blame ;
 A pleasure, we but take, to do *her* right,
 Whose presence *charms* us, and whose words *de-*
light ;
 Whose sweet remembrance broods upon our
 breast,
 And whose dear friendship is, with pride, possess'd.

EXCITED, thus, the smother'd fire, at length,
 Bursts into blaze, and burns, with open strength :
 That image, which, *before*, but sooth'd the mind,
 Now *lords* it there, and rages, unconfin'd.
 Mixing with all our thoughts it wastes the day,
 And when night comes, it dreams the soul away.

Pungent impatience tingles in each vein,
And the sick bosom throbs, with aking pain.

ABSENT from her, in whom alone, we live,
Life grows a bankrupt, and no bliss can give;
Friends are importunate, and pleasure's lost,
What, once, most charm'd us, now, disgusts us
most;

Fretful, to silent solitude, we run,
And men, and light, and noisy converse shun;
Pensive, in woods, on river's sides, we walk,
And to th' unlift'ning winds, and waters, talk;
How, next, we shall approach her, pleas'd, we
weigh,

And think, in transport, all, we mean to say:
Tenderly bowing, *thus*, will we complain,
Thus, court her pity, and, *thus*, plead our pain;
Thus, sigh at fancy'd frowns, if frowns shou'd rise,
And, *thus*, meet favours, in her soft'ning eyes.

RESTLESS, on paper, we our vows repeat,
And pour our souls out, on the missive sheet:
Write; blot; restore—and, in lost pieces, read,
The mute entreaters, yet, too faint, to send;
Unblest'sd,

Unblest'd, if no admission we procure,
'Tis heav'n, at distance, to behold her door !
Or, to her window, we, by night, repair,
And let loose fancy, to be feasted, there ;
Watch her lov'd shadow, as it glances by,
And, to imagin'd motions, chain our eye ;
Has she some field, or grove, or garden blest'd ?
Pleas'd, we re-tread the paths, her feet have
 press'd :
Near her, by chance, at visits, or at plays,
Our rushing spirits crowd, in *speaking* gaze ;
Light, on her varied airs, our eye-balls ride,
Blind, as the dead, to the full world, beside.

IF blest'd, by some kind letter, from her hand,
The cherish'd flame is into madness, fann'd ;
Trembling, we half devour the sacred prize,
And lend our thoughts, and lips, to aid our eyes ;
No wild extravagance of joy's too much,
For aught once warm'd, by her enliv'ning touch.

THESE are the sweet effusions of desire,
When absence wounds us, or when wishes fire ;
But when, in presence, we our vows address,
Who can the tumults of the soul express ?

Boundless

Boundless desire, aw'd hope, and doubtful joy,
Stormy, by turns, the veering heart employ;
Sick'ning, in fancy's sun-shine, now, we faint,
And *licence* wounds us deeper, than *restraint*:
Fix'd, in her op'ning door, surpriz'd, we stay,
Dumb, and depriv'd of all, we meant to say:
Our eyes flash *meanings*, but our rooted feet
Pause, 'till due rev'rence *saints* the hallow'd heat:
Soft tremblings seize us, and a gentle dread,
Speechless our thought, and all our courage fled.

SLOWLY reviving, we, from love's short trance,
Softly, with blushful tenderness, advance;
Bowing, we kneel; and her giv'n hand is prest,
With sweet compulsion, to our bounding breast;
O'er it, in extacy, our lips bend low,
And tides of sighs, 'twixt her grasp'd fingers, flow:
High beats the hurried pulse, at each forc'd kiss,
And ev'ry burning sinew akes, with bliss:
Life, in a *souly* deluge rushes o'er,
And the charm'd heart *springs out*, at ev'ry pore.

THE first fierce rapture of amazement past,
Confusion quits us, and desire grows fast;

We

'Till mingled sighs the fainting voice confound,
But lover's *meanings speak*, tho' fob'd of sound.

Is there no more? oh! yet, the *last* remains!
Crown of our conquest! *sweet'ner* of our pains!
There is a time, when love no wish denies,
And smiling nature throws off all disguise;
But who can words, to speak those raptures find?
Vast *sea* of *ecstasy*, that drowns the mind!
That fierce transfusion of exchanging hearts!
That gliding glimpse of heav'n, in pulsive starts!
That veiny rush! that warm, tumultuous roll!
That fire, which kindles body into soul!
And on life's margin strains delight so high,
That sense *breaks short*, and, while we *taste*, we
die.

By love's soft force, all nature is refin'd,
The dull made sprightly, and the cruel, kind:
Gently, the stubborn passions learn to move,
And savage hearts are humaniz'd, by love:
Love, in a chain of converse, bound mankind,
And polish'd, and awak'd the rugged mind:
Justice, truth, pity, openness of heart,
Courage, politeness, eloquence, and art,
The

That gen'rous fire, with which ambition flames,
And all th' unsleeping soul's divinest aims,
Touch'd, by the warmth of love, burn up more
bright,
Proud of the god-like pow'r, to give delight.

Thus have I vainly strove, with strokes too faint,
Love, in his *known*, and *outward* marks, to paint;
Unmindful, that, of old, they veil'd his face,
And wisely *cover'd*, what they could not *trace*.
Lovely creator of my soul's soft pain,
Pity the pencil, that aspir'd in vain :
Vers'd in *love's* pangs, and taught his pow'r, by you,
Skill'd, I presum'd, that what I felt, I drew ;
But I have err'd ; and, with delirious aim,
Would picture *motion*, and imprison *flame*.
He, who can light'ning's flash, to colours, bind,
May paint love's influence, on the burning mind.
Then, when we *master* him, and give him law,
Then may we chain him, and his image draw :
But who would bind this god, must, captive take,
A power, which all mankind can captive make ;
I am too weak of heart ; yet, I can tell
Those, who dare seize him, where he loves to dwell.
I see him now ; in his own heav'n, he lies,
Close at sweet ambush, in MIRANDA's eyes.

ADVICE to the POETS.

TOO long provok'd, immortal muse ! *for-*
give ;

Rouse a dead world, and teach my verse to live.
Not the *low muse*, who lends her feeble fire,
To flush pale *spleen*, or light up *loose desire* ;
But that bright influence, that expansive glow,
Which, first, in *angel's* numbers learnt to flow ;
E're *time* had struck *eternity*, with shade,
Or day, or night, or space, or form, was made :
Tun'd the *rais'd notes*, at which CREATION grew ;
And *worlds*, and *stars*, and *suns*, and *heav'ns*, shot
new.

She, she, the muse—Oh ! ne'er to be *defin'd* ;
Thou *flame* of *purpose* ! and thou *flow* of *mind* !
Thou *path* of *praise*, by heav'n's first fav'rites, trod,
Thou *voice* of *prophets*, and thou *breath* of God !

I FEEL her now—th' invader fires my breast ;
And my soul swells, to suit the heav'nly guest ;
Hear her, O *Pope* ! she sounds th' inspir'd decree,
Thou great *arch-angel* of *wit's heav'n* ! for thee.

LET *vulgar genii*, sow'r'd, by sharp disdain,
 Pique'd, and malignant, *words low war* maintain,
 While ev'ry meaner art exerts her aim,
 O'er rival arts, to lift her question'd fame,
 Let half-soul'd *poets*, still, on *poets* fall,
 And teach the willing world to scorn them all.
 But, let no muse, pre-eminent as *thine*,
 Of voice melodious, and of force divine,
 Stung, by *wit's wasps*, all rights of rank forego,
 And turn, and snarl, and bite, at every foe.
 No—like, thy own *Ulysses*, make no stay;
 Shun *monsters*, and pursue thy streaming way.

WIN'N, by the muse's god, to rise, sublime,
 What has thy fame to fear, from peevish rhyme?
 Shalt *thou*, decreed, 'till time's own death, to live,
 Yet want the noblest courage—to forgive?

SLANDER'D, in vain, enjoy the spleen of foes;
 Let these, from envy, hate; from *int'rest*, those!
 Guilt, like the first, your *gratitude* requires;
 Since none can envy, 'till he, first, admires:
 And nature tells the last, his crime is none,
 Who, to *your int'rest*, but prefers his own.

DISGRAC'D, by *victory*, where we strike too
low,

And, meanly furious, stretch the *stooping* blow,
Pride, that *provokes* revenge, *misleads* it, too;
Return of slander is the *weak* man's view:
The *Wise* expect it, with a cold disdain;
And, while they *not* receive, *retort* the pain.

SHOU'D ev'n hot rashness *erring* javelins throw,
And strike our friendly breast, *suppos'd* a foe?
How *nobler*, *still*, to undeceive, than blame!
And chasten insult, with the *blush* of shame?
Never, ah! never, shall that worth be found;
Which neither *malice*, nor *mistake*, can wound.

THUS far, might ev'ry strength of heart extend;
Thus far, can *ethic springs* our tempers bend:
Thus far, the thoughts of *saints*, or *kings*, may
rise,
And each *known* greatness, of earth's *usual* size:
But, far more tow'ring, still, the *poet's* fires!
Whose *breast*, a ray, from God's own heart, in-
spires.

HEROES, and saints, *rise, rare ---- yet, still,*
they rise ;

And time's full stream, each *common art* supplies.

Philosophy's proud heights are hourly gain'd,

And *painting's* charms, and *musick's* force attain'd:

But, when the deathless POET is to shine,

Long-lab'ring ages swell the *slow* design.

At length, *he comes* : the *birth* of time appears !

And heav'n smiles, *satisfy'd*, a thousand years.

STRANGE greatness, this ! with which com-
par'd, *priest, saint,*

King, hero, and philosopher, sound faint !

He's none of these, whom *time* shall poet call,

But *more* than either, and *creates* them all.

LEARN, *poets*, learn, th' importance of your
name ;

And, conscious of your pow'r, *exalt* your aim.

Soul-shaking sov'reigns of the passions, *you*

Hold wider *empire*, than the *Cæsars* knew.

While clam'rous *rhét'ric* but suspends the mind,

And whisp'ring *morals* sigh, unheard, behind ;

While

While frail *philosophy* but starts designs,
 And *revelation's* light too distant shines,
 Ardent, and *close*, the muse maintains her sway,
 And the consenting wishes make her way :
 E'vn *pride's* rash plunge, the *poet's* curb endures ;
 And ev'ry passage to the heart, is yours.

SCORN, then, the servile *imitators* name,
 Nor, humbly splendid, wear *cast coats* of fame :
 Lean not, *sustain'd* — a weight, no muse *allows* !
 Pilf'ring the faded bays, from *classic* brows ;
 Nor creep, contented, in the modern way ;
 A dry, dull, soft, low, languid, tiresome lay !
 But, strongly sacred, and sublimely warm,
 Strike the aw'd soul, and the touch'd passions
 charm :

'Till the stern *cynic*, soft'ning at your strain,
 Feels himself *mov'd*, and hugs the pleasing pain.
 While *lazy lovers*, from their languor, start,
 And gain a *conquest*, tho' they *lost* a heart.

SUCH wond'rous *change* can *harmony* command !
 For heav'n lent nature to the *poet's* hand ;
 Gave him, the passion's boundless pow'r to *know* ;
 And, like a *god*, distribute joy and woe :

Taught the *tun'd nerves*, at each known sound,
to spring,

And *bound, obedient*, to the warbling string:

Bad the blood's current, in compliance, roll;

And the charm'd spirits rush, in tides of soul,

YE, who feel, strong, this pow'r, that heav'n
has lent,

Be your rais'd hearts, with equal ardour, bent:

Dare to praise virtue, tho' *unrais'd, before*;

Lance your keen satires at *oppressive pow'r*:

Be worth, *obscure*, by your bright genius, fought,

And gild its paleness, in your sun of thought;

Lift it to notice; give it strength to move,

And teach dull greatness, how to *know and love*.

WITH nerves of *thought*, invig'rate *many*
themes;

Nor, idly, sport, in fancy's *empty* beams;

Let no base *flatt'ry* tempt your verse astray,

Nor a *light laughter* a low taste display.

In wit's cold *shallows* wade, for shame! no more,

Her *soundless ocean* tempts you, from the shore:

Up her vast *sleeps*, launch, with intrepid climb,

And swim, thro' ages, down the stream of time.

THO'

Tho' faint, thro' modish mists, *religion* shines,
 Oft, let her sacred soarings *lift* your lines :
 Oft, let your thoughts take fire, at that *first* flame,
 From whose bright effluence inspiration came.
 Th' almighty *god*, who gave the sun to blaze,
 Voic'd the *great poet*, for his maker's praise :
 First, for his *glory*, form'd the world's extent ;
 Then, form'd a *language*, for that glory, *meant*.
 Hence, have all tow'ry minds, sublimely fir'd,
 With in-born strength, to their own heav'n as-
 pir'd ;
 While conscious *pertness*, for such heights unfit,
 Safe, to slight subjects, pins its puny wit.

Lives there a man, whose breast, with ho-
 nour, glows ?
 Who, wrong'd, by friends, forgives, and pities,
 foes ;
 Who, still deserving, never gains success,
 But lives, oppress'd, by shunning to oppress ?
 Who can all grief, for his own woes, restrain,
 Yet melts, in gen'rous tears, at *other's* pain ?
 Teach him, O muse ! to wish no monarch's sway,
 Greater, in want, than, in dominion, they !

For, oh! --- what diff'rence! 'twixt th' effulgent
mind,

That longs for light, lest *others* should be *blind*,
And *him*, who, wanting nothing, *grasping all*,
Seems great, himself, because all, round, look
small!

Or, does a softer subject suit your mind?
Fond of the *fair*, and, to their int'rest, kind;
Pity some maid, whom modest wishes move,
Unblest'd, by fortune, yet inspir'd, by love;
Fair, without followers, without art, sincere,
Prais'd, without hope, and, without conquest, dear:
There, let the *muse*, the *rights of beauty* prove,
For all are equal, by the laws of *love*.
There let the muse perswade, on virtue's side,
And teach *lame* love to leap the *bars* of pride:
The pains of passion let the *muse* impart,
And, to soft yieldings, mould the stubborn heart.

ARE there, whose rais'd distinction *sweetly*
shines,
And whom high fortune fill's with high designs?
Who, greatly *blessing* all, o'er whom they rise,
Smile on th' inferior world, with friendly eyes

Or

Or, whom the love of useful *arts* inspires ?
Or, whom *faith, gratitude, or friendship*, fires ?
Or, whom, by *Charity's* soft glowings, warm'd,
All vice has fled from, and all virtue charm'd ?
These, and all these, deserve the *musè's* strain ;
At once, adorn, and are adorn'd, again.

SHINES there a *captain*, form'd, for war's con-
troul,

Born, with the seeds of conquest, in his soul ?
By *envy*, driv'n to trust his *in-bred* store,
And, still, the *less* supply'd, *renown'd* the more ?
'Gainst foes, and *friends*, at once, compell'd to
guard,

But *hardest* press'd, by those, for whom, he warr'd ;
Victor, alike, *supported*, or *betray'd*,
And obstinate, in his oppressor's aid ;
Pointing, superior, from the heights, he won,
To teach his rash supplanters *what to shun*.

Disclaiming *vengeance*, while secure of *fame*,
And *griev'd*, not *angry*, at his country's *shame* :
Fearless of flatt'ry, here, *confess* the great,
And, to wrong'd glory, lend the *musès* weight.
To crowns, and senates, hold a daring light,
And, 'spite of *M——'s*, do a *M——* right.

SHOU'D

SHOULD *wit's* high guardians e'er their charge
 neglect,
 Nor watch her *waning*, nor her growth protect,
 Cold, and unmov'd, see *tragic* warmth decay,
 And *epic* splendor fade, unfelt, away ;
 While, in their place, low tastes the land defame,
 Jest, without words ; and laughter, without
 shame !

Poets expell'd the *stage*, supremely *theirs*,
 And the bays with ring, round the heads of *play'rs* ;
 Then should the muse, indignant, wake the
 throne,
 And the whole thunder of her voice be shown.

O ! THAT all verse would *senseless* sound expel,
 And the big *subject* bid the numbers swell !
 But, ah ! far short th' unsolid tinklers rise ;
 Nor *soar*, but *flutter*, in the muse's skies.

SHAME on your *jingling*, ye soft sons of rhyme !
 Tuneful consumers of your reader's time !
 Fancy's light *dwarfs* ! whose feather-footed
 strains,
 Dance, in wild windings, thro' a *waste* of brains !

Yours

Yours is the guilt of *all*, who, judging wrong,
 Mistake *tun'd nonsense*, for the poet's song,
 Provoking dulness ! what a *soul* has he,
 Who fancies *rhyme*, and *measure*, POETRY !
 He thinks, profanely, that this gen'rous art
 Stops, at the *ear*, with pow'r to shake the *heart*.

For twice nine cent'ries, why has partial fame,
 O'er *worthier Romans*, swell'd th' *Augustan* name ?
 O'er *Julius*, nobler, and of mightier mind ?
 O'er ev'n *Vespasian*, darling of mankind ?
 What, but the *muse*, this lasting diff'rence made ?
 Pleas'd *poets* lent the world's great lord their aid :
 And, from their grateful praise, consent first grew,
 That he, who *rais'd* the arts, *surpass'd* them, too.

THINK, ye vain statesmen ! whose self-pointed
 aims

Die, with your dust, nor save your bury'd names,
 Think, on the crowds of *busy cyphers*, lost,
 Who, once, like *you*, their sov'reign's smiles en-
 gross'd !
 Cloudily, bustling, fill'd a realm, alone,
 And, with state curtains, skreen'd the darken'd
 throne :

'Twixt crown, and subject, stood an envy'd wall,
 Bought, built, clear'd, clouded, and decided all:
 Yet, dead for ever, in *dumb* graves are laid,
 And rest, *forgotten*, with the noise they made.

No *Richelieu's* they—nor knew the poet's pow'r,
 Nor, skill'd to *plant*, invok'd the genial show'r:
 Hence, their dry names, in *happy haste*, decay,
 And ev'ry barren glory fades away.

In peace, *such themes* demand the poet's fire,
 Such subjects raise th' exalted art, still higher:
 But, if provok'd too far, some way'ring state,
 Push'd, and insulted, in perplex'd debate,
 Feels her slow patience blush, — and, *tir'd*, at
 length,

Weighs 'her *mean wrongs*, against her mighty
 strength;

If, then, wish'd WAR th'exerted genius *warms*,
 And glowing *verse* would rouse a realm to *arms*,
 Then, the *joint muses* animate the song,
 And the *whole godhead* pours the sound along:
 Then, the big notes, in tun'd excitement, roll,
 Bid the blood boil, and wing the wafted soul:

Courage,

Courage, impatient, burns in ev'ry breath;
And a *taught brav'ry* leaps the lines of death.

THESE are the seasons, O, ye muse-inspir'd!
When *states, unwarlike*, may, to war, be fir'd;
Then, pow'rful verse should long-lost heroes
raise,
And kindle glory, at the catching blaze:
Arthur's great ghost, unresting, and agham'd,
That *William's brav'ry* saw the brave *defam'd*,
Shining, *redeem'd*, in honour of our land,
Wou'd *smile*, to 'scape the *knighted tort'ers* hand,
Then, might our great, *third Edward's* awful
shade,
Hem'd with ris'n standards, dreadfully display'd,
Pale, from his tomb, in *epic* strides, advance;
And shoot cold horror thro' the heart of *France*.
Wide, o'er the *reading* world, extend alarms,
And warn *proud states* to shun *Britannia's* arms.

OR, since the muses sons, in *courts*, are known,
And, pleas'd, pay homage, round a *reigning*
throne,
Why are they slow, to sing the *saxon* fame?
From whose long lineage, sov'reign *Brunswic*
came :
When

When their **WHITE COURSER**, by brave *Hengist*,
 Did, first, in *Albion*, war's wav'd pomp adorn :
 While *German* aids thy cliffs, O *Britain*! scal'd,
 To triumph, where ev'n *Rome's* great help had
 To save, and give forgetful *England* NAME ;
 To plant a race, that know not whence they came ;
 To lend us language, to express our fires,
 In grateful railings, at our *German* fires.

Thus, O ye happy few, ! for glory, born,
 Whose starry wreathes your country's fame adorn,
 Waste not, on vulgar themes, your breathing fire,
 But tune, for gen'rous ends, your living lyre :
 Teach the mistaken world a juster rate,
 To court your praises, and to dread your hate.
 Then, when kind heav'n inspires the vast sublime,
 And your verse lives, and claims the stamp of time,
 Hist'ry shall die, and scarce preserve a name ;
 While poets flourish, in immortal fame.

How have endanger'd ballancers of state
 Liv'd, in light ign'rance of the muse's weight ?

How

How might a *guided stage* men's wills *prepare*,
 To brook *tame* PEACE, or with *reluctant* WAR!
 How might the subtle scene our passions *wind*!
 And the watch'd arms of *young* sedition *bind*!
 How *timely* might this pow'rful art *persuade*!
 How make light lovelier, and illumine shade!
 Ease statesmen's labours, animate their aims,
 Adorn their actions, and embalm their names!

SHOU'D *W*——'s self, unconscious of the *muse*,
 Provoke her vengeance, or her rev'rence lose,
 In vain were *votes*! she could his pow'r defy,
 And bid his blacken'd mem'ry *never die*:
 Shade his best virtues, widen each mistake,
 And his hop'd fame, from *unborn ages* take.
 Or, she could force *unwilling* praise to climb,
 And float him, topmost, on the tide of time;
 Bid millions *bless* him, ages after death,
 And give new life, in a charm'd people's breath:
 When no skill'd antiquary finds his *bust*,
 And his *proud buildings* shall be lost, in dust.

PARDON, ye living lights! where-e'er you
 shine,
 Ye, blest *elect*! ye *prophets*, of the *nine*!

Pardon,

Pardon, that I, whom fainter flames inspire,
 Have, thus, presum'd to *point* your heav'nly fire:
 To make the great *more great*, requires your skill;
 I want the pow'r, nor ev'n possess the *will*.
 While to *myself*, I *live*, obscurely *blest'd*,
 Look round the *busy* world, and *bug* my *rest*;
 Plac'd below greatness, and above distress,
 I pity *pow'r*, and hold fast *happiness*:
 Pursue no int'rest, no mean prospect raise;
 Reject no censure, and invite no praise.

The IMPARTIAL.

ARE these the marks, then, of our pro-
 mis'd shame!
 Or did detraction steal the patriot's name?
 Weak, if we were, how rose we, now, so strong?
 Or whence, if pow'rful, were we scorn'd, so long?
 Burn, footy slander, burn thy blotted scroll:
 Greatness is greatness, 'spite of faction's soul.

I GAZE, astonish'd kingdom, o'er thy face,
 And each weigh'd wonder, to its fountain, trace.

Glory

Glory flows in, where infamy was spread :
 And long-lost triumph lifts her tow'ring head.
 Warm, o'er the icy *north*, thy influent awe
 Bids hostile leagues *dissolve*, in friendly thaw.
 Up *Rhine's* strong stream, *Britannic* thunders
 wind,

And *Alpine* mountains shake, and states, behind.
Austria's plum'd eagle, beak'd, and wing'd, once
 more,

Sees baffled *Bourbon* driv'n, from shore, to shore.
 Sea-hook *Ausonia*, red, with warring hosts,
 Starts, from her *Adrian*, to her *Tyrrhene* coasts.
 Ev'n *Rome's* imperious *mitre* learns to bow,
 And *Spain's* THALESTRIS is but *woman*, now !

WHENCE this, amazing change ? — 'twas, late,
 all, *fear* :

No warring god, invoc'd, inclin'd his ear.
 Tyrants, combin'd, found freedom's rights be-
 tray'd :
 Faith, fast-expiring, saw the false invade,
 Commerce cajol'd, reluctance brib'd, rage tame :
 Ev'n *empire* trod on — yet, untouch'd, by shame !
 Then was the *crisis* ; then, fate's hand appear'd :
 Then, might the world be deaf, for *Britain* heard.

Wave-worship'd *Britain* ! one, to all, oppos'd !
 By friends, deserted, and, by foes, inclos'd,
 Fills the world's eye, dispels the *doubter's* care ;
 Bids the bold tremble, and the backward dare :
 High, to the nations, points their *guardian's*
 throne,
 And acts, and arbitrates, and shines, *alone*.

AND have such fires inflam'd a patient reign ?
 Immortal heav'n ! and must we, still, *complain* ?
 Still, must we rail, and blacken, and suspect ?
 At once, curb vigilance, and *goad* neglect ?
 Deep let my soul detest th' *adhesive* pride,
 That, changing sentiment, unchanges side :
 True, to contempt of truth, repents, within,
 Yet, screens conviction, and *strains hard*, to sin.

SHAME on this craft, to *fear* ! — this toil, to
 seem !
 O heart, indignant, fly th' unmanly scheme ;
 Blush, for thy past injustice ; shrink no more ;
 But wake, and wonder, thou wert dark, before !
 Learn, from *whose hand* th' unlook'd-for effluence
 came ;
 And, in the teeth of insult, *sound his name*.

WHAT

WHAT, tho' some friend, thou lov'st, had
 narrower fight?
 Truth knows no parties, and involves, like light.
 Shadows, and names fright cowards — but the
 strong

Ne'er call that *lightness*, which is *scorn* of wrong.
 Dare to be just, 'tis all that brav'ry means;
 He stoops too basely, who, to *flatt'ry*, leans:
 But, whom pale *prejudice* has taught his part,
 Born, for a slave, wears fetters, on his heart;
 Sees, undiscerning; feels, without his touch:
 Judges, too little, and decides too much.

POETS have nobler souls: fame's paths they
show;
 They glow themselves, and teach the world, to
 glow.

Satire's whole pow'r their own — yet, *praise* they
chuse,
 Ev'n of unconscious kings, who slight the muse.
 Proud of neglected force, each heav'n-touch'd
 mind,
 Open, to reason, is, to int'rest, blind.
 Self, all unthought of, can, for others, think:
 Swim, 'till the state *rides safe*, then, smile, and *sink*.

Lift, ev'n the worth that hates him ; love it *shown*;
 And, for his country's joys, exclude his own,
This is to think, like *muses*, act, like MAN:
 This *Princes* OUGHT to feel—and *poets* CAN.

YE, once misguided ! is retraction *vain* ?
 Trust the brave injur'd : nor persist to stain.
 Why should *suspicion* penitence out-live ?
 None doubt forgiveness, but who ne'er forgive.
 HEAV'N has been wrong'd, yet, still, goes on, to
 bless ;
 For sins of blindness err, *beneath* distress.
 So wrong'd, so pard'ning, *Cart'ret* heeds no foe ;
 But *saves* — unangry, at the *rage* below.

OFF, with these shackly *quoils*, of twin'd in-
 trigue ;
 These nets for liberty, these links of league.
 Trite, venal, *cant* ! which envy's arts can teach
 To censure ev'ry pow'r, we fail to *reach*.
 No gen'rous heart, misdrawn to devious *beat*,
 When truth's new lustre shines, disclaims its heat.
 Charm'd, and surpriz'd, I *bug* my country's fame ;
 Compar'd, O heav'n ! with years of length'ning
 shame.

YE sons, who love her, weigh the threat'ning
 swell,
Of *Spain*, *France*, faction, calumny, and hell!
Weigh, with what *speed*, repell'd, from mound
 to mound,
Subsiding danger, fought her *bidden* bound!
Hail the white cliffs of *Albion*, held, serene,
While round her, redd'ning, rolls the *bloody* scene.
I hail it, *all* : — and hail th' acknowledg'd *cause*,
Hail the mind's *reach*, that gives earth's uproar
 laws!
Safe, mid surrounding *menace*, guards mankind;
Guides ev'ry council! busies ev'ry wind!
Shakes the world's shakers! *bears*, for land and
 main,
And binds fell tyrants, while they bite their
 chain.

YE muse-made *Mentors*! rais'd, on fancy's
 wings,
To think, for heroes, and to reign, for kings;
When cou'd your sons of time's *feign'd* births, do
 more?
For, ne'er true story reach'd *these heights*, before.

FAV'RITES have, *oft*, in many a troubled state,
 Poiz'd the *king's* love, against the *people's* hate ;
Oft, the firm leader, in some patriot scheme,
 Has, with bold steerage, *stemm'd* the *royal* stream:
 And, *sometimes*, too — yet rare, too rare, that
 praise !

The safe, at home, *abroad*, have gather'd *bays*.
 But NONE, 'till *Cart'ret* rose, e'er hop'd to see
 One mast'ring genius *grasp* *tb'* UNWILLING

THREE !

Prince *half* confiding — people *all* unjust —
 Abroad *all* discord, and, at home, *distrust* —
 Propp'd, on himself, like the world's *weight*, he lay,
 And thro' *contention's* impulse, shap'd his way ;
 Heard the clash'd elements, despis'd their brawl,
 Roll'd on, self-centred — and *inorb'd 'em all*.

The

The LOVER'S Complaint.

IF, on the tow'ring *Alps*' amazing height,
 Whose cliffy tops our climbing eyes affright,
 And, with chill horror, strike the startled sight,
 If, there, *Celinda*, thou had'st chanc'd to be
 The piny product of some teeming tree;
 Tasteless, of human pity, might'st thou grow,
 And, forc'd to bend, when ruffling tempests
 blow,
 Nod, angry, at the plains, that spread, below.
 Ev'n pines, and oaks, can bend to stones, and be
 More flexible, than thy strong hate, to *me*!
 The greedy ocean, whose insatiate waves
 Flow, to devour; whose smoothest smiles are
 graves;
 Of all its monstrous forms, has none so cold,
 Nor does one rock, in its vast bosom, hold,
 That, had it sense, such cruelty would show,
 To triumph, in the shipwreck'd sailor's woe:
 Nothing, in nature, does, so fix'd, remain,
 But love's soft fire can gradual entrance gain,
 And all, but thee, once lov'd, will love again.

The Transport.

I.

MOUNT my freed soul ! forsake thy
 loof'ning clay,
 Broadly, at once, expand thy wingy zeal,
 Rapture, involv'd in raptures, feel,
 And, thro' yon dazzling regions, cut thy way !
 See ! see ! as 'twixt the op'ning worlds, I soar,
 Millions of beck'ning joys, at once, in view,
 Draw me, still, onward, thro' th' unfathom'd
 sky !
 Ravish'd ! o'erwhelm'd ! amaz'd ! I fly,
 'Midst pleasures, which, before,
 My boldest flights of fancy never knew !
 Oh ! thou dim speck ! thou dusky earth ! farewell,
 From height, like this, I see thee, plainly, now !
 Thou art, at best, a kind of hope-cool'd hell !
 I see, and I detest thy painted pride !
 What sun-guilt bubbles all thy grandeurs are !
 What gugaws all thy tinsel'd ware !
 Oh ! who that saw thee, hence, could swell, with
 pride !

HARK !

II.

HARK ! how the starry vaults of heav'n resound !
With shouts, that shake the rolling orbs around !

Kindly, with earth-assisting care,
Descending angels aid th' o'erloaded air !

And my too weighty burthen, upward, bear !

High-flooding tides of rapture sense confound !

Where am I, now ? oh, fiercely glorious view !

The liquid pavement, sparkling, shines,

With star-mix'd adamant, and flaming gold !

Now extacies, past extacies, pursue !

Glory, refulgent, aking sight confines !

My mem'ry lost, my trembling tongue controul'd !

O ! who, with mortal eyes, can heav'n's bright
king behold !

The

The STATESMAN.

SEE'ST thou yon mountain, so immensely high,
 Around whose sky-crown'd head raw tem-
 pests fly !

How, low'ring darkly, o'er the shadow'd plain,
 It hangs, the genuine seat of horror's reign !

Its craggy fides hold, thin, a sterile soil,
 Which, promising no harvest, tempts no toil !

No grazing cattle crop subsistence, there,
 Nor flow'r-fed breezes feast the hungry air !

No soft meand'ring current glides along,
 To court the meadows, with its murm'ring song,
 No lofty spires a wand'ring glance invite,

Nor wind-shook woods arrest the ravish'd sight !
 All rough, and wild, it rears its rocky head,
 Severely awful, and un-lovely spread :

From its cold top, soil-sweeping torrents flow,
 Form'd, by unfruitful floods of native snow !

Sorrow sits, brooding, on its furrow'd face,
 And desolation covers all the place,

See'st thou all this, fond *youth* ! so charm'd, with
state ?

Such is the envy'd blifs, that gilds the *great* !

Such

Such are the barren honours they enjoy !
For such distinction, they their cares employ !
They move our *pity*, while they tempt our *fight* ;
High above all, indeed, but *fruitless*, in their
height.

SOLITUDE.

WELCOME, cool breeze, to fan my glowing
mind,

Cinder'd, with fev'rish cares, and constant woe !
Welcome, soft bliss, by gracious heav'n, design'd,
The out-worn paths of antient peace to show,

The road, which wisdom loves to go,
And teach aspiring *man* true happiness to know.
In thy sweet shades, uninterrupted, reigns,
Free from care-toil'd nature's strains,

The downy god of ease !

In thee, the innocent, and life-blest'd swains,
Unsway'd, by low desire of worldly gains,

Their uncorrupted senses, justly, please ;
Nor know the penetrating curse of pains,
But travel, smoothly, up to death, by mild, and
slow degrees.

ON

II.

ON thy calm coasts, no whirlwind doubts we find,
 No terrifying blasts to break soft sleep :
 No self-rais'd tempests shake man's hurry'd mind,
 For question'd riches, which the wild winds sweep,
 Along the furrow'd bosom of the deep ;
 And which, ev'n e'er we *gain*, we fear to *lose*.

No watchful guards, in thee, we need to keep,
 But rest, in peaceful slumbers, duely find,
 Nor feel the killing cares, which great men, mad-
 ly, chuse.

III.

SMOOTHLY, revolving years,
 Unloaded, with a needless weight of fears,
 Slide, unperceiv'd, and steadily, away :
 Safe, in the humble shelter of content,
 Our apprehension, easy, and unbent,
 Sometimes, but seldom, looks abroad, to know,
 How things, about us, go.
 Sometimes, we, upward, deign to cast our eye,
 And view, with curious scorn, the gath'ring
 clouds,

Which

Which warring princes, plac'd, for mischief, high,
Supinely, sit, and bid, against each other, fly :
From coverts, where our choice our fortune
shrouds.

We see all this, and hear the noise it makes ;
As one, well-hous'd, sees the blue light'ning fly,
And hears the rolling thunder shake the sky ;
While he, regardless, where the tempest breaks,
Without the *danger*, the *delight* partakes :
Thus, while, on earth, our bodies, happy, stay,
While, here, our joy-finn'd moments swim away ;
Our elevated minds, above the spheres,
Forget their weak-built tenement of clay ;
And by the trying fire of reason, grow
So pure, so free, from thought-disord'ring sin,
That when, from life, on their last call they go,
In large expanse of soul, they, upwards, flow,
And rather mix *with* heav'n, than dwell *therein*.

On Mr. Cowley's introducing Pindaric Verse.

I.

SACRED soul! harmonious swan!
Whose sweetest notes, long before death,
began!

And the long tuneful race, unwearied, ran!
Long, before death, began the song; and still the
song improv'd,

And still new strings, and still new pleasure
mov'd!

How, mighty muse! did'st thou, and thou, alone,
(For the gigantic task was all thy own)
Find means to draw such unexhausted store,
From springs, which were so poor?

From fountains, choak'd with blood, and made,
by dust, impure.

How, 'midst an iron age,
The dreadful, and the over-acted stage,
Of undistinguish'd scenes of rage,
Where striving merit, struck, by mis'ry, fell;
And all, that learning, then, could teach, was,
how to suffer well.

How,

How, in this toilsome age,
Did'st thou, immortal man! when arts were
overthrown,

When all the muses garden was o'ergrown,
And whole *Parnassus* tumbled down,
Stand on its ruins, and erect a new one, of thy own.

II.

YET, as within the all-enlight'ning sun,
Some spots our glasses find, amidst the blaze,
Too small, tho' visible, to look on, long,
Because encircled, with eye-dazzling rays;
So thou, great king of fancy! led astray,
By thy high-melted muse, uncurb'd and gay,
And prancing proudly on, in wit's unmeasur'd
way!

Ha'st err'd, in judgment, where thou did'st design,
Thy judgment, most should shine!

But all that's *human*, in thy verse, is lost, in the
divine.

Immortal man! thou dost, too rashly, blame
The wasteful spirit of thy gloomy times,

Ev'n of that age of crimes,
Which gave the fate of suff'ring *Charles* to fame!

Short

Short-fighted man, scarce ever aiming right,
 Tho' eagle-ey'd, in mortal fight,
 Oft, thus mistakes, for chance, heav'n's well-
 resolv'd decree,
 And does, against it, fight!
 That, which lights, to shadows, are,
 Or peace, to war;
 Such was that age, to thee!

Such contraries almighty wisdom finds,
 And stamps on human minds;
 That virtue's visage made, thereby, more bright,
 May, when set opposite to sin's black night,
 To strike all eyes, that shall her lustre see,
 Shine out, with double force, and doubly charm-
 ing be.

III.

So fell the royal martyr, to convince
 The wond'ring ages since,
 How blest their fathers were, in such a prince!
 Oh! wond'rous! mystic! undiscover'd maze!
 What *man* can search his *God's* untrodden ways!
 Hence our slow learners, late, are taught lost
 worth to idolize!

And

And, hence, our long posterity shall know,
 (What heav'n, thence, meant to show)
 How many curses three torn nations owe
 To *zeal's* hot sons, who, really, *had* no eyes,
 And *pride*, who *saw* truth, *plain*, and, *seeing*, durst
despise.
 So, too, immortal subject of my muse!
 The fav'rite theme, she loves to chuse!
 So, too, the fable ignorance of that age,
 Like *foils*, which lustre can, to diamonds, give,
 Inspir'd thy sacred muse, with that just rage,
 Which greatly handing up to fame,
 Thine, and thy sov'reign's rescu'd name,
 Shall ev'n thy *Pindar's* praise, but in thy works,
 outlive.

The Miracle at Cana.

WHEN Christ, at *Cana's* feast, by pow'r
 divine,
 Inspir'd cold water, with the warmth of wine,
 See! cry'd they, while, in red'ning tide, it gush'd,
 The bashful stream hath seen its god, and blush'd.

On hearing a very dull Sermon.

IF, who would speak things *well*, must make
 them *clear*,
 And souls are touch'd, most strongly, thro' the ear,
 If none *convince*, but they, who, first, *perswade*,
 These preaching quacks, of heav'n, mistake their
 trade :
 Who cloak their brightness, with a cloud of *form*,
 And *freeze* the fancy, which they ought to *warm*.

Arria and Pætus, from Martial.

WHEN, from her breast, chaste *Arria*
 dragg'd the sword,
 And, faintly, reach'd it her expecting lord ;
 My wound, said she, but wastes unvalu'd breath,
 'Tis thine, dear *Pætus*, gives the *sing* to death.

An

An EPI TAPH.

WH Y in such thoughtless haste? O stay,
 and know,
 The dust, now mould'ring here, once hurried, so!
 If *will*, to serve, or *art*, to please mankind,
 If being mild, just, gen'rous, and kind;
 If harmless mirth, free friendship, stinging truth,
 Unswerving judgment, and un-erring youth;
 If these cou'd e're have brib'd the dart of *death*,
 This grave's gay tenant still had kept his breath:
 Stay, then! and lend one sigh, to mourn his fate,
 So may *your* loss be griev'd! so may your death
 be late.

Teresa, to Du-Mont.

SUPERSCRIPTION.

Go, happy letter! go,
 Into his hands, whom I adore, go, fly!
 And, if he asks for *me*, tell him I die!

The LETTER.

I.

I Took the paper, in my trembling hand,
Which, having writ your name, my pen
confi'd:

And forc'd my hasty will, to make a stand,
While love's imperious tempest shook my mind.

II.

Cold, languid sweats, fall, gently, from my
brow,

And, while I strive to write, I love you, well;
My conscious heart whispers — thou know'st not
how!

Alas! thou lov'st him more, than thou can'st tell.

III.

WHAT, then, remains, in this extreme, to do?
Say, trembling hand! cold, icy heart, declare!
You guide my fate: I'm blest, if you prove true,
And nothing, sure! is false, that looks so fair.

SOME

IV.

SOME maids are ruin'd, and no *pity* find !
 But their deceivers were not made, like *mine* ;
 Ah ! who can see thy face, and not be kind ?
 Or stand the *charms* of such a tongue, as *thine* !

Du-Mont to Teresa.

SUPERScription.

Fly, truth's sad bearer, fly !

To her fair hands, who blest my hopes, too late,
 And beg one tear, to mourn thy master's fate.

The ANSWER.

I Read, with pleasing pain, your letter o'er,
 And when, beyond my hopes, I found you
 kind,

To think, I had sworn, I ne'er wou'd see you
 more,

At once, ten thousand passions tore my mind.

II.

THE anchor-heaving ship prepares to sail;
 The winds, malicious, sing, at my distress;
 The op'ning canvas hugs th' officious gale,
 Did ever love chuse such a time, to bless?

III.

ILL-judging sex! high-skill'd, in cruel arts,
 To hide the joy, you give, in mingled pain!
 Sportful, you toy, and fret your slave's fond hearts,
 'Till oaths, or reason, break the galling chain.

IV.

THEN, when but one sad choice remains to take,
 To quit our honour, or wish'd love refuse;
 Too late, you sigh, for your lost servant's sake,
 And proffer treasures, which he dares not use.

To Celinda, desiring him to describe her.

ALAS you know not what you bid me do!
He, who *loves* well, can ne'er distinguish,
too.

To paint you, justly, asks cool reason — I
Thro' passion's faithless glass, should look too high.
If, when I trace you, absent, killing fair!
I catch the aguish influence of despair;
To search you, near, my soul cou'd ne'er endure,
Without dissolving quite, in *love's hot calenture*.

*On the Death of Prince GEORGE, of
Denmark.*

SINCE she, by whom her people all live
blest,
To sorrow's reign, has giv'n her ruling breast,
Grief should be loudly heard, as well as seen,
To noise his death, and mourn our widow'd queen.
The friends of *Anna* must not, silent, weep;
Of streams, 'tis said, the gentlest are most deep!

But grief is *passion*, and, where passion reigns,
Nature scorns decency, and breaks her chains :
Like some fierce wind-driv'n show'r, true grief
appears ;

'Tis but a *breeze*, that is allay'd, by *tears*.

She does, indeed, with sighs, and tears, complain,
Like spring-born zephirs, mix'd, with sprinkling
rain !

But *we*, the cloud, with thunder charg'd, should
spread,

And gen'ral woe speak big, to suit the virtue dead.

Great, as his mercy, should our pity be,

Ah ! who, unmov'd, can yon fair sorrow see ?

The royal *Dane* that treasure long possesst,

Dear, to her soul, and faithful, to her breast !

Free from ambition, innocently great,

'Twixt faction's shoals, he *piloted* the state !

And temp'ring pow'r, tho' lord of sov'reign sway,

Shone bright, yet scorch'd not, like the sun, in

May.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. KEEN.

GRAVELY, inspir'd, we find ourselves, to-day,
 As much inclin'd to preach, almost, as play.
 What moral subject can we, then, advance,
 More edifying, than the turns of chance!
 All earthly blifs rolls, unperceiv'd, away;
 All mortal pow'r but prospers, to decay!
 Time was, when *Rome's* wide zeal took in such
 scope,
 That kings, and emperors stood below the Pope;
 But *holiness*, soon growing out of fashion,
 Dominion thought it time to change her station,
 And snor'd an age out, with the *Spanish* nation.
 That past, t'wards *France*, she wing'd her dreadful
 way,
 And flatter'd *Monfieur*, with all *Europe's* sway.
 Now, we, bold *Britons*, claim her, as *our* right;
 And, next, she talks of turning *Muscovite*!
 Thus, favour'd, by the taste of a late age,
 The tyrant, *tragedy*, engross'd the stage:

Then,

Then, did the sighs of dying heroes move,
And, then, you smil'd on honour, and on love :
But love, and honour, bear too strict a sway,
And our free *Britons* could not long obey !
So tragedy expir'd, with many a groan ;
And *tragi-comedy* usurp'd the throne :
This princess was, it seems, of mungrel nature,
Fair cause for *England's unmix'd* race to hate her !
She reign'd, but little time, and, when she fell,
Brisk *comedy* rose, rul'd, and govern'd well :
Yet, cou'd not independent pow'r maintain,
So, call'd in *farce*, co-partner of her reign :
The syren *op'ra*, next, uprear'd her head,
And, uncontroul'd, her wide dominion spread :
'Till *whim*, great *whim*, hurl'd pow'r, at one
huge throw,
From *opera* — good Lord ! to *puppet-show* !
But 'tis mere folly, to recount past ills !
'Tis *ours*, to please your *tastes*, not check your
wills !
Do but, to-night, forgive our *comic* crime,
We'll get the dev'l, and *Punch*, to please, in time !
Cou'd you but one of our fam'd wits engage,
To write some *opera*, fit for *Punch's* stage ;

The

The *wire-mov'd* heroes, here, should *pipe* their
flames,
 And stride, in *jerks*, to woo their *wooden dames*;
 So, might our ruin'd stage look big, again,
 And break our *rivals*, in *St. Martin's Lane*.

PROLOGUE, *for a Friend.*

PROLOGUES were look'd upon, in former days,
 But as the *porches*, not the *props*, of plays !
 At first, confin'd, in humble tone, to pray,
 They beg'd their hearers smile, upon the play :
 Favour'd, in that, they climb'd, still higher, and
 higher,
 As rising fortune much inflames desire :
 'Till now, our *poets* teach their *judges* sense,
 And damn the *audience*, in the *play's* defence.
 Our author, less presumptuous, bids me say,
 He courts your favour, in a gentler way :
 The untam'd genius of the *British* nation,
 Disdains constraint, but smiles on resignation :
 And when, in love, or wit, we take the field,
 The surest way to conquer, is to yield.

Not

Not but, our *brainless*, has good int'rest, too,
 And might, perhaps, claim *kin*, with some of you,
 But he believes, he says, that, when we've shown
 him,
 The *nearest* to his *blood*, will, first, *disown* him.

The EPILOGUE.

I HAVE been thinking, what *this house* must do,
 To *share* your envy'd favours, with the *new* :
 But find, we strive, in vain, their match to grow,
 While 'tis not *they deserve*, but *you bestow* !
 And no endeavours will advantage give ;
 Our *foes*, who, *cuckow-like*, can *sleep*, and *live* !
 You'll not be angry, gentle-hearted beaux !
 'Tis natural, you know, to hate our foes !
 The *be* controulers of our changeful state,
 With patient silence, bear their falling fate :
 But *women*, wives or virgins, young, or old,
 All claim one grand prerogative — to *scold*.
 Long have we been neglected, *why*, heav'n knows,
 For *tumblers*—*eunuchs*—*fugh*—and *puppet-shows* !

Ye

Ye gods ! that all *new* things shou'd charm the
mind !

New hopes, new cloaths, new faces, gull mankind.

Nay, could but *women* change as fast as *you*,

Your very *wives*, in time, might *please* you, too :

Yet, there's one thing, that all the rest surpasses,

That a *new house* should *please*, ev'n with *old faces*.

Well, Sirs, these flights no *female* pride can bear,

That I, this house's championess, declare ;

We do not only claim kind smiles, from you,

But must be own'd most worthy of them, too.

This, he, who dares deny, provokes my rage,

And I defy him, by this knightly gage :

[throws down a glove]

At twelve, to-night, I'll come, alone, to meet him,

And ne'er trust *woman*, if I don't defeat him.

*On the broad-brim'd Hats, which were
brought over, by the French, about the
Time of the Treaty at Utrecht*

HOW comes it, *Messieurs!* that we see you
wear

Hats, that so much out-swell your usual air?

Had fam'd *Gertruydenburg* beheld this size,

Th' enormous *brims* had spoke the wearers wife,

While, there, proud conq'rors heard your mo-

narch pray,

And, roughly, clipp'd the pinions of his sway;

Then, lost to fortune, and disrob'd of fame,

They'd pass'd for modest cov'rings of your shame.

But, now, you land, triumphant, on our shore.

And *Anna's* thunder has forgot to roar:

While, here, you, smartly, give your master law,

And, from lost battles, vict'ry's triumphs draw:

An *English cock*, methinks, with better air,

Wou'd grace the transport your glad eyes declare:

Change, change, your hideous brims, and timely

chuse,

To strike a bargain, without fear to loose:

There are, at court, they say, who needs must know,

Their heads will soon require a broad *chapeau*.

The SUN-FLOWER.

I.

A Week's long absence had *Liberia* kept,
From those blest floors, which us'd her
feet to kiss:

Returning, she, to view the garden, stept,
The garden, which was half *Liberia's* bliss.

II.

THERE, while descending, 'twixt the terras walls,
She saw a sun-flow'r hang its wither'd head;
To *Philip*, loud, the wond'ring charmer calls,
Tell me, ah, me! how came this sun-flow'r dead?

III.

I know not, Madam, the prompt servant cry'd;
But, for this fortnight past, it strangely pin'd!
I've water'd it, in vain, and all arts try'd;
'Twas, surely, blasted, by some hurtful wind!

IV.

ALAS poor faded sun-flow'r! answer'd she,
And her fair fingers to the stalk directs;
Strait, from behind the leaves, out flies a bee,
And, humming round her, buzz'd its due respects,

V.

BRIGHT maid! it said, disdain not, tho' I'm
small,

To be instructed, in your doubts, by *me*:
That old *wasp*, whom the *god of love* you call,
Is *wing'd*, and *sting'd*, and little, like a *bee*.

VI.

YOUR pity seeks the mournful cause to know,
Why this departed flow'r, thus, hangs its head;
Since *Philip* can't, Oh! give *mé* leave, to show,
The unguess'd accident, by which its dead.

VII.

SOME ten days since, when bolting from your
door,
On this ill-fated spot you fix'd your foot;
This ugly flow'r you cry'd, I can't endure;
And, strait cold grief shot, tingling, to its root.

VIII.

SINCE, then, each hapless hour, in swift decay,
Has, more and more consum'd the with'ring stalk,
And I, alas! must, now, be driv'n away,
To seek chance honey, in some less-lov'd walk.

BUT,

IX.

BUT, let me, fair destroyer ! e'er I go,
 One gentle caution, to your beauty, give,
 Since what you disapprove, must perish so,
 Ah ! watch your words ! and let the *captain* live.

The DISCOVERY.

I.

THIS comes to let *Liberia* know,
 That beauty is so much heav'n's care,
 That all, fine women say, or do,
 Is mark'd, and treasur'd, in the air.

II.

HENCE, I, a stranger to your sight,
 Whose hand, perhaps, you do not know,
 Learn, all you do, by day, or night,
 As by these presents, I shall show.

III.

YOUR memory cannot but retain
 Some hint of little *Pope's* bold muse,
 Who, made, by lady's secrets, vain,
 Did, once, a tell-tale subject chuse.

IV.

HAVE you not read him, where he prates,
Of *Arabella's* ravish'd hair ;
And stories, of those *filphs*, relates,
Whose sweet task is, to guard the *fair*.

V.

I AM that happy *filph*, assign'd,
To screen *Liberia's* breast, from harms ;
To flutter round her, in the wind,
And feast my fancy, with her charms.

VI.

I HAVE you, always, in my view ;
And, t'other day, employ'd my wit,
With nameless lines, to puzzle you,
On the grief-wither'd sun-flow'r, writ.

VII.

I, AT that time, in ambush, plac'd,
Snug, under *Mopsy's* left ear, lay,
And laugh'd, to hear, how wrong you guess'd,
Who thought they came another way.

'T WAS

VIII.

'Twas I, your faithful *filph*, 'twas I,
 That, ever studious of your ease,
 My skill, in verse, resolv'd to try,
 In verse, which, most, the *fair* can please.

IX.

PERHAPS, 'twill startle you, to hear,
 How I, your actions, hourly, watch:
 That, though you see me not, I'm *near*;
 And fly, each straggling sigh to catch!

X.

SOMETIMES, in this shape, sometimes that,
 My various duties I perform;
 Sometimes, astride your rambling *cat*,
 I hide, in *fur*, and shade my *form*.

XI.

BUT, when your stroking hand I feel,
 From the soft back, I leap, with joy;
 My fairy fabrick, still, conceal,
 But *Puss*'s active paws employ,
 And, sportful, with your milky fingers, toy.

XII.

OFT, as you sit, to sip your *tea*,
 In a *fly's* shape, your charms to search,
 Seeking some place, where, best, to see,
 I, on the lumps of sugar, perch.

XIII.

THERE, while, one day, divinely pleas'd,
 I gaz'd, in raptures, on your face,
 Your sugar-tongs the *Captain* seiz'd,
 And me, between two lumps, he squeez'd,
 Half dead, upon the place.

XIV.

BUT I was even with him, soon,
 For, catching him, all gay,
 At the *Park* door, one afternoon,
 With hands, too full of play :
 I took the figure of a *gnat*,
 And, midst his am'rous strains,
 Whisk'd, from your bosom, where I sat,
 And stung his fingers, for his pains,
 But,

XV.

BUT, oh! I tremble, to relate,
 How, by your smile-blest looks, bewitch'd,
 I, lately, 'scap'd a far worse fate;
 While you, with red, and yellow, mix'd,
 At work, on yonder threshold, fix'd,
 Your filky mazes stitch'd.

XVI.

THERE, I, again, a luckless fly,
 Not dreaming any danger near,
 Lay, basking in your sunny eye,
 My little aking heart to cheer.

XVII.

WHEN, on a sudden, through and through,
 Your piercing needle, careless, pass'd,
 And the drag'd silk, swift-following, too,
 Bound down my tiny body fast.

XVIII.

THERE, had I stay'd, transfix'd, 'till now,
 Nor miss'd, nor mourn'd, perhaps, by you!
 But, that the stitch, the lord knows how,
 You lik'd not, and, thank heav'n, withdrew.

XIX.

WHEN, once, with you, your sister *Celia* stood,
Celia! that sweet, and lovely maid!
 Two thoughtless bold park-wand'ring fops were
 rude,
 And you two charmers, both afraid,
 Rush'd in, and fled, dismay'd,

XX.

I, THEN, fair charge! unknown to you,
 By love, and vow'd revenge, inspir'd,
 Did, like a *wasp*, the fools pursue,
 And, sily, down their throats, retir'd.

XXI.

THEN, to their tongue's presumptuous root, I flee,
 And both, with tingling venom, fir'd;
 Now learn, said I, when, next, you see
 Yon tempting pair adorn their gate,
 How sacred modest loveliness should be,
 And what the insolent prophaner's fate!

THUS,

XXII.

THUS, all day long, is *Seraphil*,
Liberia's wakeful *filph* employ'd ;
 So rich a charge claims ten-fold skill,
 And care, so charm'd, can ne'er be cloy'd.

XXIII.

BUT, when, at night, the happy bed
 Receives her snowy limbs, to rest,
 I sleep's soft mist, about her spread ;
 Then, stretch me, blissful, on her breast.

XXIV.

THERE, 'till the full grown morning smiles,
 In downy heavings, lost, I lie,
 Or, wander o'er those charms, 'twixt whiles,
 For which a thousand lovers die.

XXV.

AT last, unwillingly, I rise,
 And seizing fast her rubied lip,
 In a sharp-biting *flea's* disguise,
 I, from her breath, the nectar sip.

XXVI.

AND, then, *Liberia*, starting, cries,
 Duce take this ugly sharp-mouth'd flea!
 But, now I'm wak'd, I think, I'll rise:
 So dresses — and ne'er dreams of *me*!

XXVII.

THUS, have I honestly, at last, confess'd,
 What sort of little scribbling thing I be;
 Left, growing curious, you might wrong have
 guess'd,
 And thought some *other* sent, what came from *me*.

To LIBERIA, with a Squirrel.

THESE, my last lines, I write with bleeding
 heart,

For, oh! *Liberia*, and her *filph*, must part!
 I must no more engross that envy'd care,
 Which angels, now, in crowds, have beg'd to
 share.

Now, I no more must flutter, in your sight,
 And, from your eye-beams, gild my wings, with
 light : No

No more, in fields of air, when *silphs* rejoice,
Dance to the soft-tun'd musick of your voice!
Listen no more, while, in the *Mall*, you walk,
What the admiring crowds, that meet you, talk.
On your right shoulder's tip, no more, shall blaze,
Bright, with the flash of eyes, which, passing, gaze!
And, when, sometimes, you're sad, no more shall I
See myself weep, by peeping in your eye!
These comforts past, and mention'd, now, in vain,
Serve but to make remembrance ake, with pain!
Little, alas! I thought, when last I writ,
That I, so soon, my boasted charge must quit!
But our great king, whom all we *silphs* obey,
Wretch, that I am! commanded me away:
Far off, to eastern shores, I was to go;
Where the proud *turk* keeps love, and woman,
low:
Where full twelve hundred rival beauties strive,
To keep *one* lover's lazy flame alive:
Where female charms are taught the humble
skill,
To court the fancy, and not bow the will:
To this new post preferred, I was to fly;
And pass before the haughty *sultan's* eye;
There,

There, in his glitt'ring palace, gay with state,
On his new fav'rite *sultaneſs* to wait:
But, ah, *Liberia*! by thy ſweetneſs won,
Thy doating *ſilph* was doom'd to be undone;
Theſe proffer'd honours had no charm for me;
I cou'd not taſte a joy, remote from *thee*!
Thou art my *pride*, and, where thou art not ſeen,
Sorrow would catch me, tho' I ſerv'd a *queen*!
This, when I told our prince, he never weigh'd
My grief's juſt cauſe, but thought I diſobey'd.
Swift, he o'ertook me, with an angry vow,
And chang'd me to the ſhape I come in, now.
Scarce had I time, to write my wretched fate,
And beg'd a friend to bring me to your gate;
Helpleſs, and dum, ah! whither ſhould I go,
But to her breaſt, whoſe pitying ſoul I know?
She, who, to *Puſs* and *Mopſy*, kind can be,
Will, ſure! thought I, have ſome concern for me.
Weak, though I am, ſome gratitude is due:
I claim your care, for my paſt care of you.
Elſewhere, I will not my new wants ſupply,
And when *you* ſtarve me, 'twill be time to die.
I may, hereafter, ſome ſmall ſervice do,
For yet my body's weak, and form but new.

If

If you shall please to help me, thro' my youth,
 And, with milk-soften'd bisket, save my tooth;
 Grateful, when I grow up, I'll keep yours strong,
 And crack nuts, for you, all the glad day long;
 If, kindly, you shall bless me, with your care,
 And shield me, from the pinching wint'ry air;
 Close, round your neck, like some warm tippet,
 roll'd,
 In frosty nights, I'll guard you from the cold;
 And while, in your soft hand, you let me play,
 I'll growl the *Captain's* rivals all away.
 Refuse not, then, tho' chang'd, to keep me, still,
 And, oh! remember, *Pug* was *Seraphil*.

The Motto on PUG's Collar.

I AM no common earth-born *Pug*;

My name is *Seraphil*:

Once, I was fair *Liberia's* filph,

And am her servant, still.

*To my dear, and ever honoured Mother ;
in Answer to some Verses, which she
sent me, about Spirits, from Malmesbu-
ry Abbey.*

MADAM, your lovely muse's late employ
Was read, with wonder, and a pride-
mix'd joy :

Fortune, in vain, her batt'ring engines bends,
'Gainst souls, which such a wit-rais'd strength
defends !

Secure, within, you outward storms defy,
And look, serenely, on a-ruffled sky :
So *Philomel*, by night, disdaining rest,
Sings, o'er the pointed thorn, which galls her
breast.

THE busy ghosts, your fancy seems to hear,
Have no design to fright your list'ning ear :
Nor springs their restlessness, from *Rome's* old
pride,
Nor vain regret, that, so long since, they dy'd :
A purer race these bustling spirits are,
And a more noble aim inspires their care !

Some

Some beauteous band of *Nuns* they seem to be :
 Stript to the naked soul, and so set free.
 Thro' death's dark shade your shining form they
 spy,

And trace your virtues, with a ravish'd eye !
 Hence, ev'ry night, allur'd, by fresh desire,
 They press to view the charms, they so admire.

An EPITAPH, *upon a* talkative Lady.

HOW apt are men to *lye* ! how dare they
 say,

When *life* is gone, all *learning* fleets away ?
 Since this glad grave holds *Chloe*, fair, and young,
 Who, where she is, first *learnt* to hold her
 tongue.

A Dia-

A Dialogue between DAMON and PHILEMON, concerning the Preference of a Town Life, to a Country Life.

PHILEMON.

WH Y does not *Damon*, unaspiring swain!
Chuse rather not to live, than live in vain?

From bright examples, thy ambition fire;
Let others honours whet thy dull desire:
Let rustic sports engage the lab'ring hind,
And cultivated acres plow his mind!
Let him, to unfrequented woods, repair,
And snuff, un-envy'd, his lean mountain air;
'Till death, unsought, o'ertakes his heavy pace,
And unfam'd dust consumes his mould'ring race.
Do thou to warmer joys, thy wishes raise,
And taste the pleasure of deserving praise!
If sparkling genius does thy fancy fill,
In muse-led stages, try thy journeying skill:
Or, if thy soul, more roughly, is possess'd,
And struggling valour swells thy glowing breast;
To war's red toils let glory call thee hence,
And draw thy untry'd sword, in *Britain's* just
defence.

DAMON.

D A M O N.

AND why, *Philemon*, to the vicious town !
Not that way lies the road to just renown ;
No virtue prospers, in that barren soil ;
That nursery of unregarded toil !
There, *fools*, and *knaves*, by purchas'd favour, rise,
And shine, beyond the *valiant*, and the *wise* !
Shall hope allure me to the wretched state,
Of cringing at the levees of the great ?
With servile awe, to court a stately nod,
And treat some glorious folly, like a god ?
No ! sooner, I'll the clown's free labours share,
And, with their brutes, a nobler burthen bear !
The wars, I must allow, a gen'rous thought,
A glory, by fame-thirsty spirits sought ;
Who, scorched, *within*, by hot ambition's flood,
Quench passion's fever, in a lake of blood !
'Tis great, to see 'em march thro' cannon's roar,
While sweat-wash'd wounds all-gild their faces
o'er :
To brave the northern blasts, and, with swoln
veins,
Bear scorchings, when the sultry dog star reigns.
But,

But, will your un-nerv'd youth encounter these?
Ah, no! effeminate, they rust, in ease!
And, should our sinewy hinds forsake the field,
France will stand high, when *Britain* learns to
yield.

PHILEMON.

CAN *Damon*, whose bright genius strongly
shines,
Thro' the soft beauties of his tuneful lines;
Can he defend, or muses bless the strife,
Th' inglorious preference of a *country life*?
'Tis not, alone, for *honour*, or *renown*,
The seat of *wit*, and *pleasure*, is the *town*:
To *her*, ungrateful! all those darts you owe,
Which, now, against her battlements you throw,
For, sure! no rural dictates cou'd inspire
The rapt'rous energy of *Damon's* fire!
The cot-bred soul, with ignorance, content,
Is meanly miserable, by consent:
Proud, in his native sloth, he scorns to *think*,
And has no end, in life, but *meat*, and *drink*;
While the brave *learn'd*, whole knowledge bids
him try,
The mystic gulph of deep philosophy;

Wades 'cross the narrow bounds, to reason, giv'n,
Spurns back the measur'd *earth*, and fathoms
beav'n!

Had glory's props, in ages, long since past,
In the rough mould of country life been cast;
A blind stupidity the world had sway'd,
And mother ignorance been, still obey'd:
No deathless wit had crown'd the *Grecian* stage,
Nor skill-mix'd courage grac'd the *Julian* age!
No sun of thought had shin'd, with glorious
beams,

No, seas of knowledge spread their silver streams:
Then, *Damon*, come, to courtly pleasures, fly,
Nor, thus, th' attractive charms of wealth, and
pow'r, deny.

D A M O N.

OH! wou'd this tuneful youth, whose num-
bers flow,
Soft, as the love-inspiring zephyrs blow:
Sweet, as maids look, when, first, they own
their loves,
Smooth, as the down, which feathers *Venus'* doves.
Sweet, as the dulcid streams, from *Hybla* run,
Or, as the bloom, displaying to the sun!

Oh! wou'd he to our silvan shades repair,
 To taste our wholesome, our inspiring air!
 Wou'd he but leave that sable-clouded foil,
 On which *Aurora* never seems to smile;
 What bright, what glorious images would rise,
 From all his thoughts, to emulate the skies!
 For, if such charms, *there*, in his numbers, shine,
Here, they would prove extatic, and divine.
 But, why is *Damon* so ungrateful thought;
 As if the town his humble sallies taught!
 What muse cou'd e'er endure your smoke, and
 noise?
 Your night-alarms, and your tumultuous joys?
 No! 'tis the murm'ring brook, the shad'wy grove,
 And flow'r-dress'd valley, that invite *their* love!
 Then, haste, *Philemon*, to our blisful state,
 And learn to live, before it grows too late.

PHILEMON.

If truth, dear swain! with freedom, might
 advise,
 Thou may'st be *happy*, for I know thee *wise*.
 Quit, for a trial, once, this meagre air,
 And, all impartial, to thy friend repair.

Then,

Then, wilt thou, ever, fix'd with me remain,
And envious rustics tempt thee back, in vain.
Thus, some raw youth, on a domestic shore,
With terror, hears th' encircling surges roar;
Trembling, he sees the threatening tempest roll,
And ev'ry rising billow lifts his soul:
But, when a riper age has call'd him o'er,
To try the pleasures of some foreign shore,
Sad, he returns, nor will, at home, remain,
But pants, to taste abandon'd joys, again.
Your muse, in vain, of boasted prospects sings;
Your flow'ry meadows, and your murm'ring
springs:
Poor short-liv'd scenes of shadow-skimming joy,
Whose pride a change of season can destroy!
The rising floods your valleys over-flow,
And winter spreads your hills, with sheets of
snow:
Autumnal winds strip bare your gawdy trees,
And cold *December* nights your purling currents
freeze.
But *we*, more happy, constant blessings share,
Nor hang our comforts in the changeful air:
Our diff'ring seasons have their different sport,
The park, the play, the tavern, and the court!

Our rolling hours can sweetly wear away
 The utmost moments of the longest day :
 When, tir'd with business, we wou'd care decline,
 We drown the weight of thought, in gen'rous
 wine :
 By that, made sprightly, to the park repair,
 And, eloquently silent, court the *fair* :
 Thence, to the theatre, inspir'd, we move,
 And feast, at once, on mingled wit and love !
 These and a thousand nameless new delights,
 Make our days fruitful, and enrich our nights ;
 While you, 'midst few repeated pastimes, live,
 Nor ever taste the joy, which changing pleasures
 give.

DAMON.

'Tis true, *Philemon*, our autumnal storms
 Disrobe our trees, and strip their quiv'ring forms :
 'Tis true, our liveliest beauties are but short,
 Short as the joys, which recommend your court :
 But these *new* charms, in following springs, ob-
 tain,
 While those, once *set*, shall never rise again
 In vain, your plays allure ; all there, that's fine,
 Does, faintly, to our artless beauties, shine.

Their scenes, as grossly, imitate our groves,
 As their lewd actors, our soft past'ral loves.
 Frequent, their comedies, to please the town,
 Descend to borrow, hence, some wit-grac'd clown.
 The park, their folly's larger stage, charms less;
 An ill-mix'd scene, of noise, grimace, and dress!
 The court, 'tis true, shines out, with tempting
 state;
 For ruin, angling, there, to catch the great,
 Hides the hook, wisely, with attractive bait!
 The joy, which wine can give, like smoaky fires,
 Obscures their fight, whose fancy it inspires.
 Thus, like old Sodom's fruit, that seat of sin,
 Your pleasures, fair, without, are worms, and dust,
 within.

PHILEMON.

Assist me, sacred sisters! aid my voice,
 And guide lost Damon to a nobler choice!
 The crowds of rustics, who, to town, repair,
 And quit, for vulgar hopes, their native air,
 Are gross-form'd vapours, heavily, exhal'd,
 Where profit's sunny influence has prevail'd;
 But those, alone, my friend! are beams, for me,
 Which draw such limpid innocence, as thee!

What pleasures reap you, from the un-prun'd
 field,
 Which cities cannot, more compleatly, yield?
 If, to some peace-blest cot, we wou'd retire,
 An hour's short journey crowns the soft desire:
 There, strait, we taste the sweets, so prais'd, by
 you,
 And, then, return to those, you never knew!
 Ev'n heav'n approves not solitude; else, why
 Did his great will direct society?
 Why did the antients, else, to towns repair,
 And quit, for houses, tents, and open air?
 Would the great *Hebrew* favourite of heav'n,
 To whom, both pow'r and wisdom's charms were
 giv'n!

Wou'd he, on *Sion's* hills, have fix'd his seat,
 Had rural pleasures been, in truth, most sweet?

D A M O N.

WHILE, here, the rosy-fronted morning's light
 Shines o'er the hills, and charms the distant sight;
 While heav'n's gay choiresters, in clouds, arise,
 And, with harmonious warblings shake the skies:
 While we our mirth, with moderation, crown,
 And shun th' excesses of the dangerous town.

Why

Why wou'd *Philemon*, un-advis'd, obtrude,
 On us, the unfelt woes of solitude?
 What, tho' the *Hebrew*, whom you well call
 great,
 Made *Sion*, for her temple's sake, his seat?
 What knowledge did his city life impart?
 But, that 'twas empty all! and vanity of heart!
Cowley, that shining bard, had try'd, and known,
 The whole heap'd pleasure of your boasted town;
 And, finding all its beauties false, and base,
 Retir'd, and, ever after, loath'd the place.
 Great *Dioclesian*, when he reach'd the height
 Of human glory, shook off cumb'rous state,
 Wak'd into man, and shun'd th' alluring bait.
 To rural peace, his search he, next, address'd,
 And, there, his crown-despising choice was blest.

PHILEMON.

IMMORTAL *Cowley*'s tuneful verse I own,
 Spoke pow'rful arguments, against the town!
 So *Æsop*'s fox, in vain, exerts his pow'r,
 And, then, like *Cowley*, cries—*the grapes are sow'r*.
 Had court indulgence smil'd, as he desir'd,
 He never had, to rural shades, retir'd!

Your *Dioclesian*, from plebeian birth,
Rais'd to the rule of a dependant earth,
Stagger'd, with giddy steps, beneath the weight,
And, trembling at his danger, cast his state !
But, if examples can thy genius fire,
And move the rusty springs of dead desire ;
Behold great *Plato*, whose acknowledg'd fame
Has, from his worth, immortaliz'd his name !
Big, with town-hopes, to *Dionysius*, fly,
And, to ambition, tune philosophy.
Far-fam'd *Charibdis* threaten'd him, in vain,
Nor *Scylla*'s terrors fright him back again.
Sicilian grandeur, like the *Golden Fleece*,
Drew all the men of excellence from *Greece* ;
Pythagoras, to town, invites his friends ;
And *Socrates* our city life defends.
But, lest you should the pow'r of truth deny,
And, in a cause, so bad, unmov'd, reply ;
Know, tho' assembled *nature*'s sweets combin'd,
And *art* the country's honour had design'd ;
Their joint endeavours would allure, in vain,
While heav'n-fought *Anna* does, with us, remain !
For, as those parts, where *Phæbus* fullest shines,
Tho' rough, and wild, are stor'd with silver mines ;
Whose

Whose wealth, attractive, draws, from lovelier
lands,

Advent'rous thousands, to those barren strands !

So, though the city no delights possess,

Did *Anna* chuse it, for a place of rest,

Millions wou'd hurry thither, and be blest.

D A M O N,

FAREWEL ! ye once-belov'd, retir'd abodes !

Ye murm'ring springs ! and unfrequented woods !

Farewel, ye winged choirs ! that warble there !

And fill with melody, the fluid air !

Ye soft amusements, which indulge, and please !

And life's bent springs relax, with blissful ease !

Farewel, ye rural sports ! the eager chase,

The mountain falcon, and the nimble race ?

Philemon calls ; the charming swain invites !

And wakes my drowsy soul to new delights.

Impregnated, with fire, from his bright lines,

My mind unfreezes, and my bosom shines :

We not to all our country pleasures, owe

Such soft delights, as, in thy numbers, flow :

Less bright the rosy blushes of the morn,

Than those ideas, which thy thoughts adorn !

Not

Not tuneful *Philomel*, so musical !

Nor murm'ring springs, with sweeter accents,
fall !

The god of oracles inspires thy songs,

And all is truth, which, to that god, belongs !

Let others, then, th' unequal strife maintain.

And, with *Philemon's* muse, contend, in vain :

I yield ; and, in his conquest, take more pride,

Than if I'd conquer'd all the swains beside !

Farewel, ye once-belov'd, retir'd abodes !

I'll to *Augusta*, now, the darling of the gods.

PHILEMON.

WELCOME, dear *Damon* ! in a high degree,

Welcome, sweet swain ! to *London*, and to me !

To love the late-shun'd field, I now begin,

For, yielding thus, you, more than conquest, win.

Such tender warmth, in thy soft soul, I see,

That I could dwell, in *woods*, to dwell with thee !

Secure of thee, I may, with ease, defy

Th' attempt of any future enemy !

Abandon'd nymphs will, now, forsake the plains,

And dew-drench'd valleys weep departed swains:

Envy shall leave the lonesome cottage free,

For wit, and virtue, both, must follow thee.

A Dia-

A Dialogue, between DAMON and PHILEMON, concerning the Preference of Riches to Poverty.

DAMON.

ACCURSED gold! 'till thou begot'st offence,
 All nature smil'd, with artless innocence:
 Men's days slid, smoothly on, in soft delights,
 Nor fear'd they villains, to disturb their nights:
 No blooming virgins, then, were basely sold,
 Slaves, to the sordid tyranny of gold!
 But swains, with honest hearts, kind truths express'd,
 And nymphs, un-blushing, their felt flames confess'd:
Astræa, then, with un-stain'd glory, reign'd;
 The judge's ear, by brib'ry, yet ungain'd.
 No avarice, with her foul train, was known,
 But *his* was *theirs*, and *ours* was no man's own.
War had not, yet, with stains of blood, and rage,
 Her mangled offspring brought upon the stage;
 But all, beneath the peaceful olive, sate,
 Fill'd, and delighted, with their blissful state.

But,

But, when thy birth, O Gold ! disturb'd the
world,

Nature was into swift confusion hurl'd :
Her charms were lost, and her all-pleasing forms,
O'erwhelm'd, by tempests, or disguis'd, by storms ;
Noise, and destruction, with gigantic strides,
And all their horrid children, at their sides,
March'd round the frighted globe, in search of
thee,
And plow'd up murder, shame, and perjury !
Philemon ! then, th' inglorious chace refrain ;
Nor waste thy life, in search of sordid gain.

PHILEMON.

GOLD ! thou gay quintessence of earth refin'd !
Which heav'n, to balance struggling pow'r, dea
sign'd !
'Till thy decisive weight depress'd the scale,
Contenders did, alternately, prevail !
Now, reign'd, as lord, some chance-ascending
swain ;
Another conquers *him*, yet wins, in vain ;
A *third* dethrones 'em both, nor can his pow'r
maintain.

Each

Each wou'd be chief, but all un-help'd by thee,
Stick, in the mire of mean equality.
Gold, first, the famish'd mouth of learning fed,
And drew the curtain, which dark ignorance
spread.

No lab'ring industry alarm'd the day,
For there was no reward, such toil to pay.
None, to the search of knowledge, would aspire,
Since wit's increase could raise their wealth no
higher:

Supine stupidity forbid all strife,
And sleep refresh'd not, but imprison'd life.
But, since thy worth, O Gold! was greatly
known,

Arts have sprung, thick, and hope is wider grown.
Men, blest with thee, the murmur'ing world
command,

And tread down discord, in each rebel land:
In hopes of thee, the stupid aim, to think,
And sin's broad eye, for profit, learns to wink.
The sea's vast depth, for thee, we boldly sound,
And sleep, un-dreading, upon hostile ground.
For thee, the hind, with plenty-spreading hand,
Lifts lazy nature, from his sluggish land:

Thou,

Thou, Gold ! canst melt the frosty-breasted fair,
And dry damp sorrows, and soul-drenching care !
In short, by gold alone, we happy live ;
O, *Damon* ! joys are goods, which only gold can
give !

DAMON.

Thus, does the glittering fiend debauch our
wills,
And smiles, to see us stroke his sting-hid ills :
Base dirt ! the fools, who are enslav'd, by thee,
Slaves to a slave confess themselves to be !
'Tis true, thou art the origin and source,
Whence pow'r first rose, and which maintains
her course !
But, what is pow'r, which wealth, not justice,
gives ?
How ill-distinguish'd such a foreign lives !
Could men but read the *Gallic* monarch's breast,
And trace swift tumults thro' his broken rest,
How would they curse his shadow-circled state,
And laugh at envy, which maligns the great !
Sometimes, O shame ! the *fair* thy pow'r adore,
And feign to love, where they disdain'd, before.

But,

But, ah! the tempters, who this charm have try'd,
 Gain'd not the *woman*, but the woman's *pride*!
 Can, then, *Philemon*, whose alluring strains,
 Lov'd by the nymphs, and envy'd, by the swains,
 Might reconcile antipathies, and move
 The cruel hearts of savages, to love!
 Can *he* esteem that baneful oar *divine*?
 Or kneel, dishonoured, at blind fortune's shrine?
 No – rather in her lewdest form, describe
 That stain-affixing foe, to virtue's snow-wash'd
 tribe.

PHILEMON.

DAMON, I love thee! and thy welfare seek;
 Thence, lend my truth the liberty to speak:
 Just as I wish, my friendship wou'd advise,
 And have thee rich and mighty, as thou'rt wise:
 Thy keen-wrought edge of satire, cuts *too deep*,
 Not, always *ills*, we, from *wealth's* harvest, reap.
 Gold is the gift of *heav'n*; and *heav'n* is *wise*!
 And knows the worth of virtue's far-wish'd prize.
 The starts, which shake the *Gallic* monarch's
 breast,
 Those night-born tumults, which distract his rest,
 Spring

Spring not from *gold*, my *Damon*, but, from
pride,

Which swell'd ambition, with too high a tide.
Had he been pleas'd, with glories gain'd before,
Fate had not dash'd his hopes, in search of more:
Tho' gold the engine of man's fortune is,
The pilot wisdom must direct the bliss:
Calm moderation ought to measure choice,
And high-flown wishes stoop, at reason's voice.
The *sun*, which, at such distance, *paints* the year,
Would *scorch* it, *Damon*, if it came too near.

You may, with ease, o'er shining millions reign,
And never be a slave to flowing gain.
But he, whose birth-directing stars decree,
That he shall wear out life, in poverty,
Let him be cast in nature's choicest mold,
And lord of every gift of heav'n, but gold;
While that, alone, he wants, to crown the rest,
Not all his other charms can make him blest.

DAMON.

PHILEMON's lines do gold so far out-
shine,

So far more radiant, dazzling, and divine!

That

That ev'n the praise, he gives it, serves to show,
 What more, to wisdom, than to wealth, we owe!
 But, oh! 'tis false, that gold can give us friends,
 Flatt'ry and friendship, have wide-diff'ring ends:
 They, who crowd round us, while our hopes

look gay,
 Will, in the dusk of fortune, shrink away.

Timon, the brave! the gen'rous! and the great!

Timon, the wise! but wise, alas! too late!

Who dragg'd, of wealth's proud dross, a mighty
 load,

And shed his blessings, round him, like a god!

Timon, who heal'd the woes of half mankind!

What curs'd returns did wretched *Timon* find?

Content is bliss, I'll, with *Philemon*, hold;

But *that* was never purchas'd, yet, by gold:

Our affluence but serves to spur desire,

And dang'rous flights attain'd, but tempt us
 higher.

PHILEMON.

Oh! let me triumph, in a golden fate!

If I am *rich*, I can be, wisely, *great*.

With nice-tim'd aids, can fainting worth assist,

And make the wretched happy, when I list:

But, if on fortune's barren strands, I lie,
 My fruitless pity shall, unpity'd, die !
 You tell me, *Damon*, friends are bought, and sold,
 And that assistance comes, and goes, with gold.
 If help, in life, affords the greatest bliss,
 Sure ! *that*, which buys that help, the greatest
 comfort is.

D A M O N.

ALL your strong arguments, no proof produces
 Of gold's intrinsic value, but its use !
 Your generous soul, your friends would entertain,
 And general bliss, with wide-spread aids, maintain ;
 Call forth dim virtue, on the world to shine !
 'Tis great ! 'tis wond'rous great ! 'tis all divine !
 But still, *Philemon*, this sublime delight,
 Springs not from gold's access, but from its
 flight !

You praise the *use*, yet cannot bear the *fight*.
 Shou'd villains aid me, some worse foe to kill,
 I'd love the *act*, but hate the *villain*, still !
 I'd prize a *truth*, sent in the *Devil's* name,
 But still abhor that *Devil*, from whom it came !

So,

So, gold, pernicious in its nature, may,
By souls, like yours, be bent a nobler way:
Thus, as the needle, by magnetic force,
Once touch'd, still, to the magnet guides its course.
Trembling, while wand'ring thence, and finds no
rest,

'Till clasp'd, and fastened, to its darling breast.
So, tho' our thoughts, on different points, design,
Meeting, at last, we, in one center, join,
And, in the union, lose the terms of mine and
thine.

PHILIP MON.

I PRAISE, dear swain, the use of gold, 'tis true;
But use includes *intrinsic* value, too;
Whence, but from use, does estimation rise?
And ev'ry thing is worth, what ev'ry thing sup-
plies.

'Tis true, a diamond cannot keep out cold,
Nor can we eat or drink our heaps of gold:
Yet, blest d with either, Damon, we can buy,
What neither, in their nature, can supply.

And since, for wealth, the joys of life are sold,
There's an intrinsic value, sure, in gold!

I hold, with *Damon*, gold should be a slave ;
I treat, as such, the moderate sums I have.
And, as kind fortune shall encrease my store,
I'll make a slave of *that*, and ten times more.
Yet, gold possesses every healing pow'r ;
Not love, alone, falls in a golden show'r.
Gold makes men *wise*, as well as gives 'em *rule* ;
For who e'er knew a *wealthy* man a *fool* ?
Ev'n in the *shades below*, the *rich* were blest,
And borne, by *Charon*, to the fields of rest.
While the poor *beggar*, thiv'ring, on the shore,
Wanting his *penny*, found no passage o'er.
So, *poverty*, with *shame*, to death, was hurl'd,
And drew down scandal to the other world !
But, since my *Damon*, whom the muses bless,
Affects not gold, and bids me love it less,
I'll listen to his sweet bewitching voice,
And guide my soul, to meet him, in his choice.
Since, then, nor you, nor I, can happy be,
You, with much gold, nor I, with poverty,
Let's bend our search, to find some freer fate,
And crown our wishes, in the middle state.

*To a Lady, desiring to know, what Love
was like.*

LOVE is a treacherous heat, a smothering
spark,
Blown up, by children's breath, who shun the
dark:

At first, the fire is innocently bright,
Glow's gently gay, and scatters warm delight:
But left, neglected, and unquench'd, too long,
The nourish'd flame grows terrible and strong;
'Till, blazing fierce, it spreads on every side,
And burns its kindler, with ungrateful pride,

PLAIN TRUTH.

CHLOE, you talk, with joy, of *Celia's* face,
Admire her wit, and ape her fancy'd grace;
The praise, you give is, sure! sincere respect,
Your practice proves, what airs your thoughts
affect.

But, since you know, that friendship should be
free,

Give her this hint, and say—it came from me.
A face, like hers, if manag'd well, might please,
But no charm strikes, that is not arm'd with ease,
Striving too eagerly, she strives, in vain :
These studied airs put beauty to the strain :
Wou'd she wound sure, and conquer, with a grace,
Tell her, the careless runner wins the race.

CELINDA, in the Snow.

I.

CELINDA, riding, in a snowy day,
The wind-driv'n flakes, about her, hov'ring,
flew,

Some to her tempting bosom, made their way,
And, melting, chill'd her beauties through
and through.

II.

Some, aiming with less art, her cloaths beset,
And froze to little buttons, as they fell ;
Others, which could not such fair quarters get,
Flew by, unblest, and miss'd the shiv'ring belle.

III.

QUITE tir'd, at last, and, freezing, as she rode,
 Her ivory teeth all chattering, in her head;
 Was ever such a day, she cry'd? good God!
 If it much longer snows, I shall be dead.

IV.

MADAM, said I, 'tis true; your lovely breast
 Is far more us'd to give, than suffer pain;
 Yet, of this accident, to make the best,
 'Tis better I should *preach*, than you *complain*.

V.

ALL nature's works, in some degree, *alike*,
 Confess the wisdom of their maker's will,
 And bear hid meanings, man's dark mind to strike,
 With mystic hints, that try comparing skill.

VI.

THUS, some, with envy fill'd, envenom'd look,
 And gnaw *themselves*, when *happier* men they
 see!

Some can success, in others, gladly brook,
 Tho' they, perhaps, steep'd o'er, in misery, be.
 Others, again, by outward winds, unshook,
 All chances, but their own, indifferent, see.

VII.

So, my *Celinda*, 'tis, with this sharp *snow*;
Those feath'ry flakes have, each, a sev'ral aim;
The envy-acted see your bosom glow,
And rush, malicious, to assault the flame.

VIII.

BUT, shock'd, to find themselves, when nested
there,
So far exceeded, in their boasted white;
With melting grief, their humbled pride they bear,
And weep themselves to death, to shun the
fight,

IX.

OTHERS, of this white tribe, that see, and know,
With rev'rence, shun that bliss-warm'd breast
of thine,
But strive t' adorn thy dress, with some new show,
And, froze to glitt'ring gems, about thee shine.

X.

A THIRD sort, unattracted ev'n by *thee*;
And cold, indeed, such snow we ought to call;
With dull *indifference*, all thy charms can see,
And, disregardful, round thee, scatt'ring, fall.

Celinda,

XI.

Celinda, list'ning, answer'd, with a smile,
You *Poets* keep your fancies always warm;
Could but this inward heat the frost beguile,
We need not stop, at yonder smoaky farm.

The WINDFALL.

I.

A PREACHING brother of that clan,
Whose holiness is form,
Had gravely cloak'd his outward man,
His inward fear'd no storm.

II.

WITH sanctify'd, and measur'd tread,
And conscience-strutting stalk,
His rev'rence brimm'd his solid head,
And took a lonely walk.

III.

As thro' a wood, he bent his way,
A sister of his flock,
Accosted him, and beg'd his stay,
Her bosom to unlock.

IV.

SURE, Sir, said she, from heav'n, you came,
 To this convenient place,
 Where I, in private, with less shame,
 May open you my case.

V.

OFT have you, from the pulpit, told,
 That it should be our care,
 To keep our *flesh* from growing bold,
 By *fasting*, and by *pray'r*.

VI.

Good god, he knows, what pains I take,
 To mortify, in vain ;
Fasting, sometimes, makes sin's heart ake,
 But *eating* sets all wrong again.

VII.

ALAS! reply'd the holy man,
 And turn'd up both his eyes !
 We *are* to do, but what we *can*,
 The rest heav'n's grace supplies !

VIII.

So frail, dear lamb, our natures are,
 That, in things, most forbid,
 We're apt to fancy joys most rare,
 Most worth our taste, are hid!

IX.

THOU, pretty worldling! I dare say,
 Art, yet, an untouch'd maid?
 O dear, said she, I hope so, pray;
 You think *not*, I'm afraid?

X.

WHY dost thou wrong me, answer'd he,
 And flyly look'd about;
 To judge if any eye might see,
 Ere, thus, he solv'd her doubt.

XI.

PURE innocence! thy pray'rs are heard,
 The spirit swells *within*;
 Means offer, how thou may'st be clear'd,
 From this desire to sin.

XII.

INSPIR'D with sudden pow'r and will,
In this alluring place ;
I'll give thy erring with its fill,
To prove 'tis frail and *base*.

XIII.

WHEN thou shalt taste this fancy'd joy,
Which, now, thou dream'st so great ;
'Thou'lt find it but a transient toy,
And grace gain future weight.

XIV.

COME closer, child! but hold, 'tis fit,
That what's intended well,
Should have some form, to differ it,
From wishes, where fins dwell.

XV.

I WILL not, therefore, throw thee down,
Nor shalt thou, willing, fall :
Let's see—ay, thus, I'll blow thee down,
And, then, thou hast a call.

XVI.

So done, so said, the brother blew,
And down the sister fell :

Such bliss, unhop'd, and lawful, too !

She thought, 'twas mighty well !

XVII.

BUT mark the chance — a *wood-man*, nigh,

Had heard, and ponder'd all ;

He saw the damsel, passive, lie,

And bless'd the well-tim'd fall.

XVIII.

OLD *Reverence*, not too well prepar'd,

Stoop'd low, to seize his prey ;

When out the *wood-man* jump'd, and star'd,

And push'd him, bluff, away.

XIX.

BEGONE, said he, thou form-drest thief !

All *Wind-falls*, here, are mine :

So, on he fell, and, to be brief,

Made good the holy man's design.

.IVX

To Celinda, in *Excuse for looking on her
at Church.*

IF, fix'd on yours, my eyes, in pray'r, you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry!

For, since our maker's throne is plac'd so high,
That only, in his works, the god we spy:

And what's most bright, most gives him to our
view; He b'nd, and ponder'd all

I look most *near* him, when I look on *you*.

.XIVX

Chloris to Aminta.

I.

COME, *Chloris*, to *Aminta's* breast retire;

Let thy soft sorrow's sympathetic dew,

Shed its damp influence on love's smoaky fire,

In both our bosoms, the same end pursue,

And both, at once, with purer flames inspire.

Let it, miraculously strong, this double wonder do!

At once, quench *love*, and light up *friendship*, too.

Since tender passions prove too weak,

To lift thy sinking hope;

And

And ev'n thy downy nature cannot break
That stubborn flint, which binds, with narrow
scope,

Philander's rocky heart.

Bid thy ill-entertain'd; unwelcom'd guest, depart,
And do not own the wound, at least, tho' still
thou feel'st the smart.

Beauty must blush with burning shame,
To see the frozen salamander lie,
Insensible of heat, amidst such flame,
And all love's penetrating fires defy:
See, with disdain, how cool he sits, and flights
thy proffer'd charms,
Nor offers, once, to stretch his icy arms.

II.

Come to my softer grasp, thou lovely maid!
Too innocent, to hope for fortune's aid!
And too, too sweet, to be betray'd!
Come, *Chloris*! to *Aminta's* close embrace,
Her breast will take thee in, and give thee space!
There thou, and only thou, can'st claim a place!
I'll clasp thee fast, and, if I cannot please,
Thy every wish, to give thee perfect ease,
I'll

I'll labour, flow, by safe degrees,
 To crown as many, as I can :
 For I am not that able *ill*, that undertaker, *man* !
 Yet, if I fail, like man, throughout to please,
 This, *Chloris*, let me urge, in recompence ;
 Ruin might flow, from *man*, in vows, like these,
 Mine carry innocence.

III.

FLY, careless, kind, unwary wantons, fly !
 When man, the smiling mischief, *man* ! comes
 nigh,
 He, the envenom'd viper, bites our poison-tri-
 fling sex ;
 While they, with fancy's tickling twigs, seek all
 the time to vex,

And think, vain fools ! they him perplex !
 How do the skill'd deceivers put on pain !
 How feelingly they feign !
 How do they tempt, swear, promise, plead, and
 pray ?
 How do they melt, in soft-dissembled grief ?
 'Till air-built vows our yielding hearts betray,
 And pity gives us up to vain relief :

Then,

Then, smiles the wretch, at what his arts have
done,
Proud of the conquest, though so basely won.

IV.

DESPISE we, then, all hopes, so false, as these,
Fruitful prospects most should please :
High-flooding joys, which come, without degrees,
Like summer torrents, rise o'er hills and trees ;
But, swiftly sweeping back again, bear, with 'em,
all our ease.

Give me the cooler wint'ry flood,
Which, not so pleasant, does more good ;
Rises gently, makes long stay,
And when, at last, it creeps away,
Enriches all the soil, it leaves, with fertilizing mud.

Come, then, *Chloris* ! fill my arms !
There, taste passion, void of harms !
And, oh ! if female grasps insipid seem,
To you, who of more solid raptures dream,
Think, and thinking, you'll be wise,
And back departed judgment bring :
The noisy *bee*, that, humming, flies,
And boasts what *honey* he supplies,
Says nothing, of his *sting*.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

I.

AM I awake? or, is my soul misled,
Thro' the bold tracks of mem'ry's mazy deep?
The empty realms of mimic sleep,
Horrors, by wild imagination, bred,
Skim shadowy, and, about me, circling, spread!
Oh! who can tell the cause of these new fears?
Whence these loud groans, which tortur'd fancy
hears?

Whence this thund'ring, in my ears?
Why seems the starting *sun* to hold back *day*?
Why does he leap, at once, out of his fire-pav'd
way?

And, half-extinguish'd, upward fly,
To shroud his beams, behind a fabled sky?
Why; every way, at once, are those swift light-
nings hurl'd?

Trembling nations to amaze,
And terribly adorn, with quiv'ring blaze,
The horrors of a shade-benighted world?

WHY

II.

WHY breaks yon rising ocean o'er the lands?
Disdainful of its old appointed bounds:

Why does it open, far behind, its brine-delighted
sands,

And, leaving dry its roomy bed,
Let loose, at once, high lift its frightful head,

To seek forbidden grounds?

And, hugely swelling, from a-far, with earth-
assaulting roar,

Rise o'er the swallow'd mountain tops, and sweep
the kingdoms o'er:

Why does this circle-spreading earthquake swell,
Deep-flowing, like a subterraneous tide?

Frighted fancy! can't thou tell,

Why this strong foe, ashamed, his face should
hide?

'Tis not, sure! for want of pride,
He shakes down cities, with his mildest shocks;
Plows in the hill, he rolls beneath, and harrows
up the rocks!

Unseen, he, dreadful, does appear;
The marble-hearted mountains quake for fear!
And, as they find the danger drawing near,
With huge unweildy terror, leap aside,
And, shook with agues, cast their snowy pride.

III.

THE dead, themselves, by nature's charter, blest,
 With promis'd beds of lasting rest,
 Are, from their graves, their dark long homes,
 thrown up, and dispossess'd.

See the pale ghosts of our forefathers rise !

Horribly serene, they glide,
 And snuff, with shadowy nostrils, scents of day,
 Which fled so lately, all at once, away !

See ! how to earth, they bend their beamless eyes,
 And seem to wander, guideless, every way,

Unwilling, thro' our hated world, to stray !

In search of the forgotten graves, where, once,
 their bodies lay !

Too conscious soul ! I feel it now !

Well may the stubborn pride of nature bow !

Well may trembling nations moan,
 And mem'ry, sick with consternation, groan !

God, who to man his ev'ry blessing gives ;
 From whom, ungrateful, he receiv'd his breath :

That God, by whom, alone, man lives,

That very God, this day, by man, met death

To a Reverend Friend, on his first Promotion in the Church.

WHILE easy, now, you, to cool shades,
retire,

Soft, as the innocence of your desire ;

Refin'd, as your well-govern'd passions are,

And, sharply gentle, like your worldly care :

I, toil'd with life's fatigues, stick fast, in town,

And waste slow hours, in search of vain renown,

Snatch at coy fortune, still, as she appears,

And wear out chequer'd time, in *hopes*, and *fears*.

But tir'd, at last, with the bespotted scene,

More pleas'd, I, toward your brighter prospect,

lean,

And, while your glitt'ring stars shine out so clear,

I half forget the pains, which gall me, here.

Methinks, I see you far-advancing, still,

I see you, on religion's mightiest hill !

Your sleeves of lawn I see ! and mitred head !

And crowds, that kneel before your reverend

tread !

Then, aw'd with pious love, my ravish'd eye

Akes, for your blessing, as you pass me by.

'Twill be! the watchful saviour wakes above,
 Still views his church, with a paternal love!
 He weighs the zeal, which his lov'd laws inspire,
 And having *mark'd* you, of his holy choir,
 Will *lift* you to behold your virtues *nigher*.
 Oh, happy she! who, blest, for both your sakes,
 In your pure breast, her earthly heav'n partakes!
 And when, at last — long may it be! she dies,
 May plead your *passport*, as she upward flies!

The DISPARITY.

From a Hint of Sir HENRY WOTTON.

I.

YE *starry* sparks, on which, by *night*, we
 gaze,

That meanly satisfy our distant eyes,
 More, by your *number*, than your *blaze*,
 Ye *common* people of the skies!

What are ye, when the *sun* shall rise?

II.

YE warbling rangers of the groves !
That sweetly strain your little throats :
And, perch'd on boughs, to sing your loves,
Charm the still forest, with your notes ;
Who will admire *your* tuneful lays,
When *Philomel* her voice shall raise ?

III.

YE *violets*, that, in early spring, appear,
And, cloath'd in purple, wait upon the sun ;
Adorning earth's damp face, with blooming chear,
And making ev'ry verdant bank your own,
What are ye, when the *rose* is blown ?

IV.

So, when my *charmer* shall be seen,
Gaz'd on, and wonder'd at, by all !
Beauty must own her rightful *queen*,
And ev'ry fair usurpers fall :
For she was, sure ! by heav'n, design'd,
Th' *eclipse*, and *glory*, of her kind.

Martial *Epig.* 59, *Lib.* 7.

Ad Jovem Capitolinum.

GREAT *Capitolian Jove* ! thou God, to whom,
Our *Cæsar* owes that bliss, he sheds on
Rome !

While prostrate crowds thy daily bounty tire,
And all thy blessings, for themselves, desire :
Accuse me not of pride, that I, alone,
Put up no pray'r, that may be call'd *my own* :
For *Cæsar*'s wants, O *Jove* ! I sue to thee,
Cæsar himself can grant what's fit for me.

In Pompeios.

GREAT *Pompey*'s ashes, in vile *Egypt*, lie ;
His sons, in *Europe*, and in *Asia*, die :
What wonder, that these three, so distant, dy'd,
So vast a ruin could not spread less wide !

BELINDA,

Belinda's Grave.

HERE, woe-mark'd spot ! once, dear *Belinda* lay ;
 Here, her cold bosom mix'd with colder clay :
 And, here, despairing, and afflicted, I
 Planted this tree, which now makes haste to die.
 While this lov'd *cypress* a sad shelter made,
 Oft wou'd I lose myself, beneath its shade :
 Guide, with a painful pleasure, each dear shoot,
 And *water*, with my *tears*, the rich-fed root.
 Sigh, through the boughs, like some moist *April*
 breeze,
 And the grasp'd trunk, in am'rous rapture,
 squeeze.
 And when some warbling songster, nested there,
Belinda's voice, methought, shook soft the air !
 The murm'ring branches, bending, from the
 wind,
 Breath'd a cool comfort o'er my love-shook mind.
 Thus, sev'n long years, I learnt to hear, and see,
 My lost *Belinda*, in her funeral tree !
 But mad, at last, and all impatient grown,
 To make my fruitless passion still more known :

Fatally

Fatally fond, I cut a cruel mark,
 And carv'd my *name*, upon the shrinking *bark*.
 Wretch that I was ! the tree, from that curs'd day,
 In sad resentment, pin'd itself away !
 And that new life, which dead *Belinda* gave,
 Wither'd, with pain, crept, downward, to her
 grave.

The Royal Sepulchre.

IS this the boastful pride of mortal state ?
 Is it for this we covet to be great ?
 What short-liv'd bliss, from envy'd grandeur
 springs,
 When these poor reliques, once, were mighty
 kings !
 O frail uncertainty of earthly pow'r !
 Where graves can majesty itself devour !
 How naked, now, does royalty appear !
 Alas ! how vast, how sad a change is here !
 Tell me, dumb dust ? how wide was thy com-
 mand ?
 Where's, now, the sceptre, that once fill'd this
 hand ?

Where

Where are those brawny guards, which aw'd thy
state ?

Where the gay crowds, which, once, were proud
to wait ?

Can narrow limits, dark, like these, contain
The chang'd extent of thy contracted reign ?

Canst thou, at whose least frown, a nation shook,
And, trembling, watch'd the light'nings of thy
look :

Canst thou, at last, grown humble, be content,
To let bold search prophane thy monument ?

And common men, grown rude, and wanton, too,
Thus poize your dusty bones, and wonder at
the view,

MAY - DAY.

WELCOME, dear dawn of *summer's* rising
fway,

Fair *fav'rite* of the year ! soul-soft'ning *May* !
Late, I have learnt, by *love's* sweet *Queen*, inspir'd,
Why, from my youth, *this* day my bosom *fir'd* ;
'Twas for her *birth*, that blooming nature sprung,
'Twas in her *notes*, the sky's soft rangers sung !

The

The breeze blew soft, to sigh her soul's sweet
frame,

And the boughs bent, in *homage* to her name.

Thick shot the *meads*, to paint her fruitful mind,

And flow'rs, that roll'd her *breath*, enrich'd the
wind.

For *her*, the *sun* wake'd out, to bless our isle,

And lighted up half heav'n, to *paint* her *smile* :

Oh ! we are *lovers* all ! our *Celia* reigns,

And the warm'd world is sick, with my sweet
pains.

PROLOGUE.

*Designed for a Tragedy, yet unpublished,
called the Roman Revenge.*

[*After a short flourish of Musick, enter FANCY,
rob'd in white, her hair loose and flowing.*]

FANCY.

FANCY, an airy form, of turn, too gay,

Acts not a PART, in this *distressful* play :

Yet, to your *aid* she comes, in each *new* scheme,

And, *thus*, invokes a pow'r, that *suits* the theme.

Genius

GENIUS of LIBERTY! this night attend;
Hear, from thy silent shades, and, rous'd, ascend.
 When *Cæsar bleeds*, 'tis thine, to *fear disgrace*;
 Or *justify a death*, that *stains thy race*:
 Genius of LIBERTY! thy fame defend:
 Genius of LIBERTY! thrice call'd, attend.

[To an overture of warlike music, heard at a distance, under the stage, arises, thro' the large central opening, the Genius of LIBERTY, reclining on the side of a rock, as just wak'd, by the sound of the melody.]

Genius of LIBERTY speaks.

FROM a long sleep of twice nine hundred years,
 Smiling, behold! the summon'd pow'r appears!
Pleas'd, to congratulate, by *heav'n's* command,
 Lengths of new greatness, for this free-born land,
 [Exit FANCY.]

IN GREECE, and ROME, friends to the muse's
 art,
 The scene sustain'd my pow'r, and breath'd my
 heart.
 'Till POORER passions, dark'ning many an age,
 Erring, defac'd the state, and sham'd the stage:
 Then,

Then *spleen*, and *vengeance*, mis-assum'd my name;
And *mercy* fell; and *malice* rose to fame!

ALL things were *chang'd*; *religion* was *pretence*,
Law was *oppression*; *reason*, *violence*:
Jocky'd, by *sharpers*, *honesty* distressed,
Politely laugh'd at! grew the great man's *jest*.
Valour was lost, in *state-craft*—solid *sense*,
In *sound*; — and *modesty*, in *impudence*.
Then *genius* SUNK, and *dullness* ravish'd *praise*,
And *laureat brows* UNDIGNIFY'D the *bays*.

FOE to such *tasteless* times, I shun'd to rise,
For *Freedom* cannot live, where *virtue* dies.
Here, tempted, gladly, I obey the call,
And breathe my *Roman spirit* o'er you, all.

HENCEFORTH, be *Britain* BLESS'D; from *Li-*
CENCE, free,

Let her *deserve*, and hold fast *LIBERTY*:
Let her brave sons disdain *their* sons to *sell*,
And *taste* of *freedom*, thirst of *bribes* expel;
Let her, abroad, *command*, at home, *obey*;
And love of *glory* be her *statesmen's* *PAY*;

Let

Let her, no longer, languishing, and lost,
 Feed *musick's* indolence, at *meaning's* cost ;
 Let manly *reason*, *pantomime* o'erturn ;
 Let *Shakespear* triumph, and let *opera* BURN,
 Such is the charming *change*, I rise, to bring ;
 What more remains—*two* of my sons shall sing.

Replaces himself on the rock. Then rises (to brisk musick)
the Genius of GOOD SENSE, on one side, and the Ge-
nius of GOOD-NATURE, on the other.

[N. B. *These two were to be represented by the two little*
Hamiltons.]

The following SONG,
 To the Tune of Jolly Watermen.

GOOD SENSE.

D'YE know me ! yes, *Good Sense*, my name ;
 Despise me not, though *small* ;
 For wou'd the *pit* grow kind to wit,
 You'd see me, soon, grow tall.

Toll loll, &c.

GOOD NATURE.

FOR me, my name's *Good Nature*,
 The *tinyest* thing alive ;
 But wou'd you be, from *faction*, free,
 Good Lord ! how I should thrive !

Toll loll, &c.

GOOD SENSE.

Wou'd handsome *wives* be rul'd by me,
 They should, with kindness, kill ;
 In *Joy*, grow *old*, and never *scold*,
 And *please*, without **QUADRILLE**.

Toll loll, &c.

GOOD NATURE.

THEIR *husbands*, then, should learn to love,
 And lead the *happiest* lives :
 Forbear to roam, and find, at home,
 Whate'er they *want*, in *wives*.

Toll loll, &c.

GOOD SENSE.

THE *Courtier*, he should learn from me,
 To hope no *comfort*, there :
 And he, whom *fate*, has made not *great*,
 Should *blefs* his 'scape, from *care*.

Toll loll, &c.

GOOD NATURE.

To painful *prudes*, and light *coquetts*,
 I'd give these *safe alarms* :
 That *art* is *base*, and *spoils* a *face*,
 While *goodness*, always *charms*.

Toll loll, &c.

GOOD SENSE.

POETS should fall in love, with ME,

GOOD NATURE.

With ME, the dreadful pit :

GOOD SENSE.

Good sense combin'd —

GOOD NATURE.

Good nature join'd,

BOTH.

Then, hey boys, *up goes wit*,

Toll loll, &c.

Genius of LIBERTY.

Enough, my children ; come, attend me, *near* ;
And, *going*, leave, *behind*, your *influence*, here.

[*All descend into the Places they rose from.*]

MOSES'S *Song of* THANKSGIVING.

*On the Overthrow of PHARAOH, in the
Red-sea, from Exodus Chap. xv.*

The first Part only.

I.

TEMPLES, and altars, let us raise,
Ours, and our father's God, provokes our
praise.

God is our strength, God is our theme :

Where is Egypt's fall'n esteem ?

Pharaoh wakes, from his proud dream ;

Wakes, to feel a warrior's hand.

Lord of a pow'r more vast, than *his*, that shakes
his wond'ring land !

Vainly, the following foes our God defy'd,

Their rapid wheels, in vain, tore up the strand :

In vain, they *mock'd* the waving wand ;

Not all their noise could the loud *sea* withstand ;

The *wat'ry world* flow'd, fearless, o'er their pride,

A *drowning army* beat th' involving tide.

On *wave-wash'd chariots*, half-sustain'd, the trem-
bling captains ride.

Up-lifted

Up-lifted *hoofs* paw'd, loose, the liquid way ;
 And, round 'em, *black'ning* thro' the foam, the
 floating legions lay.

Down, down, th' ungrounded footsteps go ;
 Strain'd, to feel for *sands*, below,
 Sands, where *wat'ry mountains* flow !
 Sinking, like rocks, they clog the deep, with prey,
 High-cov'ring, rose the *briny* flood, and swept
 their rage away.

II.

SAVING God ! thy hand was, here !
 Thou protecting, who can fear ?
 Threat'ning aloud, the thund'ring legions rose,
 And, at thy *chosen*, shook th' extended spear :
 Behind, amaz'd, we saw th' o'ertaking foes,
 Hearts *anticipating* blows.

But, while thy blast, O base despair ! blew keen,
Safely, from heav'n, shot down, between !
 Dreadful, in wrath, thy lifted arm but shone,
 And, all th' unnumber'd thousands melt away :
 O'er stubbly fields, so, wind-driv'n *fire* rolls on,
 And sweeps the *blazing* breadth, with *crackly* sway.

III.

TH' almighty's voice but spoke a loud command,
And, strait, th' unlinking surges, backward, rise,
High-climbing waves, in *quiv'ring* mountains,
stand,

And hang their *billowy* horrors, in the *skies*.
In murm'ring *cleft*, th' obedient deep yawns wide,
And shad'wy *glooms* loure dark, from either side!
Down, thro' the horrid *vale's* moist concave, led,
Safe, and dry, bold *Israel* tread;
Gay, 'twixt terrors, round her, spread,
Her tearful eye, now, smil'd, once more, and
hail'd her guardian *God*.

IV.

HARK! aloft, the wond'ring foe!
Look! they cry'd, all *pointing low*,
Shall the cowards 'scape us, so!
'Twixt the *dividing waves*, they go!
Their *forc'rer* cleaves the sea, with *magic skill*:
Haste, prevent, o'ertake, and *kill*.
They hear, they march—they dare the mad com-
mand;
The shouting *squares* invade the cover'd strand;
Chariots, impell'd on fiery wheels, gore wide th'
encumber'd sand. Mix'd

Mix'd horse, and foot, in *bann'ry pomp*, descend :
See ! from each horn, th' *inclining length'ners*
 bend,
Loose, slides the weeping *Oose*, to shun their
 weight,
And the deep, *murm'ring*, mourns th' *unusual*
 state.

V.

HARK ! the bursting thunder *speaks !*
Waves, your wat'ry ranks disband !
Oh, behold ! how *vain*, how *weak*,
 Strength, that dares its God withstand !
 Down, at once, from either hand,
Hoarse-sounding hills, o'er hills let loose, devour
 the vanish'd sand !
Helpless, engulph'd, th' *immerging squadrons*
 roll :
Pharaoh, proud-sinking, drinks down brine, that
 chills his fiery soul.
Mix'd, on th' evolving surge, a-while, they strive,
Then, like sunk plumbets, to the bottom, dive.
Of all the Gods, no God, like *ours*, is found !
Join, heav'n, and earth, applause like *his*, let
 men, and angels, sound.

David's Elegy, for the Death of Saul and
Jonathan. (2 Kings, Chap. i.)

I.

O ISRAEL ! how does all thy beauty fade !
How are the mighty *fall'n* ! the strong
betray'd !

Ne'er may this woe, in *Gath's* full streets, be told ;
Never let *Ascalon* our fate unfold.

II.

MOUNTAINS of *Gilboa* ! may ye drink no dew !
Let rain's mourn'd want turn *red* the verdant hue !
Let your *vines* wither, and your *olives* die.
And your *parch'd* fields no *grainy wealth* supply.
For, *there*, abandon'd *Saul*, brave monarch, bled,
As if no awful *oil* had hemm'd his head.

III.

NEVER, in vain, drew *Jonathan* his bow ;
Never, *Saul's sword* fell, frustrate, on a foe ;
Lovely, and loving ! one dear life they led,
Nor parted, *dying*, but *together*, bled.
Swifter, than *eagles*, to the *fight* they flew,
Stronger, than *lions*, they could foes pursue.

Daughters

IV.

DAUGHTERS of *Israel*! weep the loss of *Saul*:
 In *scarlet*, and in *gold*, he cloath'd you, all:
Peaceful, beneath his *warlike* shade, you smil'd;
 And triumph'd, by their toil, whose hosts he
spoil'd.

V.

THEE, *Jonathan*, my brother! thee, I mourn,
 With grief, still growing, must thy *loss* be borne:
 Soft, and delightful partner of my soul!
Two halves, *divided*, made us *one* dear whole.
Vast was thy love, and wonderful, to me;
 And never woman lov'd, as I lov'd thee.

TO CELIA.

O H! thou *eclipse*, and *glory*, of thy kind!
 Thou *vast o'erwhelmer* of the drowning
mind!
 Bid me not *write* my thoughts, or *speak* my pain,
 'Till thou hast giv'n me back my soul, again:

As well might *shipwreck'd* slaves, who, *floating*, lie,
Swim, through the *billowy storms*, which sweep
the sky,

As my poor *sighing* breast its *torments* show,
And paint, in *cool* description, *burning* woe.

Lost to *sense*, *mem'ry*, *meaning*—all, but *thee* !
I drag on life's dull load, in *misery*,

Absent, from those dear eyes' *destructive* shine,
I pant, methinks, to tell thee, why I *pine*.

But, when I touch my *pen*, my flaming *heart*
Burns up, at once, and *dazzles* trembling art.

Love's scatt'ring *sparks*, on my *full* bosom, fall,
And, kindling wild reflection, blows up all.

To a Lady, on calling me Jealous.

I.

HE, whose whole treasure *one* dear vessel
bears,

Thro' seas, on which *destructive pirates* swarm.
Must be *excus'd* a thousand *fears* and *cares*,
And bend his *soul* to ev'ry strong *alarm*.

II.

Ill do they love, and feel thee, at their heart,
 Who seem unmov'd, while others hope thee
theirs ;
 My kindling bosom burns, with open smart,
 For my proud soul her unveil'd meaning wears.

III.

NICE, as thy own, and all refin'd, as thine,
 My tow'ring passion climbs, with gen'rous flame ;
 But, shrinking from neglect, in sad decline,
 Burns downward, and forgoes a frustrate aim.

IV.

TENDER, as infant sighs, in slumb'ring ease,
 My soft'ning soul admits, and owns thy sway :
 'Tis my life's sweetest care, thy taste to please,
 And, in thy sunshine, melt my griefs away.

V.

WOES are too weak, to wound me, thro' thy smiles,
 The pole's fix'd frost were warm, as heav'n, to me ;
 I tread down malice, thro' her mazy wiles,
 And triumph over all things, charming thee.

What

VI.

WHAT talk so dang'rous, or, what toil so vast,
 Would not thy love inspire me to defy!
 Soul'd, with immortal fire, my flame must last;
 And I should conquer worlds, beneath thy eye.

VII.

OH! that my struggling thoughts, which heave,
within,
 Cou'd borrow but a voice, and speak my soul;
 Then, would this heart thy grateful passions win,
 Till—oh! vast empire! I should claim the whole.

VIII.

YET, as it is, indulge my trembling fear,
 And give thy lover's counsel leave to speak:
 Fools are all false, nor, long can hold thee dear,
 For soon they find, whate'er they know to seek.

IX.

Boastful, ungenerous, vain, and grossly mean;
 On all thy charms, they only feed their sense;
 Thou art, by them, but as meer woman seen,
 Blind to thy heav'n, of inward excellence.

SUDDEN,

And for whose pleasure
SUDDEN, the wretches' smoky flames expire;
 Such *earthly* fuel must, of course, decay;
 But I, while *adoration* lifts desire,
 Light up a love, that ne'er can burn away.

Alone, in an Inn, (at Southampton.)

April the 25th, 1737.

TWENTY *lost* years have stolt their hours
 away,

Since, in *this inn*, ev'n in *this room*, I lay:

How chang'd! what, *then*, was *rapture*, *fire*, and
air,

Seems, *now*, *sad silence*, all, and *blanc despair*!

Is it, that youth paints every view too bright,

And, *life* advancing, *fancy* fades her light?

Ah! no—nor, yet, is day so far declin'd,

Nor can *time's* creeping coldness reach the *mind*.

'Tis---that I miss th' *inspirer* of that youth;
 Her, whose soft *smile* was *love*, whose soul was
truth.

Her

Her, from whose pain, I never wish'd *relief*,
 And, for whose *pleasure*, I could smile at *grief*.
 Prospects, that (view'd with her) *inspir'd*, before,
 Now, seen without her, can delight no more.
Death snatch'd my *joys*, by cutting off *her* share,
 But left her *griefs*, to multiply my *care*.

PENSIVE, and cold, this room, in each chang'd
 part,
 • I view, and, shock'd, from ev'ry object, start:
There hung the *watch*, that beating hours, from
 day,
 Told its sweet *owner's* lessening life away.
There, her dear *diamond* taught the sash my name;
 'Tis gone! frail *image* of *love*, *life*, and *fame*.
That glass, she dress'd at, keeps her form no more;
 Not one dear foot-step *tunes* th' unconscious *floor*,
There sat she---yet, those *chairs* no sense retain,
 And busy *recollection* smarts, in vain.
 Sullen, and dim, what faded scenes are here!
 I wonder, and retract a starting tear.
 Gaze, in attentive doubt---with anguish, swell,
 And o'er, and o'er, on each weigh'd object, dwell.
 Then, to the window, rush, gay views invite,
 And tempt *idea*, to permit *delight*.

But

But unimpressive, all in sorrow, drown'd,
One void forgetful desert glooms, around.

Oh life! --- deceitful lure of lost desires!
How *short* thy *period*, yet, how *fierce* thy *fires*!
Scarce can a passion start, (we *change* so fast)
E're *new* lights strike us, and the *old* are past.
Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste
explore,

That, e'er we learn to live, we live no more.
Who, then, can think--yet sigh, to part with *breath*?
Or shun the healing hand of friendly *death*?
Guilt, penitence, and wrongs; and pain, and strife,
Form thy whole heap'd *amount*, thou flatterer,
life!

Is it for *this*, that toss'd, 'twixt hope, and fear,
Peace, by new shipwrecks, numbers each *new*
year?

Oh, take me, *death*! indulge desir'd *repose*,
And draw thy silent *curtain* round my woes.

YET, hold--*one* tender pang revokes that *pray'r*,
Still, there remains *one claim*, to tax my *care*.
Gone, tho' she is, she left her *soul* behind,
In four dear *transcripts* of her copy'd *mind*.

They

They chain me down to life, new task supply
 And leave me not, at leisure, yet, to die !
 Busied, for them, I, yet, forego release ;
 And teach my wearied *heart*, to wait for *peace*.
 But, when their day breaks broad, I welcome
night,
 Smile at discharge from *care*, and shut out *light*.

EPILOGUE, to EURIDICE ;

Spoke by Miss Robinson, in Boy's Cloaths.

O H, Gentlemen ! I'm come --- but was not
 sent ye ;

A *voluntier*---pray, does my *size* content ye ?

Man, I am yours : sex ! blest, as heav'n can make
 you,

And, from this time, weak *woman*, I forsake you.

Who'd be a *wife* ? when each *new play* can
 teach us,

To what fine *ends*, these *lords* of ours beseech us.

At first, whate'er they *do*---they do *so charming* !

But mark what follows---frightful, and alarming !

They

They feed, too fast, on *love*---then, *sick'ning*, tell
us,

They can't, forsooth, be *kind*, because they're
jealous.

Who wou'd be *woman*, then? to sigh, and suffer?
And wish, and wait, for the *slow-coming proffer*?
Not I—farewel to *petticoats*, and *stitching*,
And welcome dear, dear *breeches*, more bewitch-
ing!

Henceforth, new-moulded, I'll rove, love, and
wander,

And fight, and storm, and charm, like *Periander*.
Born, for this *dapper age*, pert, short, and clever,
If e'er I grow a *man*, 'tis now, or never.

WELL, but *what conduct* suits this transforma-
tion?

I'll copy some smart *soul* of conversation:
Shou'd there be *war*, I'd talk of *fields*, and *trenches*;
Shou'd there be *peace*, I'd toast ten fav'rite *wenches*.
Shou'd I be *lov'd*—'gadso—how then—no matter,
I'll bow, as *you* do — and *look foolish*, at her.
And so, who knows, that never meant to *prove ye*,
But I'm as good a *man*, as any of ye.

WELL

WELL, 'tis a charming *frolick* ! and I'll do't !
 Sirs, have I your *consent* ? what say ye to't ?
 Yet, hold—perhaps, they'll dread a *rival beaux* ;
 I *may* be what I *seem*, for ought *they* know.
 Ladies, *farewel* ! — I shou'd be loth to *leave* ye,
 Cou'd an *increase* of *pretty fellows* grieve ye :
 Each, like myself, devoted ne'er to *harm* ye,
 And full as *fit*, no doubt, to *serve*, and *charm* ye.

The SHIPWRECK.

'T WAS on the day, whose un auspicious fate,
 With dismal *news*, alarm'd *Britannia's* state;
 And, in our *admiral's shipwreck*, let us see,
 That *courage* cannot *stem* mortality !
 The *sea's* grim *sov'reign*, in a calmer place,
 Unbent the *wrinkly terrors* of his face :
 Where, stretch'd at ease, the wanton *monarch* lay,
 And, hem'd with *Nerëids*, laugh'd the hours away;
 Soft knots of unform'd *coral* swell'd his bed,
 And oozy *samphire* crown'd his bushy head.
 A watchful *guard* the best-arm'd *fishes* keep,
 And wind-rock'd *billows* lull'd their *lord* to sleep.

WHILE

WHILE thus he lay, thick-gathering shouts
were heard,
From ev'ry part, the *scaly nation* steer'd ;
With sudden *force*, the swelling *sea* ran high,
And *moving mountains* swept the darken'd *sky*.
Disturb'd, the *monarch* rais'd his wond'ring head,
And started, doubtful, from his *briny* bed :
Angry, his awful *trident*, thrice, he shook,
And swift *possession* of his chariot took :
Fix'd, in the stately seat, he drives, he raves !
The frighted *fleets* divide the foamy waves ;
And plunging, fiercely, thro' retorted *tides*,
Dash the drops, both ways, from their panting
sides.

Soon, he arriv'd, where shoals, on shoals, a-
maz'd,
In gath'ring *swarm*, as on some wonder, gaz'd :
Triumphant tumult spoke *unusual* joys,
And growing numbers swell'd the savage noise.
The *God* advanc'd ; and, as he nearer drew,
The shooting *fishes* fled his awful view !
He came : and *curious*, what the *cause* cou'd be,
That had, at once, alarm'd th' assembled sea !

He saw — and, starting back, declin'd his head,
 The well-known *Clou'sly*, *Britain's admiral*, dead!
 Stretch'd on the sands, the wave-swoln warrior
 lay,

To *death's* wide jaws, an unexpected prey!
 Swift, he descends, o'erjoy'd, at what he found,
 And rais'd the *body*, from th' unwilling ground:
 Invok'd the *soul*, to re-inform his breast,
 The late-ejected spirit, greatly blest,
 Return'd, and joyful, its old seat possess'd,
 The waking hero felt a strange surprize,
 And, starting, open'd wide his sea-wash'd eyes:
 Look'd round, with curious horror, all amaz'd,
 While, thus, the *God* bespoke him, as he gaz'd.

ILLUSTRIOUS *rival* of my *wat'ry throne*!
 Welcome, to *regions*, more than *half* your own!
 Long have my *seas* been practis'd to your sway,
 Scarce wou'd my doubtful slaves my laws obey,
 Unknowing, 'till, surpris'd, they saw you *die*,
 Who was most *God of oceans*, you, or I!
 Live, now, confess'd, from this propitious hour,
 Imperial partner of divided *pow'r*.

GRATE-

GRATEFUL, the chief bow'd low, un-mov'd,
with *pride*,

And, to the gen'rous offer, thus, reply'd :

You *tempt* me with a pow'r, I would not *lose*,

Had I my *queen's consent*, that pow'r to *use*,

She bid me *rule the seas*, to my last breath,

But gave me *no commission after death*.

The French Prophets.

PROPHECY ! no — 'tis luxury of *soul* !

No *Cataracts*, down *religion's* rivers, roll !

Her streams, tho' *deep*, are ever, smooth; and clear,

And, from their *bottoms*, all things *plain* appear :

On *Superstition's sea*, these vessels ride,

Foul, with the *dashings* of her *muddy tide*.

What *marks* ? what *tokens* ? can they boast, from
heav'n ?

Knowledge is, still, with *inspiration*, giv'n !

While *these* the dusky paths of *ignorance* tread,

And impudently prophecy, for bread !

With counterfeited shocks of *soul*, they swell,

And, in forc'd *sweats*, convulsive *falsehoods* tell.

To heights, like this, *religion* wou'd not fly ;
 Ev'n *zeal* grows *madness*, when 'tis skrew'd too
 high.

Now *law*, methinks, most wholesomely severe,
 Might *truth's* fair garden, from this *rubbish*, clear,
 Which, long despis'd, may strike too vig'rous root,
 And, into *groves* of *godly error*, shoot !
 'Twere easy, now, to sweep loose *weeds* away,
 Which may destroy the *flow'rs*, by short *delay*.

So, in the *bottom* of some goodly plain,
 Flows a small *rill*, encreas'd, by casual rain ;
 Near which, with careful steps, and *sounding*
 hands,
 Some cautious clown, with needless terror stands !
 Loth to attempt a nimble passage o'er,
 While, still, the swelling stream encreases more :
 'Till faint essays, protracting time, in vain,
 The rising *river* drowns the cover'd plain ;
 Then, stagg'ring, with *affright*, he gazes round,
 And, forc'd to pass, at last, mistakes his ground :
 'Till, deeply *wading*, to'ward the wide-miss'd
 shore,
 The current sweeps him, and he's seen no more.

Celia

Celia to Amintor.

I.

SINCE God, whom we continually offend,
Is still so merciful, that he forgives,
Man, sure! a pitying ear may justly lend,
When Woman, penitent, in sorrow, lives.

II.

THE mournful dove, when absent from her mate,
Sits, brooding melancholy, all alone;
Pines, and bemoans, her separated state,
And all the groves can ne'er the loss atone.

III.

So, I, depriv'd of all, I hold most dear,
My much-mourn'd lover, and my tend'rest friend;
Hear reason whisper, in my conscious ear,
That only your blest sight my grief can end.

IV.

SURE, if I see you not, before I sleep,
A second Niobe I shall become;
Fly, then, Amintor, give my woe relief,
Rather, than vex you, I'll be always dumb.

Amintor's Answer.

I.

IF you, too frequently provoke your God,
 That God, who, *merciful*, forgives you, still,
 You must expect, at last, to *feel* his rod,
 His rod, the fittest scourge of head-strong will.

II.

BUT I, long vers'd, in *women's* winding ways,
 Unmov'd, with patient *phlegm*, their follies see;
 And, like men, tir'd with dirty, wint'ry days,
 Wou'd wish 'twere *spring*, but *know* it cannot be,

III.

No longer, then, in spite of *nature*, pine;
 Those *tiny eyes* can spare no room for *tears*;
 Your wand'ring *dove* has snatch'd the first glad sign,
 And, with the peaceful *olive-branch*, appears.

IV.

FOR, shou'd your *tuneful clack* be stricken dumb,
 More *wonders* wou'd arise, than you have shown;
 Not *Celia*, only *statue*, would become,
 • But all th' astonish'd town wou'd turn to *stone*,

*To MIRANDA, after Marriage; With Mr.
Lock's Treatise on Education.*

SINCE, every day, with *new delight*, I see,
These lively little images of thee;
I would their tender minds to *virtue*, bow,
And have 'em *never* less *belov'd*, than *now*,
Take then, thou gentle partner of my care!
A *glass*, to show thee, what these *infants* are:
By this just *light*, direct their opening way,
Lest road-met *fally* lead their steps astray:
First, teach 'em, what, to heav'n's high throne,
they owe,
Then — whence, on *earth*, the *wise man's* com-
forts flow:
Teach 'em, while *fortune* smiles, to use her *right*,
And nobly *scorn* her, when she takes her *flight*.
The *rare-found charms* of *friendship* let 'em know,
And learn, that *love's* soft dress is lin'd with *woe*.
Form, with *progressive* care, the wid'ning mind,
And, growing, bid 'em leave the world behind:
'Till, having learnt, whate'er becomes the *free*,
You, lastly, teach 'em, how to *charm*, like thee.

EPITAPH, *on a young Lady, who died*
unmarried.

I.
R I P E in virtue, *green* in years,
Here, a matchless maid lies low;
None cou'd read, and spare their tears,
Did they but her *sweetness* know.

II.
HUMBLY wise, and *meekly* good,
No *earthly* lover's arms she blest;
But, full of grace, her Saviour woo'd,
And hides her *blushes*, in his breast,

Blowing Kisses, *at the Play-house.*

N O more, vain wretch! such *trifling* arts
pursue,
These public fooleries will never do!
Love's secret flames, like lamps, shou'd bury'd lie,
The very moment they take air, they die.

Women,

Women, thro' crowds, can unfeign'd passion spy,
 Skill'd, in the *rhét'ric* of a speaking eye:
 But when, regardless of their fame, you move,
 Your glare of folly blinds their eye of love.

Augusta's Complaint to her Thames.

NEAR the soft solitudes of *Hampton's* plain,
 Where the moist banks perpetual spring
 maintain ;

The gentle *Thames* has form'd a deep'ning bay,
 Where sportful streams, in wanton whirlpools,
 play :

In this sweet place, the clouds no terrors wear ;
 Here, no bold tempests discompose the air :

No ruffling billows, here, assault the shore,

Nor wint'ry floods, with swell'd ambition, roar ;

But all serene, and calm, is form'd to please,

And the smooth stream reflects the bord'ring trees.

Hither no winds, but zephyrous breaths repair,

Soft, as the sighs of love-sick virgins are !

Here, safely reigns, and, on the silent brink,

Cud-chewing cattle watch their fleeting drink :

While

While fishes, conscious of no foes to shun,
Turn up their *scaly noses* to the sun.

HERE, sick with grief, which *Anna's* absence
bred,

AUGUSTA's genius hid her mournful head :
And, with low accents, speaking inward pains,
Thus, to the gliding river, she complains ;
When, gentle stream, to shun the *briny* tide,
Anon, thy *sea-met waves* shall, backward, glide ;
Then, gentle stream, be kind, one moment stay !
And, on thy surface, bear my sighs away :
Tell the great mistress of this happy isle,
Augusta, stript of joy, forgets to smile :
What, tho' yon tow'ring spires have ris'n in state,
The city's *genius* feels an humbler fate
Shou'd *art*, and *nature*, toil, to make me fair,
Cou'd I taste glory, and my *queen* not there ?
But oh ! too fondly, I, to thee, complain !
Thou know'st, unkindly know'st, 'tis all in vain !
Thy streams their eye-bewitching pleasures join,
To raise thy *Windsor's* state, to ruin *mine* !
Windsor has other *boasts*, but, help'd, by thee,
Grows proudly charming, and out-rivals me.

But

But turn, sweet *current* ! bid thy waters stray,
 And guide their mazy bends, some other way.
 Strip the gay *cottage*, of its boastful pride,
 Nor longer, thro' th' imperious prospect, glide !
 So, to thy care, this glory shall remain,
 T' ave given *Augusta* back her *queen*, again.

GRAVE *Thamesis*, thrice, shook his dripping
 head,
 And, slowly rising, from his oozy bed,
 While the hush'd stream, with awful smoothness,
 ran,

He, to the mournful genius, thus, began :

YON *Queen of cities* ought to learn content ;
 Her *gratitude* shou'd these *complaints* prevent.
 Have I not rais'd her, to an envy'd state ?
 Is she not *rich, licentious, pow'rful, great* ?
 And wou'd she, thus, make *every* bliss her own ?
 And must our *Anna* live, for *her alone* !
 Do not yon *sun-beams*, with unwearied race,
 Whelm their enliv'ning light, from place to place ?
 Why, then, must *Britain's* glory cease to move,
 And bless her world, with her divided love ?

He

Go, go, retire ! your tears, with pain, I see,
 And this *complaint*, renew'd, shall *dang'rous* be !
 He said : and, gliding, from her presence, went,
 And sad *Augusta* strove, but could not be con-
tent.

*To the unknown Author of the beautiful
 new Piece, call'd PAMELA.*

BLEST be thy pow'rful pen, whoe'er thou
 art !

Thou skill'd, great *moulder* of the master'd heart !
 Where hast thou lain conceal'd ? or why thought
 fit,

At this dire period, to *unveil* thy wit ?

O ! late befriended isle ! had this broad blaze,
 With *earlier* beamings, bless'd our *fathers* days,

The *pilot radiance* pointing out the source,

Whence *public wealth* derives its vital course ;

Each timely draught, some healing pow'r had
 shown,

E're general *gangreen* blacken'd, to the bone.

But *fest'ring*, now, beyond all sense of pain,

'Tis hopeless, and the helper's hand is vain.

SWEET

SWEET *Pamela* ! for-ever-blooming maid !
Thou dear, unliv'ning, (yet immortal) shade !
Why are thy *virtues* scatter'd to the wind ?
Why are thy beauties flash'd upon the blind !
What, tho' thy flutt'ring sex might learn, from
thee,
That *merit* forms a rank, above *degree* ?
That *pride*, too conscous, falls from ev'ry claim,
While *humble sweetness* climbs beyond its aim ?
What, tho' *religion*, smiling, from thy eyes,
Shews her plain pow'r, and charms, without dis-
guise ?
What tho' thy warmly-pleasing *moral* scheme
Gives livelier rapture, than the *loose* can dream ?
What, tho' thou build'st, by thy persuasive life,
Maid, child, friend, mistress, mother, neighbour,
wife ?
Tho' *taste*, like thine, each *void of time* can fill,
Unfunk by *spleen*, un-quicken'd, by *Quadrille* ?
What, tho' 'tis thine, to bless the lengthen'd hour,
Give *permanence* to joy, and *use* to pow'r ?
Lend late-felt blushes, to the vain, and smart,
And squeeze cramp'd pity, from the *miser's* heart?
What,

What, tho' 'tis thine, to hush the marriage breeze,
Teach *liberty* to tire, and *chains* to please ?
Thine, tho' from *stiffness*, to divest *restraint*,
And, to the *charmer*, reconcile the *saint* ?
Tho' smiles, and tears, obey thy moving skill,
And passion's ruffled empire waits thy will ?
Tho' thine, the fancy'd fields of flow'ry wit,
Thine, *art's* whole pow'r, in *nature's* language,
writ ?
Thine, to convey strong thought, with modest
ease,
And, copying converse, teach its stile to please ?
Tho' thine, each *virtue*, that a *God* could lend ?
Thine, every help, that every heart can mend ?
'Tis thine, in *vain* ! thou wak'st a dying land :
And lift'st *departed hope*, with fruitless hand.
Death has no cure—thou hast *mis-tim'd* thy aim ;
Rome had her *GOTHS* — and all, beyond, was
shame.

On

On Corinna's first Attempt in Poetry.

WITH eyes, un-brib'd, by your enchant-
ing view,

I trac'd, impartial, your soft numbers thro' ?
Your loose-dress'd *fancy*, in each sparkling line,
Gilds the gay current of your deep design.
Your poem, strongly fine, and softly bold,
Is *silkworm's* labour, spun, with threads of gold.
Go on, bright maid ! nor doubt the world's ap-
plause ;

Wit, arm'd with *looks*, like yours, the critic awes !
Tho' years may knit, and lengthen your success,
Think not your *youth* will your due praise oppress :
Ev'n the broad *sun*, when, first, his glories rise,
With struggling tincture, streaks the eastern
skies,

But soon, thro' heav'n's enlighten'd *orbs*, the
conquering *lustre* flies.

The

The Valentine.

WH Y, be it so ! it matters not what name
Yon *river* bears, since, still, it flows the
same !

Whate'er I *call* you, this, I'm sure, I feel,
No name can speak of you, with half my zeal !
In vain, *love's* meaning, *this* or *that*, we call,
The comprehensive lover takes in all !

Yet, since, to *custom's* bent, we all incline,
You shall, to please you, be my *Valentine*.

And, since my *charming trisler* asks a gift,
The *mystic* value of this present, list.

Accept these *gloves*, and, if they worthless seem,
Learn, thus, what *pleas* they bring, for your *es-*
teem.

Their spotless *white* prefer'd their choice, to me,
As the best *emblem* of your *chastity*.

Their *smoothness* may, almost, the honour win,
To represent the *velvet* of your *skin* :

Their *suppleness*, which, join'd with strength, you
find,

Is the just *fabrick* of your well-mix'd *mind*.

The

The *kid*, that wore 'em, had some faint pretence,
 To be the *type* of your sweet *innocence* :
 How, then, can I a fitter present chuse ?
 Or you these *emblematic* gloves refuse ?
 One stronger reason, too, my fear has found ;
 Women, they say, oft *slight* the breast they wound.
 And, when *dark absence* shades us, from their
 view,
 They look not after us, but seek out new :
 To shun this fate, these gloves your lover sends,
 That you may have him, at your *fingers ends*.

THE REVENGE.

HIGH, on the *summit* of a craggy rock,
 Whose harden'd sides resist the billows'
 shock ;
 Whose cliffy brow, mens eyes, with horror, view,
 O'erlooking, proudly, *land*, and *ocean*, too :
 There stands a roomy *cave*, by nature, made,
 To knit, in just embraces, *light*, and *shade* :
 Its spacious *mouth* the sun's up-rising greets,
 Admits his *lustre*, but repels his *heats* !

No glaring *gold*, on this rough portal, shines,
But creeping *ivy* round its entrance, twines :
Wall-flow'rs, wild-thyme, and juniper, grow,
there,

And with their odorous influence, feed the air :
Surrounding *groves*, at distance, graceful rise,
Shades, for the little songsters of the skies.
And, near the cave, a torrent, gushing o'er,
Dashes the sea, beneath, with tributary roar.

STRETCH'D, on a bed of fresh-blown roses,
here,

Serene, the region, and the prospect clear !
Rests, when grown *weary*, by her summer toil,
 The wakeful *genius* of our happy isle !
 Hence, her unbounded sight can trace the shore,
 And look, high-posted, the proud *ocean* o'er !
 And hence, while *hostile* winds grow hoarse, in
 vain,

Guide safe her wide-watch'd Britons, 'cross the
main.

'Twas here, of late, on an *ill-fated* day,
The awful nymph, o'ercharg'd with business, lay,
Now,

Now, swelling winds deficient fails to fill;
 Now, soft'ning tempests, with reductive skill,
 Now, with wide *blessings*, looks she thro' the isle,
 And calls forth *harvests*, with a *fruitful smile*.
 Then, 'towards *Augusta's* spires, she loves to lean,
 And guide stray'd comforts, to *Augusta's* QUEEN!
 But, whether tir'd, with her long line of *care*,
 Or lull'd to *rest*, by the *unacted air*,
 A rising *languor* o'er her senses creeps,
 And, in a *fatal* hour, the *guardian* sleeps.

Now was the time! the prompted *Gallic* foe,
 Call'd out, to stride a chance-invited blow,
 With shameful *odds*, in strength, advanc'd, to meet
 Th' unfearing *convoys* of a *British* fleet!
 With deadly *shock*, th' unequal squadrons join,
 And death-wing'd *fires* fly swift, from either line.
 In jetty pomp, *black* terrors force their way,
 And sulph'rous smoak puts out the eye of day.

Just in the *thunder* of the growing *fight*,
 The waking *genius* started at the *fight*!
 In sad surprize, she rolls her sparkling eyes,
 Springs from her *couch*, and to the *ocean* flies!

Arriv'd, incumbent on the ruffled air,
She sees *rude globes* the *floating forest* tear :
Her sons, *o'ermatch'd*, like men, untaught to yield,
Scud, unresolv'd, about the wat'ry field :
The spacious seas, with scatter'd vessels, charg'd,
To double length, the breaking line enlarg'd.
Averse to *fly*, nor deaf to *safety's* call,
They hang, like scatt'ring clouds, about to fall.
But while the *foe*, encourag'd at his view,
Pressing, triumphant on, wou'd dare pursue ;
Again, *united*, they the fight restore,
Again, dart *vengeance*, fiercer, than before :
Again, the big-mouth'd *cannon* rends the sky,
And the unconquer'd *suff'rers* rush to die.

Thus, while the hunted *panther*, spent, with
fight,
Looks round, *distrest*, and meditates a flight ;
If then prevented, he, with sudden roar,
Turns back, and dyes the field, with hostile gore ;
Disdaining life, upon the *spears*, he flies,
And, heap'd on piles of victims, proudly dies.
All this the trembling *nymph*, with grief, beheld ;
At length, her care the victor's force repell'd :

Then

Then, wastes no time, the *ruin'd* to deplore,
 But guides the rich remainder safe to shore :
 Thence, to the *cave*, with threat'ning transport,
 flew,

Revolving, what her hop'd *revenge* thou'd do !
 There, while depress'd with melancholy thought,
 Her working fancy diff'rent projects taught ;
 From heav'n's bright orb, a youth, divinely fair,
 With wings extended, cleav'd th' enlighten'd air ;
 Just, at the mourning *charmer's* feet, he stay'd,
 Look'd lovely on her, bow'd him low, and said :

MOURN not this *little loss*, nor blame thy fate ;
 Decreed *revenge* shall on thy wishes wait :
 Look up, bright maid ! read *RAMELIES*, writ
 there,

And pay thyself large int'rest, for this care !

He said : and, strait, his wings their plumes ad-
 vance,

And bear him, glitt'ring, thro' the wild expanse.
 The ravish'd *nymph* beholds his starry flight,
 And, fill'd with promis'd glory, blest the sight.

To the Flattering Incognita.

I.

KEEN! but obscure destroyer! cou'd you
see,

How your wit's warmth has fledg'd my flutt'ring
soul!

You, who have *oar'd*, wou'd also *pilot* me,
And not thus tempt the race, yet hide the goal!

II.

You bid me *come*, but, ah! you say not *where*,
Such soft, such soul-inspiring graces live!
Tell me but *that*, and I'll, at once, be *there*,
With all the speed, that hope-wing'd love can
give.

III.

You'RE, now, the *ignis fatuus* of desire!
You tempt my wishes, with a wily spark;
But the first step, which brings me nigher,
While, to reach you, I aspire,
Strait, you vanish — and 'tis dark.

J. Kling,

Jostling, in Snowy Weather.

FORGIVE me, *Chloris*! nor my rudeness
blame,

Strange, as it is, this *frost* has bred a *flame*!

Driv'n from your breast, I glow, with new desire;

And melt, like straggling *snow*, that falls on *fire*.

Had you been black, you might have shun'd
this blow;

For diff'rent colours wou'd each other show,

But, oh! you're *fair*, and *cold*, and *soft*, and
every way like *snow*.

PSALM lv. *Verse 6.*

O, that I had *Wings*, like a *Dove*!

Then would I flee away, and be at rest!

OTHAT my feet were wing'd, as my desire!

I would not, then, thus tediously retire:

Thus slowly rise, that, while to mount, I try,

I sink, beneath the weight, from which I fly!

Could I, like *eagles*, sail upon the wind,

Might curses catch me, when I look'd behind!

'Till shaking off this cumb'rous load of *breath*,
My soul reach'd *heav'n*, nor stop'd to *bait* at
death.

The Amorous Scrutiny.

I.

IF 'tis not *love*, what is it, that I feel?
If 'tis, he's far more *mighty*, than he's *blind*!
Whose tickling wounds no sufferers wish to heal;
Who pains each breast, he strikes, in different
kind:

II.

If good the cause, why the effect so ill?
And why do I, thus torn with grief, remain?
If *bad*, such torments shou'd not cure, but kill!
Whence, then, proceeds the sweetness of my pain?

III.

If I consent to burn, why do I grieve?
And, if I don't, ah! what avail my tears!
Oh! *life* in *death*, how I my will deceive!
And waste my blooming hope, with empty fears!

WHO

IV.

Who can define the odd effects of *love*?

'Midst stormy tempests, in a leaky boat,

No rudder left, no compass, right to move,

Toss'd to and fro, unknowingly, I float.

V.

SCARCE can I tell how I wou'd wish to be!

While rich in health, I pine, and long to die!

In view of *death*, I struggle, to be free!

I freeze in summer, and, in winter, fry.

LIBERIA, watch'd at Midnight.

AS from a window, in the wane of night,
With *starry views*, I feasted wand'ring sight,

I saw LIBERIA watch the rising day,

Whose lustre was to light her friend away!

That friend, whose kindred passion serv'd to prove,

The promis'd ardour of her brother's love!

That brother's love, which, tho' it meets regard,

Remains uncrown'd, with the yet-hop'd reward!

As,

As, in some overcast and dismal day,
We start, to see the sun, at once, *break way*;
So, at that hour, to see such charms advance,
When *ghosts* are said to rise, and *fairies* dance !
With more than usual pleasure, fill'd my sight,
And mix'd some *wonder*, with much more *delight* !
While, arm in arm, they trac'd the garden walk,
The *love-bush*'d air hung list'ning to their talk :
The dancing *breeze*, which had, 'till then, been
gay,

At *their* appearance, sigh'd, and dy'd away.
As they drew near, the *moon* more strongly shone,
To view *their* brightness, not to boast her *own*.
A gen'ral stillness seem'd to sooth their cares,
And *nature's* face grew *sad*, to suit with *theirs* :
Shrill-barking Mopsy smother'd her own joys,
Fearing to drown her *mistress'* charming voice :
LIBERIA spoke, but seem'd to speak in vain,
As if unable to describe her pain !
When grief is *true*, no *words* its force can paint,
A *silent sorrow* far outspeaks *complaint* !
A thousand leaves the destin'd *sisters* took ;
A thousand unspoke *meanings* fill'd each *look* :
Oft, they gaz'd, upward, to the dawning sky,
And curs'd th' expected hour, for drawing nigh :

If

If now, thought I, some gentle zephyr blew,
 Thus shou'd it whisper, as it round her flew :
Think, since your pitying soul does absence hate,
 Absence from *you*, must sharper pangs create !
 Think, if, to lose the *sister*, gives you woes ;
 What, losing you, the *brother* undergoes !
 Who, every night, from your lov'd presence, sent,
 Does long repeated *absences* lament !
 And, if this parting does yourself displease,
 Be taught, by *sympathy*, to give him ease.

On Eliza's design'd Voyage to Spain.

TO *Spain* ! forbid it, *heav'n* ! oh, think no
 more,

To bless, profusely, that abounding shore !
 It can, to souls, like *thine*, no pleasure yield,
 To waste manure, on the too fertile field :
 Our beggar'd soil, at home, alone, shou'd share,
 The gen'rous influence of *ELIZA*'s care !
 Since *Spain*, high-treasur'd, grasps the golden west,
 Oh ! let thy *Indies*, be, by us, possess'd !

On Occasion of some Verses, from Eliza.

I.

CHARMER! no more, by partial friendship,
led,

To humble themes, mis-tune thy heav'nly lyre!
Wide as the poles, thy sweeping pinions spread,
And soar to subjects, worthy of thy fire!

II.

CHAIN'D short, by fortune, I, unwing'd, remain,
A fruitless meaner, far beneath thy praise:
Warm'd, by thy heat, I poorly wish, in vain,
For means, to fan thy earth-enlight'ning blaze.

III.

O! were the world not deaf, and fortune blind,
How wou'd thy joy-drest muse, encourag'd,
shine!
How wou'd the gen'ral chorus of mankind,
To prove their wit, concur, in praising thine.

If,

IV.

If poets *prophets* are, the time shall be,
 When I, by means unguess'd, shall reach the
 pow'r,
 To stretch the world's eye wide, thy *muse* to see,
 With star-bent flight, like some new *Juno*,
 tow'r.

V.

MEAN while, what other *theme* deserves thy pen,
 But death-edg'd *satire*, on this stupid age?
 Where poetry, un-nerv'd, in worthless men,
 Has giv'n a *woman* all *Apollo's* rage!

P R O L O G U E.

PEACE to the muse's empire—let the *stage*
 Shun *civil war*, and only *act* its rage:
 While rising strife divides our neighbouring state,
 To prove our taste abhorrent of debate,
 We soften *feuds*, with a pacific scheme,
 And take a good old *treaty*, for our *theme*.

FAR be the *omen*, that attends the name !
Treaties, in *England*, are of *losing fame* ;
In *Boccalini's* scale, they treaties lay,
The more thrown in, the *lighter*, still, they weigh.
Tho', says *Comines*, in *war*, these *English* beat,
Morbleu, we *Frenchmen* *souce 'em*, when they treat.

SUCH *satire* might be just, in ages past,
But no bad politicks have strength, to last.
How can it, now, be truth, when *Britain's* kings
Stretch over *Europe*, their protective wings ?
See the first seeds of jarring purpose rise,
And mark the growing *guilt*, with guardian eyes.
'Till *forc'd accord* the promis'd harvest sweeps,
And all, at once, is *peace* — and murder sleeps.

AWAY, with *parties*, and their partial fears ;
Whence our long *calm*, of twenty peaceful years ?
Why so remote, do these state thunders spread,
Nor break, in dang'rous *nearness*, o'er our head ?
Half thy lov'd blessings, *liberty*, would cease,
Cou'd war, and rapine, force the fence of peace :
But, like a safe-guard *mountain*, stands the *throne*,
Nor hear we of a *storm*, 'till 'tis o'erblown.

How

How greater, far, this pow'r to *save*, than *kill*,
 The wish how *god-like*! and how *vast* the skill!
 The hand of *ruin* we, with ease, employ,
 And every *puny tyrant* can destroy:
 But, like the *God*, who bids the *waves be still*,
 To curb the rage of struggling war, at will!
 To say to *monarchs* — Let your discord *rest*,
 I will not see the world, I guard, *distrest*.
 —This is, indeed, to rule—Such princes claim,
 If not a *sounding*, yet a *shining*, fame.
Faction but helps the *greatness*, it defies,
 And lives, but by the *mercy*, it denies.

To Lord George Grahme;

On his *Action*, near Ostend, on the 24th of June,
 1745.

'T WAS finely tim'd! *third Edward's* bright-
 est days

Had, from such captains, claim'd increase of praise:
 But, now, 'tis tenfold greatness, thus, to rise,
 Where sense of *vict'ry*, lost in *purse-craft*, lies!

Where

Where war but pilfers, and but bags contest ;
 And *public honour* is the *public jest*.
 At such a time, to dare the sneerer's joke ;
 To rush on danger, when but foes provoke ;
 Un-brib'd, by profit's impulse, fight for bays,
 And court no *præmium*, but his country's praise.
 'Tis *prodigy* ! 'tis out of nature's road ;
 'Tis scorn of *prudence*, and offence to *mode*.

SHAKE, *Dunkirk* ! and retract thy bold extent,
 Doom'd to due dust, stands each proud battlement.
 Swell high, propitious surge, hide *Tournay's*
 stains,

And wash off *insult*, from our *cow'd campaigns*.
 Look up, ye sea-driv'n *ghosts* ! whom pleas'd
 Toulon

Saw sink, in fruitless fight, forgot too soon !
 O'er the salt wave, triumphant thunders hear,
 Hail the wish'd *vengeance*, that, at last, draws near !
 While *France* starts wide, and wonders, whence
 it came,

Pale, to her trembling genius, point a *Grahme* !
 Tell her, 'tis his, to feel his country's fire,
 Hold her past fame in view, to urge it higher :

Tell

Tell her, re-waking glory waits his call,
 To pour *atonement*, o'er the pride of *Gaul*.
 Reclaim asserted ocean's question'd sway,
 And teach the doubtful nations to obey.

SAY, pitying heav'n! that sav'st a blund'ring state,
 Whom hast thou late inspir'd, to lend us weight?
 Blow, ye broad winds, expand his op'ning light,
 Tell us, whence rose he? Do his country right;
 Born, on thy bleaks, *Albania*! nurse of kings!
 From gen'rous stock, this gen'rous *Scyon* springs.
 Son of thy soul, MONTROSE! *There*, known, too
 well!

Prop of a crown, when three lost kingdoms fell!
 Far be the omen from thy filial fire,
 In every wreath, but *death's*, transcend thy fire;
 Far, from thy great forefather's suff' rings, rais'd,
 For more than all his virtues, lov'd, and prais'd:
 Down, thro' time's tide, transmit his length'ning
 fame;
 O, born, above his fate, to lift his name.

OH, MALLER! this was be-sweet heav'n-fac'd
 boy!
 Thy friend congratulates thy conscious joy:

Pride of thy care, thou led'st his earliest youth,
 To court plain glory, white as robeless truth;
 To scorn dark lifts, which men *distinction* call,
 And climb, self-finew'd—or, not rise at all,
Courage, by nature, his—thou taught'st him taste,
 And innate warmth, with polish'd brightness,
 grac'd.
 Breath'd o'er his list'ning heart *reflection's* breeze,
 Gave him desire to *know*, with pow'r to please:
 Thine, half the triumphs of his rising fame!
 And *Britain's* future FLAG shall bless *thy* name.

*In a blank Leaf of a Book, sent to
 Miranda.*

GO, happy book, ———
 Who, void of life, art from life's cares so free,
 Thou canst, before my lovely charmer, lie,
 Unscorch'd, by all the *light'nings* of her eye.
 'Midst her inspiring *touch*, thou canst remain,
 Tasteless of pleasure, and secure from pain:
 While absent beauty breaks thy author's rest,
 And *hope*, and *fear*, by turns, distract his breast.

My

My angel mistress must, henceforth, be thine,
 And I devote thy offerings, to her shrine :
 On varied themes, divert her wand'ring eye,
 As o'er thy honour'd leaves, her glances fly ;
 But, when her thoughts, on softer subjects, rove,
 And lead her, where thy *pages* talk of love.
 Oh ! then, so mindful of thy *author* be,
 To bid her, in a whisper, *think on me.*

The Progress of WIT ; a Caveat.

TUNEFUL ALEXIS, on the *Thame's* fair side,
 The ladies play thing, and the muses pride ;
 With *merit* popular, with *wit* polite,
 Easy, tho' vain ; and elegant, tho' light :
 Desiring, and deserving, others praise,
 Poorly accepts a fame, he ne'er repays ;
 Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approves,
 And wants the soul to spread the worth, he *loves.*
 This, to the *juniors* of his tribe, gave pain,
 For mean minds praise, but to be prais'd again ;
 Henceforth, renouncing an ungracious BAAL,
 His altars smoak not, and their offerings fail :

The heat, his scorn had rais'd, his pride inflam'd,
'Till what they worship'd first, they next defam'd;
Depos'd, at length, from *Pindus'* top, he roll'd,
While insect witlings, pleas'd, his fall behold,
And each cold-croaking *Heliconian* frog
Leaps scornful, and bestrides th' *unreigning* log.

FAR-FALL'N ALEXIS, who so ill aspir'd,
Sick of successful war, from wounds retir'd,
Where, while in sleep, his sorrows ebb'd away,
And, hush'd in darkness, indignation lay;
Fancy, fair mistress of the poet's mind,
For ever changing, yet for ever kind;
Soft, o'er his dreams, her formful radiance shed,
And his rapt soul thro' heav'n's thin purlieus, led;
Seated beside the star-invading dame,
Whose steeds, wind-footed, paw'd the lambent
flame.

High, as a widow'd lover's grief can climb,
Her air-built chariot rose, and hung sublime,

UNVEILING, thence, the world's bleak wastes;
below,

They saw the *stream of life*, beneath 'em, flow;

Dim,

Dim, from the sable sea of *birth*, it rose,
In a flow, silent, fullen, dread repose :
For, round th' emerging source, that glimmer'd,
pale,
Mountains of midnight darkness roll'd a veil :
But, as the evolving surge swell'd into day,
Quick'ning, it mov'd, and roar'd, and rush'd away.

BROAD, on the left, from low *oblivion's* shore,
Quicksands, and rocks, reach'd half the current
o'er :

Lucid, like truth, the treach'rous water shone,
And, o'er gay gilded shoals, ran, tuneful, on ;
Pebbles of gem-like hue, with painted pride,
Glow'd, thro' the wave, and burnt, amid the tide.
Wantonly kind, the sun's enliv'ning beams
Shower'd, in light spangles, on the dancing
streams :

While insect nations, *gnats*, and *wasps*, and *flies*,
Ting'd, in the rainbow's ever-changing dyes,
Sheathing their stings, and smiling, like the *fair*,
Peopled the sunshine, and adorn'd the air.

LESS lively, on the right, the stream's deep flow,
There, no false colours mix'd their varied glow ;

No gawdy bottom catch'd the downcast eye :
Above, no flutt'ring insect wing'd the sky ;
Serenely solemn, all — One equal whole
Flash'd not upon the sense, but touch'd the soul :
Instead of rocks, green islands flourish'd, here,
Silent, and fruitful, as the full-grown year ;
In place of *flies*, grave *swans* of snow-like hue,
Sweetly majestic, in slow circles, flew :
But, tho' these isles the distant prospect chear'd,
No bay, no port, no landing-place appear'd ;
Kind birds, alone, gave entrance o'er the mound,
Nor, from the stream, below, was inlet found,

THEN fancy, thus — FAME's future regions,
these,
Where nothing *surfeits*, yet, where all things
please ;
Here, memory stands fix'd, while time runs on,
And worth blooms fresh, when life itself is gone ;
Danger keeps distance, softer'd spleen grows kind,
Ambition temperate, and love refin'd :
Nor pride, nor jealousy, can, here, annoy,
Nothing is ecstasy, tho' all is joy :
Peace without languor, labour, void of pain,
Glory unenvied, and unslander'd gain.

Tho'

Tho' diff'ring, thus, the stream's unsocial sides,
 Yet, one broad gulph absorb'd the double tides;
 From *birth*, devolving, *death's* blind sea, below,
 Boundless, and formless, snatch'd the mingled
 flow;

Both rounding oceans, backward, seem'd to tend,
 And vast, *beneath*, their sable surges blend:
 But far more frightful this! — whose dark pro-
 found,

A depth eternal! life wants line to sound:
 Unbottom'd shade roll'd, loose, o'er swallowed
 light —

Fancy grew giddy, nor sustain'd the sight:
 But, starting into fear, transpos'd remark,
 And sought the *source*, less dreadful, tho' as dark.

THICK, on the rising stream's emitted tide,
 Millions of shapeless bodies seem'd to glide;
 Whose breathing bulks, to life, and motion,
 blown,

Shot into human forms, compleatly grown;
Mix'd rank, and sex, sprung thro' the liquid jet,
 But, pouring outward, clear *distinction* met;

Some wading, naked, trod the slipp'ry plain,
 Some cut the fluent wave — some, tir'd with pain,
 Failing to float, or wade, neglected, fell,
 And sunk, unsnatch'd at, in the troubled swell:
 To others, rising happier, and serene,
 Fortune, dark bustling, pow'r, obscurely seen,
 Reach'd, with blind bounty, and, with hasty hand,
 Thin boats — and buoy'd 'em o'er the shining sand:
 Of different form, these boats — a single oar
 Distinguish'd some — Some wing'd their sides,
 with more:
 Others, with oars and sails, conjoin'd, made way,
 And mow'd the murm'ring surge with sweepy
 sway:
 While some, *slow pole-men*, o'er their toil, reclin'd,
 Push'd their check'd barks, and, lab'ring, lagg'd
 behind.

WHILE some essay'd to *cross*, and veering wide,
 Wou'd with strong stem, the stubborn stream
 divide,
 And slowly flanting, fought the silent side;
 Swift, to the shelvy shore, *light gallies* flew,
 As the fierce channel's rapid current drew,
 Twixt

'Twixt rocks, and whirlpools, driv'n, obliquely
gay,

And, thro' the shoaly sunshine, danc'd away.

CAUGHT, by the gulphy void, that gloom'd,
below,

These, from the current's fair descending flow,

In-drawn, at once, by darkness swallow'd o'er,

Sunk, from their sunny scene, and rose no more :

Still gap'd th' unclosing deep ; o'er millions gone,

Yet, still insatiate, hourly swallow'd on !

Titles, distinctions, forms, rush mingled down,

Not levity itself wants weight to drown :

Gamesters, beaux, casuists, jinglers, jesters, drink-

ers,

Fox-hunters, politicians, and free-thinkers,

Prudes, devotees, coquets, grave, light, young,

old,

In one mixt night, the covering waves infold :

Swept from the noise they sought, to rest they

shun'd,

They plunge, for ever, into death's profound

While *abler pilots*, who, resolv'd, stood o'er,

And, edging broad, gain'd slow, the *safer shore* ;

Snatch'd,

Snatch'd, from their sinking seats, were borne to
land,

By watchful swans, whose wings the surface
fann'd :

There, on green islands, reign'd, escap'd from
cares,

Lords of a blooming world, for ever, theirs.

WIDE, o'er the scene, ALEXIS winds his eye,
Swift, as the progress of the gliders by ;

A strange confusion rose — of all who past,

With earnest emptiness, and barren haste,

Few, *cross* the flood, repugnant, strove to steer,

Fewer had strength of oars to hold them near !

Tir'd, by the current's ill-resisted force,

Or, bulg'd by envious prows, which cross'd their
course,

The boldest keels, pursuing, or pursu'd,

Entangling, and perplex'd, were lost in feud :

While others, heedless of their sleeping oars,

Drove, in light negligence, nor shun'd the shores ;

But, pendent o'er the helm, each shoal explor'd,

And snatch'd, in transport, shells, and stones, on
board :

Or,

Or, leaping wanton, catch'd the glittering prey,
That buzz'd, and gambol'd, in their sportive way.

MEAN while, most mournful, of the motley
scene !

Cherish'd effect of pride, and food of spleen !
Boat over boat, destructive passage made,
And weeping pity mourn'd defective aid :
Sailing presumers, pressing, proudly on,
Bore down each envied *rower*, who nearest shone ;
The *oar-wing'd* vessel ey'd, with dumb disdain,
The creeping *pole-man's* slow-availing pain ;
And, *lordly wanton*, with invasive beak,
Sunk the faint struggler, *criminally weak* !
He, too, in concert with superior hate,
Loth to exert less guilt, than match'd his state,
Triumphant, in his turn, fought equal prey,
And, o'er the naked *wader*, forc'd his way :

ALEXIS, pondering, in suspended thought,
What meaning all these mazy mixtures taught,
Sudden, a shout, from every distant side,
Eddied the air, and broke the back'ning tide ;
Acclamatory thousands rose alarm'd,
All eyes attracted, and each hearing charm'd ;

I

Pointing,

Pointing in transport, all their helms forsook,
And, on one object, hung their length'ning look.

Down, from the gloomy source, in side-long
float,

Proudly descending, mov'd a glitt'ring boat;
Her silken sails a colour'd radiance threw,
And ting'd the sunny beams, thro' which they
flew;

While oars of silver, dash'd the wat'ry spray,

That rain'd in gemmy show'rs, and dazzled day:

High, on the painted stern, a youth appear'd,

Who rather *happily*, than *strongly* steer'd;

Faint, and unstriking was his anguish'd mien,

Sadden'd by sickness, and o'ercast with spleen;

Yet, from his eyes, there beam'd a living light,

Keen, and intent, as a fir'd eagle's sight:

And, from his voice, (for, as he sail'd, he *sung*)

Such magic sounds of melting music sprung,

That the hush'd heav'n all downward seem'd to

bend,

And, against nature, the charm'd earth ascend.

CARELESS,

CARELESS, he look'd, yet, heedful of his way,
 Broke the kind current's un-obstructing sway,
 That kiss'd his oars, and hasten'd to obey :
 Scarce was his course *oblique*, for each glad boat,
 That, envious, stem'd all other's rival float,
 Fix'd, and enchanted, when this youth drew nigh,
 Hung on his passing notes, and help'd him by :
 The *Muses* row'd him, and the *Graces*' care
 Trimm'd his light sails, and spread them to the
 air ;

In his boat's bottom, green-ey'd *Envy* lay,
 And serv'd, as *ballast*, while she clog'd his way :
 Down, from her chariot, light-wing'd *Fancy* flew,
 And o'er him, loose, her starry mantle threw ;
Pleasure, praise, beauty, 'twixt his shrowds, trod
 gay,

And danc'd the measur'd moments soft away :
 Sportful as *Zephyrs*, in his smiles, they strove,
 And the young *loves* forsook their mother's grove.

THUS fortunate, thus favour'd, and thus bright,
 Luckily negligent, and aptly light,
 He touch'd no shoal, safe rounded every rock,
 Despis'd all danger, and sustain'd no shock,

'Till

'Till, to that calmer coast, approaching nigh,
And gliding, 'twixt green islands, safely high,
Circles of hov'ring swans, with joyful note,
Clapp'd their broad wings, in triumph o'er his
boat,

Charm'd, that, so soon, he reach'd their solemn
side,

E'er yet one third of the stream's length was try'd.

STEERING, from isle to isle, with joyless awe,
Thin, o'er each height, their white-rob'd lords
he saw,

Pleas'd, without transport, bow the palms they
bore,

To hail his passage near their silent shore ;
Gold, and *uncharm'd*, he fought his fav'rite croud,
Immensely distant, now, tho', late, so loud :

All was serene, the air was hush'd around,
The waters calm ! — Lost ev'n *his* musick's sound !

Back to the left, impatient looks he cast,
And long'd for ev'ry shining insect past ;

Distant he saw them, wings o'er wings, display,
And, in light chases, thread the colour'd ray :

Eager, for these, contending pilots strove,
And catch'd them, careless how their vessels drove ;

Then,

Then, with their trophies, dress'd each gaudy sail,
While humming *drones*, in swarms, their fortune
hail :

Record past leaps, foretel their next essays,
And buz, melodious, in the *fly-men's* praise.

WARM'D, and misled, by this false fire of fame,
His beaming eyes, with emulation, flame ;
And have I, recreant, thus renounc'd a field,
Where baffled danger can such glory yield ?
Lives there a *catch-fly*, of yon vent'rous press,
More brave than I am ? or, who fears them less ?
Shew me the warring wasp, whose threat'ning
wing

I dare not strike at, and provoke his sting !
Swans ! give me way—your shoreless islands keep,
Too safe your clime is, and too calm your deep ;
I chuse a rapid glory, not a flow :
Shoals are *sought harbours*, where these *jewels* grow.

He said, and rising, push'd, with liquid sweep,
Th' inverted helm, and goar'd the groaning deep:
Flaming erect, re-fought the surgy side,
And bounded, threat'ning, o'er the foaming tide:

Sailing

Sailing athwart the swarms, and skipping high,
He snatch'd, triumphant, every tempting fly :
Gave his loose rudder, to the current's claim,
And drove, disdainful, thro' his rival's game ;
Press'd by *invaded wasps*' excited stings,
He warr'd, revengeful, on their falling wings :
Thro' dust of slaughter'd gnats, he fought, in
 shade,
And squeez'd them, deathful, on the wounds,
 they made ;
Fleets of cold opposites, from all sides, join,
And, wedg'd, against this general foe, combine :
Vainly, indignant, they resist his sway,
Yet block his passage, and obstruct his way :
Still, tho' he stagnates, he the fight maintains,
While drones, applausive, with their ductile
 strains,
Homage the rising hero's new renown,
And *prince of fly-catchers* the champion crown.

THE *swans*, mean-while, which, from the
 calmer side,
Forsaken, saw him trust the fatal tide ;
Mournful, with pendent wing, his triumph griev'd,
And wish'd his wasted vigour less deceiv'd :

Trembling,

Trembling, they mark'd his vessel, downward
bent,

Hang o'er th' engulphing ocean's dark descent,
While he, regardless, still, new trophies won,
And, bent to *conquer*, saw not what to *shun*.

FANCY, still busied, still enamour'd, staid,
And, still concurring, lent his rashness aid;
To *her*, far distant, touch'd *ALEXIS* cry'd.

And with strain'd voice, to reach her notice, try'd;

"O! save him, warn him, bid him *turn*, and *think*,

"Let not his bark, in yon black ocean, sink!

"Teach me to call him, by his pow'rful name,

"Point out his danger, quench his devious flame;

"Rash spleen of heart, that could such war ad-

"vise!

"Blind rage! to lose *himself*, and catch but *flies*!

"Oh teach my tongue his name" — Then *fancy*
heard,

And, smiling, at her chariot's side appear'd :

"Why dost thou ask, she cry'd, what *nations*
know,

"Even, *all*, whom wit, or worth, inspire, be-
low ?

" His is a name, that dwells on ev'ry mind,
 " Tunes every tongue, and sails, with every wind !
 " Not surer is that river *life's extent*,
 " Or by those oceans, *birth*, and *death*, are meant ;
 " Not surer *fortune* is that dark pow'r's name,
 " That left, *oblivion*, and that right side, *fame*.
 " Than, that no son of wit dares *justly*, hope,
 " *Fame* dwells in *folly's paths*, but thou, O POPE !

ALEXIS, starting, heard his own lov'd name,
 Felt his pride shrink, and blush'd, with conscious
 shame !

Pitch'd from the chariot, lost to *fancy's* call ;
 And, had not waiting *judgment* broke the fall,
 Contempt's cold vale had caught him, wak'd,
 and stunn'd,

And deep intomb'd him, in his *own* PROFUND.

To

*The ART of ACTING.**Dedicated to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.*

WH Y sleep the silent pow'rs, that guard
the stage,

While yawning opiates lull the tasteless age?
Shall trite cold themes catch fire, from wit's essays,
Yet, hov'ring chillness damp *theatric* blaze?

MOURN it, ye sons of spleen, whose hands (mis-
taught)

Tore up this seed of sense, this plant of thought:
Whence reasoning shoots might bloom life's gar-
den o'er,

And weedy wildness choak her walks no more.—
Horror (at alien woes) by genius, mov'd,
To sense of home-felt bliss, be, there, improv'd:
Wit's ent'ring hand dissect *sedition's* breast,
Shew the malignant springs, and call forth rest.

THERE, the touch'd heart, in secret silence chid,
Might learn to hate the guilt, it, once, but bid:

There, SCORN, from note of pity's praise — catch
grace,

Start, and pause, conscious—in pride's *slack'ning*
race.

There, heedless *beauty*, warn'd of *man's* false fire,
 Might chain down wav'ring love, and *edge* desire:
 Each maid's mild eye correct her heart's warm
trust,

Dull perts grow *pensive*, and false thinkers *just.*

THERE, (*now*) sits MUMMERY, thron'd on pas-
 sion's URN !

There, noisier fires, than WIT's (*unbrigt'ning*)
 burn :

There, *vice*, with laughter, shares divided rule,
 And only *serious purpose* marks the fool !

VAIN the lost pray'r, that courts a MUSE's aid,
 By foes un-tasted, and by friends betray'd :
Patrons immers'd, 'twixt *faction's* rapid tides !
Poets, in *flattery's* — *pow'r*, absorb'd in *pride's* !
 Gone is the *learned leisure*, once, rever'd,
 And the *still voice* of genius sighs, unheard.

HAPPIER

HAPPIER *Ierne* ! mourn our drains no more;
 Richly reveng'd, thou drain'st a nobler store.
 Poor, in our turn, see *Wit's* lost channel dry,
 Robb'd of her FOUNTAIN — for thy full supply.

YET, while home ruin wrings the heart distressed,
 'Tis recompence, to fall, for others, blest:
 Less thy doom'd distance (soul of absent joys!)
 Pains the shook realm, whose hope it half destroys;
 Conscious, thou goe'st, to warm one sister's FEARS
 TO TRANSPORTS --- lasting. as the other's tears.

LONG, in sad silence, on the willows hung,
 Now ! she resumes her HARP, for praise, new
 strung:
 Tires her tun'd hand, to pour her grateful soul,
 Wide, as her chief can charm, from pole to pole.
Genius, from ages, HERS, 'midst want, and wrongs,
 How will she, now, transcend past poets songs!
 At once, of every nation's grace made free,
 By every added muse, bestow'd with THEE !
 There, 'midst the toils of empire's manag'd weight,
 Law's lights extended, and embellish'd state ;

Find a calm hour, to lend the STAGE thy care,
And times, unborn, shall feel a STANHOPE, *there*.

DARK'NING, mean while, *our* muse's lamps
expire,

Blank is their prospect, and unfann'd their fire:
Friendless, neglected, laugh'd at, and unfelt,
No now-crown'd conq'ror cares, *where* HOMER
dwelt.

Banish'd from court, from senate, city, scene,
Wit's sons, all *tongue-tied*! MUTE, even HARLE-
QUIN!

YET, let the *thinker* scorn such dumb suspense,
Nor (flattering custom) *sneak* his aid from *sense*:
Wing'd for the *future*, o'er the *present* rise,
Spurn the time's cloud, and strike benigner skies.
Not always, shall ambition's muddied brain
Work to *perswade*—yet, hold *example* vain!
Bribe, to each further'd interest's venal *cue*,
Yet dream, DIVERSION, all the STAGE's view.
The time shall come (indulge it *soon*—flow fate!)
When power shall taste, that wit can think, with
weight:
The time *shall* come—(nor far the destin'd day!)
When soul-touch'd *actors* shall do more, than *play*:

That fir'd his languor, and his fame foretold.

Whose hope-warm'd hearts can hail the distant
view :

Cc 4

WHY was the *actor* stain'd, by law's decree?
 Lost time's *recov'rer* ! truth's *awak'ner*, he !
 Passion's *refiner* ! life's *shoal coast* survey'd ---
 The wise man's *pleaser*, and the good man's *aid*.
 Precept, and practice, in *one teacher*, join'd,
 Bodied resemblance of the copied mind :
 Nature confirms, art dignifies his claim,
 And only *cant's low crawl* defiles his name.

IF, but by *comprehension*, we possess,
 And every *greater circle* holds the *less* ;
 No rank's high claim can make the *player's*
small,
 Since, *acting each*, he *comprehends* them, all.

Off, to due distance, *half ye* stalking train !
 Blots of a title, your low tastes *profane* !
 No dull, cold, *mouther* shares the *actor's* plea,
 Rightly to *seem*, is transiently, to *be*.

How shall this *gole* be reach'd, that, seen *most*
nigh,
 Still glides *more distant*, from th' advancing eye ?
 Like

Like the sky's sea-dipt *arch*, heaven's fancied
bound,

For ever sail'd to, and, yet, never found.

How shall trac'd practice hit th' untrodden way?

Where life is travell'd out, in arts to *stray*.

ARDUOUS the task, and asks a climbing brain;

A head for *judgment*, and a heart for *pain*:

E'er sense, impress'd, *reflects* adopted forms,

And changeful nature shakes, with *borrow'd*
storms:

E'er ductile genius turns, as passions *wind*,

And bends, to *fancy's* curve, the pliant mind.

MARK, when th' expanding *seed*, from earth's
 moist bed,

Starting, at nature's call, prepares to *spread*;

First, the prone ROOT breaks downward—thence
 ascend

Shot *stems*—whose *joints* collateral *boughs* extend:

Twigs, from those boughs, lend *leaves*—each *leaf*
 contains

Side-less'ning *stalks*, transvers'd, by *fibry veins*.

So, from injected thought, shoots *passion's* growth;

No sprout spontaneous, no *chance child*, of sloth:

IDEA

IDEA lends it ROOT — firm, on touch'd minds,
 Fancy, (swift planter !) first, th' impress'ion binds;
 Shap'd in *conception's* mould, *nature's* prompt skill
 Bids subject *nerves* obey th' inspiring WILL :
 Strung to obsequious bend, the *musc'ly* frame
 Stamps the shown image.---Pleasure, pity, shame,
 Anger, grief, terror, catch th' adaptive spring,
 While the eye darts it ! and the accents ring.

SEE *art's short path* ! --- 'tis easy to be found,
 Winding, delightful, thro' the mazy round !
 Tempt the *try'd* skill, to no *sole* proof, confin'd ;
 Shift the short shadowings, o'er your figur'd
 mind :

MOURNFUL, recal some friend's lamented fate,
 Sad, on each *feature*, hangs the mind's felt weight.
 Seek you strong sense of Joy ? Looks, first, im-
 part —

Then, the *nerv'd stricture* bounds it from the
 heart :

Does *rage* inflame ? No *visage* can conceal,
 What the *mark'd muscle* bids the spirit feel :
 Still, as the *nerves* constrain, the *looks* obey,
 And what the look enjoins, the nerves display :

Mutual

'Tis cause, and consequence; nor flows more grace
From beauty's smile, than the touch'd actor's face
POIZE the rule's *practice*; turn it o'er and o'er;
Nor think it tedious, tho' conceiv'd before:
'Tis but, to LOOK, and WILL.—Th' imprinted eye
Moves the struck *muscles*, and the limbs comply:
Gesture is meaning's APE—grave, furious, gay,
Changeful, as cloud-form'd shapes, when winds
make way;

Imag'd *conception*, first, but *face* inflames ;
Then, the *mein* paints it, and the *tone* proclaims.
Is there, who *doubts* an art, thus briefly shown ?
Call out *proof's* pow'r, and make that art his own :
Bid him, with *mournful brow*, swell sounds of joy,
Half the mock'd *sense* th' unbracing nerves de-
stroy :

Tun'd to the tearful eye's retentive woe,
Rapture's check'd phrase shall quench its fiery
glow : Pain-

Painfully plaintful, each flat note shall *die*,
 And his *look's* anguish, give his *words* the *lie*.
 Next, while soft *smiles* restrain his voic'd essay,
 Bid angry sounds give RAGE its thund'ring way;
 Vainly, mouth'd menace swells th' attempted
 storm,

Kind, as *consent*, th' unfright'ning accents *form*:
 While his look *frown'd not*, sense cou'd sound but
sweet;
 No nerve, concurring, help'd th' unfinew'd heat.
 But had his *eyes* th' impatient fire display'd,
 Each *note* had snatch'd it, and each *step* convey'd:
 Thus, *one* plain practice paints *whole nature* right,
 And all her changeful pictures move delight.

Is there, who loves not Joy? — *There*, then,
 begin,
 Search the soul-pleasing passion's power, *within*,
 Find your SMILE's force, before some faithful
 GLASS,
 Heedful, to let no *faint* impression pass:
 There, to touch'd gladness, thought-form'd fea-
 tures *train*,
 'Till each crisp'd fibre feels th' enrapt'ring *strain*:
 Then,

Then, (stretch'd) behold your op'ning forehead
rise,

Back'ning, in boastful sence of *sparkling eyes*.

Broadly majesticl your breast *expands*,

Brac'd your press'd joints --- neck, knee, feet,
 shoulders, hands,

Treading on *air*, each step *new soul* displays,

Your limbs all *lighten*, and your looks all *blaze* :

THEN, *speak*, --joy *answers* ; every sound *its own* :

Musick, and rapture, mix'd, in transport's *tone* !

FALL, from this height (ah ! 'tis but fortune's
road !)

Down, to deep sence of sorrow's pungent *goad* ;

Damp your loose feature's, into thought's *distress*,

Fade fancy's gloss, to dim-ey'd *wretchedness* :

The sad *look* sick'ning, strait the *spirits* break,

Unbending nerves grief's *lax* impression take :

Faint hangs the clouded eye --- short steps drag
slow,

And every heedless gesture bends with woe :

Now, to the heart-touch'd sence, the voice *com-*
plains,

And sighing pityers catch th' infectious pains,

SAY, should some slack'ner of the passion's
 care,
 Form'd for *gay* flights, and struggling from de-
 spair ;
 Bow'd, from his native bent, to *doubt's* new part,
 Find FEAR's cold *cast* assign'd a *fearless* heart ?
 What could he do ? where house th' intrusive
 guest ?
 Let his EYE lodge him — 'twill prepare his *breast*.
 From the soul's optic, *shoots* th' admitted shape,
 Nor lets one tim'rous wavering start escape.
 FEAR is *elusive* sorrow, shunning pain ;
 Active—yet, *stop'd*—it dims the doubtful brain ;
 Spirit snatch'd inward, *stagnating*, by dread,
 Slow, thro' the limbs, crawls cold, the living *lead*.
 Form'd to the *look*, that moulds th' assumer's face,
 His joints catch *tremblings*—life's moist strings *un-*
brace ;
 This road, and that, th' alarmful passion tries,
Halts, in the motion—*flutters*, in the eyes ;
 Checks the clipt accent's *hesitative* way,
 And, on th' *evasive* muscles, hangs *delay*.

ANGER

ANGER is *pride provok'd*, (so felt, so known)
 Strange! its stage influence is so faintly, shown!
 Yet, with what absent sense of all its flame,
 See we rage *meek*—fire *cold*—and fury *tame*!
 Bid the *face, red'ning*, warm'd *idea* take,
 Strait, the soul's wildfires all obstruction break:
 Stung, by *inflicted thought's* imagin'd pain,
 Hard heave the *muscles*, rolling *eye-balls* strain:
 'Twixt the *clos'd teeth*, indignantly, suppress,
 Or, storm-like, *loud*, out pours th' unguarded
 breast:

Slack'ning, exclaiming, swift, slow, *restless change*,
 Wings the voic'd tempest, in its whirlwind range;
 Quick turns, and *startings*, face, and air, deform;
 And thick, short breathings paint the infelt storm.

NOR *sea*, nor *life*, eternal TEMPEST sweeps,
 Hush'd *calms* succeed it, and the thunder sleeps:
 Such, the soft, silent tide, that floods the mind,
 To mov'd COMPASSION's pain-touch'd warmth,
 inclin'd:

Aidful *idea* springs to pitied woe,
 Thence, every quiv'ring *finew* learns to glow:

Back,

Back, from the panting *bosom*, to the *eye*,
 Kind, sigh-wing'd *dews*, in soft sensation, fly:
 So, from *earth's op'ning breast*, in flow'r-dress'd
May,

Steams the fift fragrance, to the sun's felt ray;
 Lightly sustain'd, to morn's faint clasp it clings,
 Yet, oft (let go) falls back—oft, upward, springs:
 So learn, — to steal soft PITY's copied grace;
 Languor's moist cloud marks, first, the mournful
 face;

Then, hope's kind *tension* warms the musc'ly
 mein,

Dragg'd diff'rent ways, contending contrasts *lean*;
 Clash'd looks, 'gainst movements, paint internal
fight,

'Twixt the heart's *anguish*, and the help's *delight*:
 Then, touch'd *attention's* hark'ning hush creeps
 round,

And *breathless mouths* devour th' expected *sound*.

NATURE loves *change*—Cold night succeeds to
 morn:

And *pity's* dark'ning opposite is SCORN:

Far be this brow-stretch'd arrogance of air,
 From misery's doomful claim, in sons of *care*. —

Ah!

Ah! minds, (too apt) turn but the look within;
 We find *pride's* image, there, as sure, as *sin*!
 Yet, with such *byas*, rolls man's will from *right*,
 That search, first, *misses*, what is most in fight:
 Else, how *unneedful*, to describe a rage,
 No player wants power to feel — but on the stage.

CAUTIOUS, (life's speaking picture) wear that
 stain,
 Rightly to *show*, be thine — but not retain!
 SCORN is calm, careless, *anger*, flagg'd of wing,
 Brush'd sense of harmless wrong, too weak to
 sting:
 Safe in suspended power, eas'd warmth disclaims
 Exertion — and, with *slack remissness*, flames:
 Now smiles — now frowns — yet, *both*, with eye
serene,
 While half-strung nerves play springs of *painless*
spleen.

CLOSE-FOLLOWING *scorn*, — AMAZEMENT
 ought to rise;
Angels feel WONDER, *men* should dare *despise*!
 Born to mistakes, and *erring* out life's span,
 Man — as if heaven were his — looks down on MAN.

Say, then, what *wonder* is—trace its taught cause:
 Mark its true features, and make known its laws:
WONDER is *curious doubt*, — **WILL's** check'd
 retreat,
 Shrinking from danger, it prepares to *meet*:
 'Tis *fear's* half brother, of resembling face,
 But *fix'd, unwavering*, and bound down to place:
 Earnest, alarmful gaze, intently keen,
 Notes the weigh'd object—yet, *distrusts* it, seen;
 As in pale churchyards, gleam'd by silent night,
 Shou'd some cross'd *spectre* shade the moon's dim
 light,
 Shudd'ry, the back'ning blood, revolving swift,
 Cloggs the press'd heart — stretch'd fibres fail to
 life:
 Lost, in doubt's hard'ning frost—*stopt motion* lies,
 While sense climbs, gradual, to the *straining eyes*.

HATRED is sullen fury, long retain'd;
 'Tis willing mischief; warily restrain'd:
 'Tis thought's corrosion, acridly perplex'd,
 'Tis *self in pain*, lest *others live, unvex'd*.
 This to *touch vivid*—(pencil! pleas'd, and free,
 Paint the *quail'd serpent*, thou, abhor'st to see)

Veil

Veil the malignant *leer*, that burns with spite ;
 Bid the brow's *lour* o'erhang the sick'ning *sight* :
 Swell the blown *cheek*—th' unopening *lip* restrain,
 Stretch'd, the *wide nostril* marks th' impatient pain.
 Ardent, yet, heedless—half th' averted eye
 Skims the loath'd object, and disdains it nigh.
 Hard, *back-brac'd nerves*, in fett'ry fervor, toil
 And the *curv'd system* heaves, in check'd recoil.
 Haste from taugt pain — shun *hatred's* baneful
 shade,
 And to *love's* sunshine, lend the muse's aid.

LOVE is intense DESIRE, by *rev'rence*, check'd ;
 'Tis *hope's* hot transport, streak'd with *fear's* re-
 spect :
 'Tis passion's every soul-felt power, *disjoin'd*,
 'Tis all th' *assembled* train's whole force, combin'd.
 'Tis like soft *air*, through which admitted light
 Peoples pleas'd fancy, and lends *shape* to sight :
 Yet, like that *air*, *disturb'd*, man's quiet breaks,
 Tempests his reason, and his triumph shakes.
 You, who *infuse* this power, must, first, have
 felt :
 No heart, unmov'd itself, bids *others* melt :

Yet, wou'd chalk'd *outline* sketch th' imagin'd
grace ?

Dumb earnest gaze, *tongues o'er* th' unvocal face :
Soft'ning, in apprehension's awe-check'd air,
Each limb *beseeches* ; each slow step's a *prayer* :
While high-brac'd raptures imag'd pride confess,
Meekness sits guardian, o'er the mild address :
Doubt, dissipating *hope*, to blanchè desire,
Hangs the *mind's curb*, upon the body's fire.

SNATCH'D from the scene, claim this the
Box's care :

It *paints*, and *warns*, for every beauty, there !
But, *there*, love's shafts, (of late) all *pointless*, lie,
Blunt, from bold *meine* and dead'ning in the eye :
Naked of heart, and hateful of DELAY,
Erring time-short'ner ! *meeting wish half-way* !
Woman, outstradling art's old lureful skill,
Mann'd o'er with INVITATION, drives back will :
Falls her past price, owns patient hope buys dear,
Hawks for quick market, and hawls chapmen near :
Talks loud, struts, elbows, calls a *grace* a Fool ;
Dress'd, like a *scarecrow*, manner'd, like a *mule* :
Pall'd, the press'd cheap'ner dreads th' out-bluf-
fing *air*,
Eyes the braw'd swaggerer, and rejects her *ware*.

TURN, coarse conceiver ! all, *unsex'd*, by mode,
Maid, that trot't, uglying, in the *monster's* road !
 Proud, yet, immodest ! light, rude, witless, pert,
 Bold, jostling, hoid'ning, blushless, pow'rless *flirt* !
Emptier, than *air*, thy coloury gugaws play,
 While every hour's *new* forms push *old* away :
Trifler ! for *cards*, and *contradictions*, born !
 Panting for conquest—yet compelling scorn !
Lab'ring from *nature*, to grow loath'd by *art*,
 And, for *man's* manners, forfeiting his *heart* !

BUT hold—contempt, wrong plac'd, becomes
unjust ;

Perhaps, *stage whiners* gave love's friends *disgust* :
 For, (goblin-like) *there*, lovers walk, *unshown*,
Talk'd of, in every play—yet, *seen*, in none.
 Lost, in unfeeling, cold, affected *drawl*,
 They touch no *tenderness*, attempting *all* ?

Lump'd, lazy, lifeless *indolence*—*one* cause—
 And *one*, th' admiring *fool's* misjudg'd *applause*.
 Why shou'd *pain*, *sweat* for praise, proud ease can
 win,

By the *rais'd* footstep, and *exalted* chin ?
 By the *beav'd* halt, that swings its load along,
 Clumsily solemn, and serenely wrong ?

By the big, broad, round, mellow troundling *troll*,
 That means no passion, and conveys no soul :
 Half swells, then sinks, like sails of ships becalm'd,
 A dry, dead, sweet --- man's *mummied voice em-
 balm'd*.

Shame on the whineling, sleep-inducive, tone !
 Not, by such glow-worm glimpse, *love's fires* are
 shown :

Heart, voice, mein, visage, all, pay love their aid,
 CUPID exacts more strict *alliance* made ;

'Twixt the *mind's states*, than, once, 'twixt *Eu-
 rope's*, HE,

Who *bound all* princes—yet, left *none UNFREE*.

Not such *loose treaties* please th' all-buckling God,
 Punctual, he *yokes* tun'd sounds, to meaning's nod :
 Pardons no void, vain, voluble harangue,
 And hates to hear the *unaiming* bowstring *twang*.

SAY, *female shades of love*, who haunt the stage,
 What *fiend*, close-treading, *tags desire* with *rage* ?
 If in your hospitable bosoms bred,
 Th' unresting fury thrives, by beauty *fed*,
 Tell the dire *name*—But if you, *silent*, feel
 Th' *impressive tooth*, and no gnaw'd thought re-
 veal :

Speak,

Speak, tell-tale muse. — Thou shar'st th' enve-
nom'd bite,

For JEALOUSY ne'er sleeps, when *poets write*.

THE *Janus* JEALOUSY two faces wears,
Each diff'ring, apt, as form'd, by diff'rent cares:
While infant-wing'd, the callow harpy lies,
Too dim for daylight; too unfledg'd, to rise:
'Tis *doubt-mix'd anger*, struggling to *confide*,
Floating, half sunk, on pity's pleading tide:
Here, hope-fed *softness* soothes the *affiant* heart,
There, rage, *vindictive*, bids the *spirit smart*:
'Twixt the two wav'ring scales, by turns, deprest;
The eye's short wand rings mark the mind dis-
trest:

Languidly strung, slow-nerv'd, *half-sinewy* strain,
Paints an unsettled, *half-determin'd*, pain:
Whence rous'd *resentment*, catching hasty flame,
Cool'd, by met *pity*, blushes into shame:

But, does *weigh'd PROOF* confirm th' ideal wrong?
Then, the eye lightens — and the brace binds
strong:

Not *vengeance* burns more turbulently stern,
Tho' (*thro'* it) pain'd affection sighs concern.

Thus, has the muse, in passion's changeful
 dress,
 Led ent'ring *art* through *nature's* dark recess ;
 Fair, to her eye, one source of *action* shown,
 Whence every branch'd *meander* flows her own :
 Brief, let precision's scale *contract* the view ;
 Then, grasp it, *mem'ry*, and remit the *clue*.

PREVIOUS to art's first act — (till then, *all vain*)
 Print the *ideal pathos*, on the *brain* :
 Feel the thought's image on the *eyeball* roll ;
 Behind that *window*, sits th' attentive *SOUL* :
Wing'd, at *her* beck, th' obedient *MUSCLES* fly,
Bent, or *relaxing*, to the varied *eye* :
 Press'd, moderate, lenient, *VOICE's* organ'd sound,
 To each felt impulse, tones the tuneful round :
 Form'd to the *nerves*, concurring *MEIN* partakes,
 So, the *mov'd* actor *MOVES*—and passion *SHAKES*,

*The Dedication of the Beech-tree ;
Occasion'd by the late Discovery of making
Oil, from the Fruit of that Tree.*

HIGH, in thy starry orb,
Great ruling planet of our brighten'd sphere,
The *musè* invokes thee, and demands thy ear !
Her *HARLEY*'s ear ! O yet, confess the name !
Thy titles borrow lustre from thy fame.

FEARLESS, to fall, my rein-loos'd fancy soars,
High, as thy deeds, nor common aid implores :
Let conscious fawners blow their smoky fire,
And vainly bid th' unlist'ning gods inspire ;
My *musè*, disdainful of their sullied wings,
Views the vast height, and, dauntless, upward
springs,
Inspir'd, like angels, by the worth, she sings.

YET, oh ! mistake not my aspiring lays ;
They wou'd but speak my duty, not your praise :
Praise

Praises, like *yours*, who *lives*, and does not know ?
The *poorest* debtors *count* the sums, they *owe* ;
But I, impatient of the growing *score*,
Wou'd *pay* you something, e'er I *owe* you more !

ACCEPT, great guider of the *stormy* state,
An off'ring worthy of the *brave* and *great* :
Accept, what heav'n, propitious for *your* sake,
Smiles on this *peace-blest*'d land, and bids her take :
This art of *old*, had been some *altar's* due,
Now, fir'd, with *purser* zeal, she kneels to *you*.
That *awful* pow'r, who guards our ANNA's throne,
And to that ANNA, made your virtues known,
To place such *worth*, above all wish'd controul,
Blest'd the long labours of your *peaceful* soul ;
But one thing wanted,—Fam'd *Minerva's* tree ;
The gift of *peace*, from gods to men, like thee,
That *oleous* plant, the pride of *sunnier* climes,
Chief in the *poets* songs of antient times,
Too long *prophan'd*, for thy chaste brow to wear,
Fled the cool influence of the *Northern Bear*.
Heaven's voice was heard—*deficient* nature groan'd,
Felt his *new will*, and the correction own'd.
The humblest forest of our favour'd land,
Grew proud beneath this bounty of his hand,

Confess'd the *secret*, he vouchsaf'd to teach,
Disdain'd the *olive*, and enthron'd the *bee*ch.

HAIL, happy tree! wou'd after ages know,
To whom their sons thy *oily* harvests owe,
Oxford's lov'd name, deep on thy bosom, grave,
Who, from his country, did his country save;
Who gave our haras'd land its long-wish'd rest,
And forc'd *unwilling nations*, to be blest;
Whose known esteem of arts gave birth to thee,
Omen of *greater*, which, e'er long shall be.

THY pious *hand*, which made *war's* thunder
cease,

Shall cultivate the *nobler* arts of *peace*;
'Till murm'ring faction owns, with *thankless* joy,
'Tis far more great, to *build*, than to *destroy*.

NOR shall thy rising country's *son's* alone,
Thy wiser care of their lost int'rest own.
The boundless blessings of thy lib'ral hand,
Shall shed their influence, on our fruitful *land*:
The long-mourn'd *absence* of th' inspiring plant,
Whose pow'rful juice ungrinds the edge of *want*,
Whose

Whose *sov'reign strength* makes glad the lab'rer's
toil,

Shall *now*, no more reproach our injur'd soil :

Our teeming glebe, if I a-right divine,
E'er long, shall swell, with floods of gen'rous *wine*;
France shall no more her courted *vineyards* boast,
But look, with *envy*, on our northern coast,
Which *now* enrich'd, with matchless *oil* and *corn*,
Unequal'd *vintages* shall soon adorn.

NOR this alone ! on, on, *prophetic* fire !
Tho' boundless is the *flight*, disdain to *tire* ;
Unwearied, all his glorious aims pursue,
'Till sickning *envy* dies, to shun the view.

FIR'D with the *sure presage*, methinks I see
The struggling east resign her *morian* tree ;
The roughest *Dryads* of our oaken isle,
Charm'd with the gentle stranger, learn to smile ;
The *dancing* boughs their breezy homage pay,
The *oak* nods welcome, and the *beech* gives way.
And now, glad *spring*, by rising warmth, renew'd,
The *various* insect seeks its *leafy* food,
Spins out its little life's industrious thread,
In grateful toil, to find its feeders bread,

Dies a rich recompence of female care,
 And leaves its silken treasures to the fair;
 The fair, long mindful, whence th' advantage came,
 Shall teach their sons to speak, by lisping *HAR-*
LEK's name.

FROM *views*, like thine, with thy vast knowledge,
 join'd,

What blessings may not *happy Britain* find?
 Fierce emulation shall *new pow'rs* impart,
 'Till ev'ry *wish* grows *possible* to art;
 Rivers shall roll, where *now*, huge mountains grow,
 And tides, new channel'd, wonder *how* they flow.
 For *thee*, proud *Thames* his *wealthy* arms shall spread,
 And take the swift *Sabrina* to his bed.
 Enamour'd *Trent* shall love-sick *Avon* meet.
 And distant seas, in mix'd *alliance*, meet.

DEAR, to thy care, ev'n th' *unhoping SCOT*
 Shall bless the *union*, and hold fast the *knot*;
Britain no longer shall explore, from far,
 The costly magazines of *naval* war;
 High on the mountains of her northern shore,
 The gummy *pine* shall shed her *pitchy* store;
 Tall *firs*, which, useless, have long ages grown,
 Shall fright the seas, and visit worlds unknown;

'Till the check'd sons of *Norway's* timber'd state,
Learn *love*, by force, while we *disarm* their hate.

AND, here, rejoice, ye *Caledonian* shores,
Whose empty strands my friendly muse deploras:
Shortly, strong fleets shall plow your stormy seas,
And *wealth's* warm breath your *icy* ports un-
freeze!

The *Belgic* spoiler shall no more pursue
Those *finny* shoals, which court your guides, and you;
Summon'd to *greatness*, worthy of your *fame*,
Nor ill-supported, in the gen'rous aim,
Approaching time shall see you, justly brave,
Assert the right, which God, and nature, gave.
Then shall that fire, which, now, your bosoms fills,
With virtues, useless, on your barren hills,
New-nerve the grasp of *application's* hand,
And rouse the *latent* glories of your land.

WIDE lies a tract, beneath the sunny line,
Where rays *direct* with burning lustre shine;
Where *ribs* of *silver* bind the sea wash'd plains,
And *virgin* *wealth*, unmix'd with *avarice*, reigns.
This, the proud *Spaniard* never yet possess'd,
So much has heav'n the happy *natives* bless'd;
Reserv'd

Reserv'd for *British* rule, their *isthmus*, free,
Divides the *northern*, from the *southern* sea.

NOR *this*, the hapless tract, the direful spot,
Dear, to the brave, the *unpermitted* S C O T.
North of that sad, that ill-remember'd shore,
A happier work does happier hands implore.

HERE shall the sons of *our* advent'rous land,
Through *unborn* ages, stretch *decreed* command;
Here shall they draw *both oceans* to their sway,
And thro' repugnant mountains cut their way:
'Tis done! methinks, I hear their cannons roar,
Hostile *repiners* shun the *envied* shore,
And round vast *capes*, a tedious course pursue,
While *we*, and *only we*, possess the *new*.
Hence shall the shorten'd *distance* guard our *health*,
Secure our *traffick*, and increase our *wealth*:
The *western* bullion, to our merchants, sold,
Shall send us weight for weight, in *eastern* gold.
Nor, then, shall *Asia's* aromatic store
Pile the proud markets of a *neighb'ring* shore;
All shall be *ours*, and, while we *all* maintain,
No bloody *war* shall the chaste *vict'ry* stain.

O BLIND

O BLIND prophaners of *obtruded* bliss !

Who, wanting *soul*, to *fathom* depth, like this,
Instead of *owning* debts, you *cannot* pay,
Strike at the friendly hand, which points the way,

FORGIVE, thou great inspirer of my song,
If, ending *here*, thy wider views I wrong ;
If arts *more wish'd*, or worlds *less known* there were,
Thy *ne plus ultra* had not rested *there*.

MUSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

The End of the Volume.



